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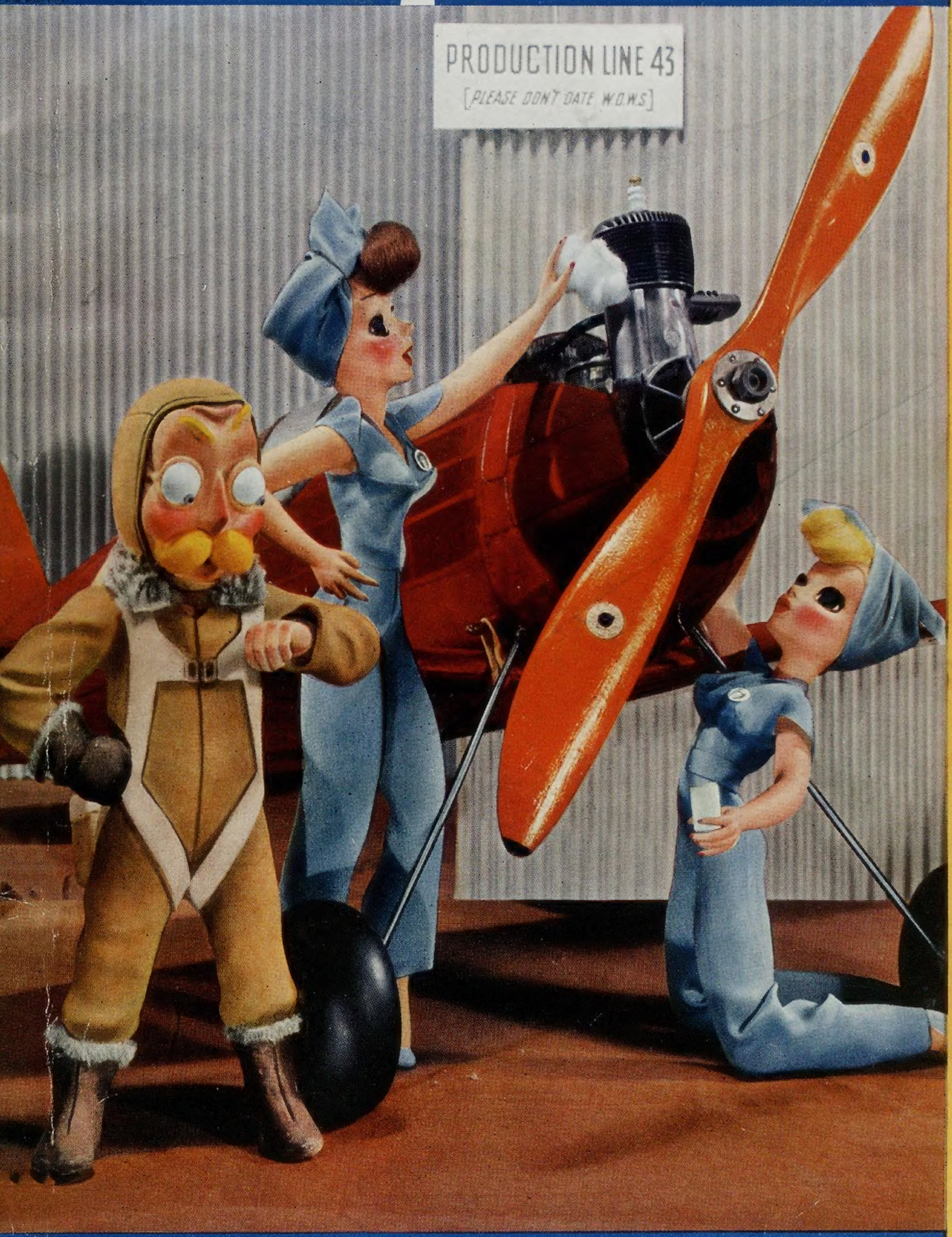
FEBRUARY
1943

Esquire

• THE MAGAZINE FOR MEN



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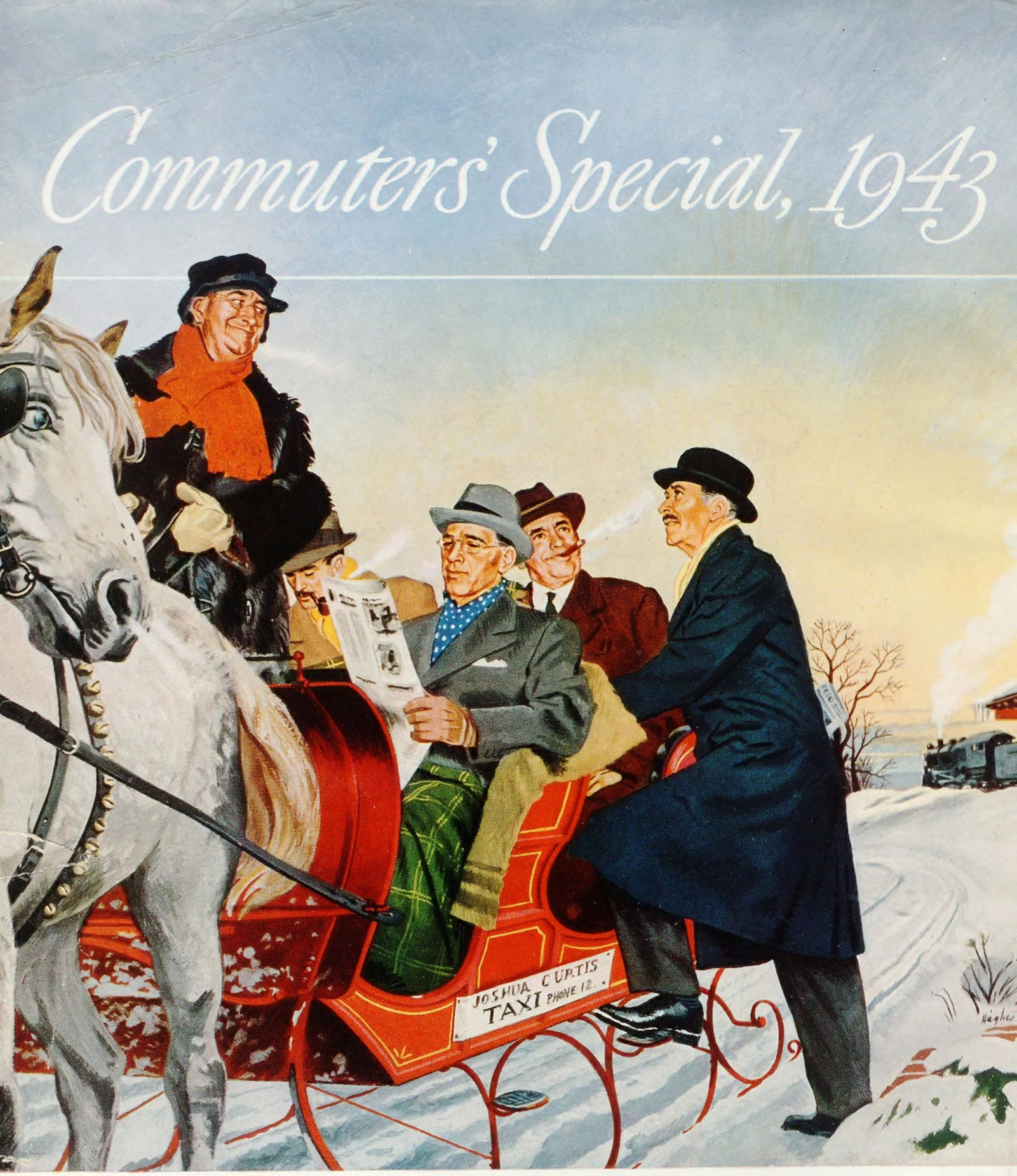
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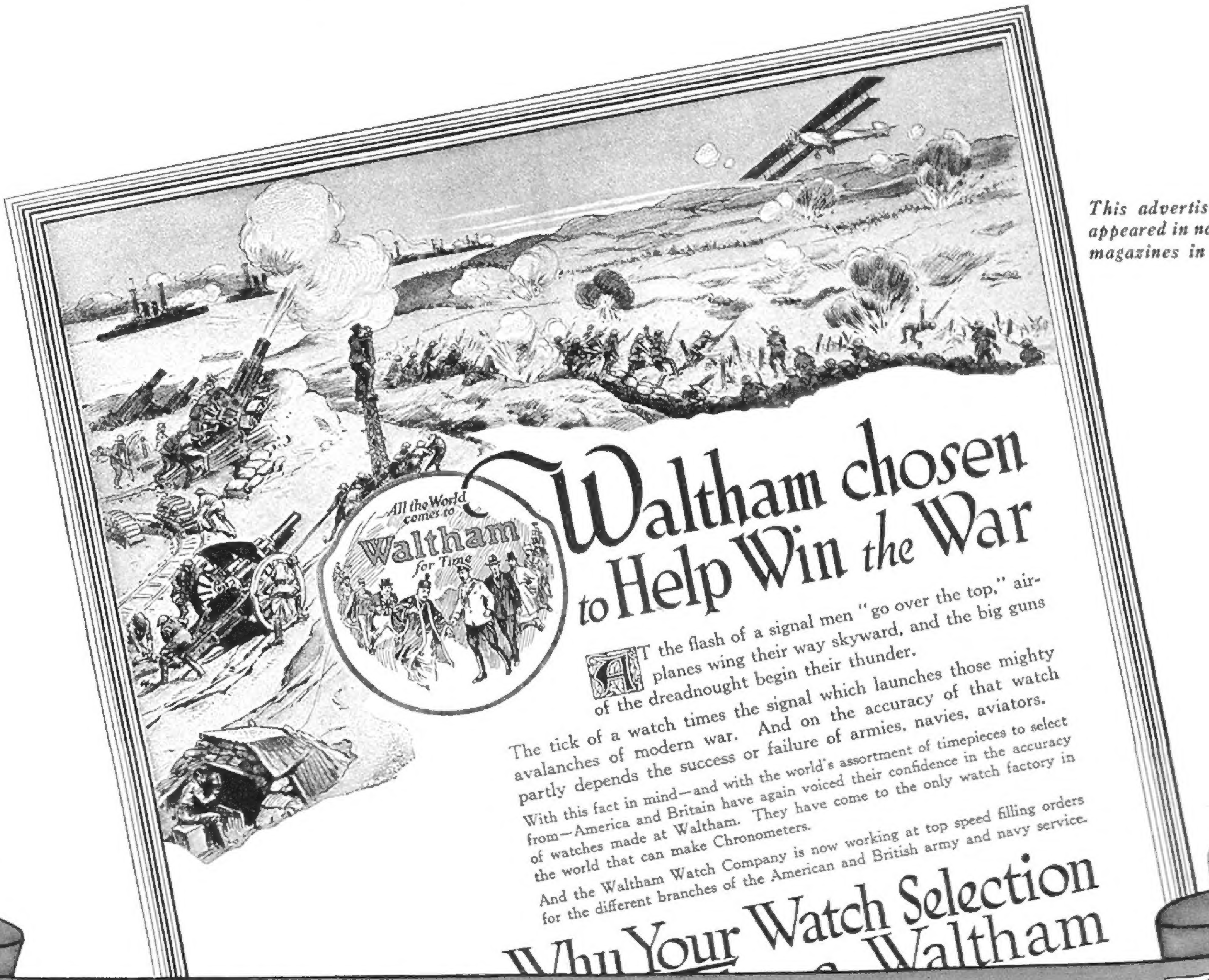
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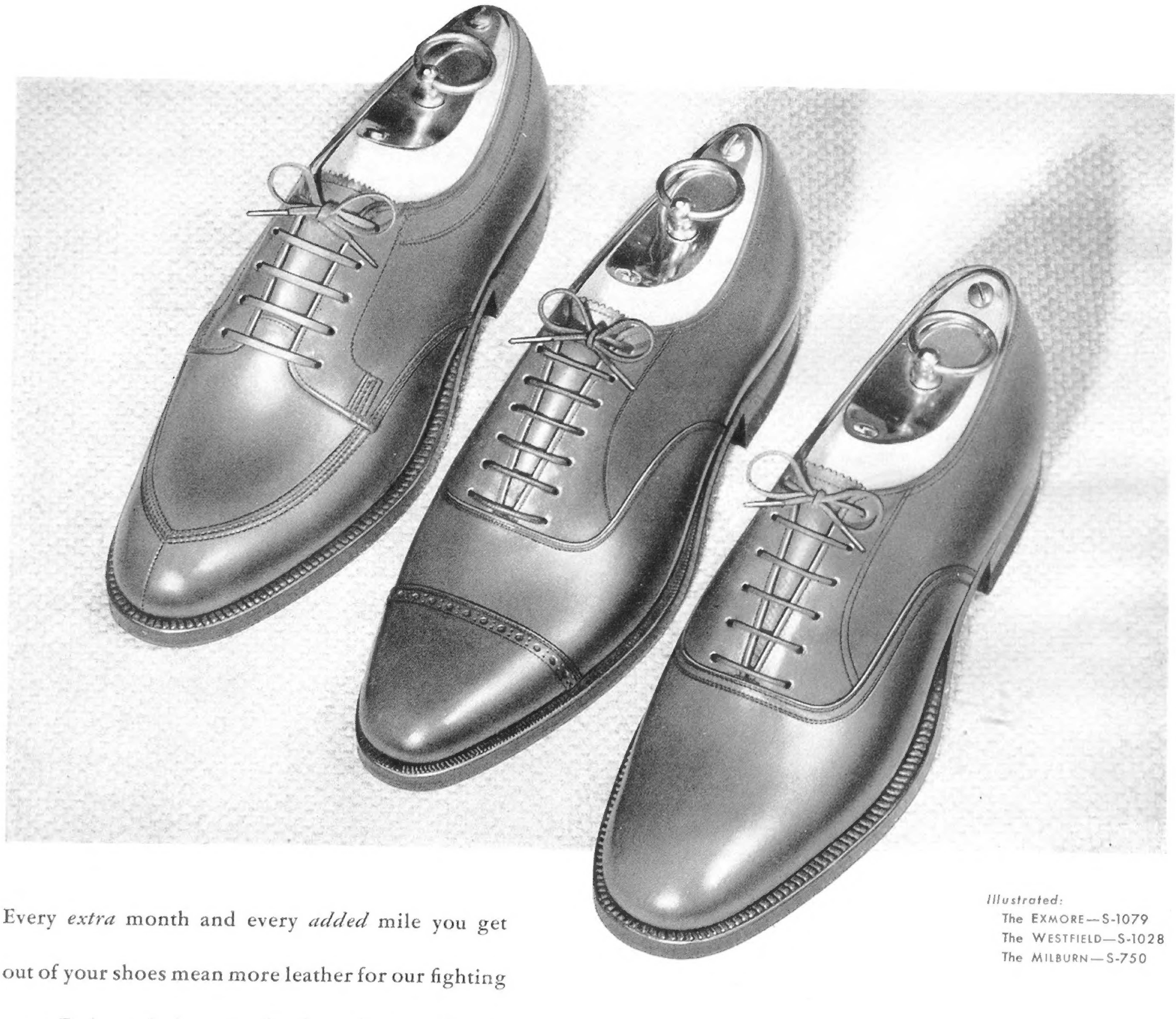

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Esquire
THE MAGAZINE FOR MEN

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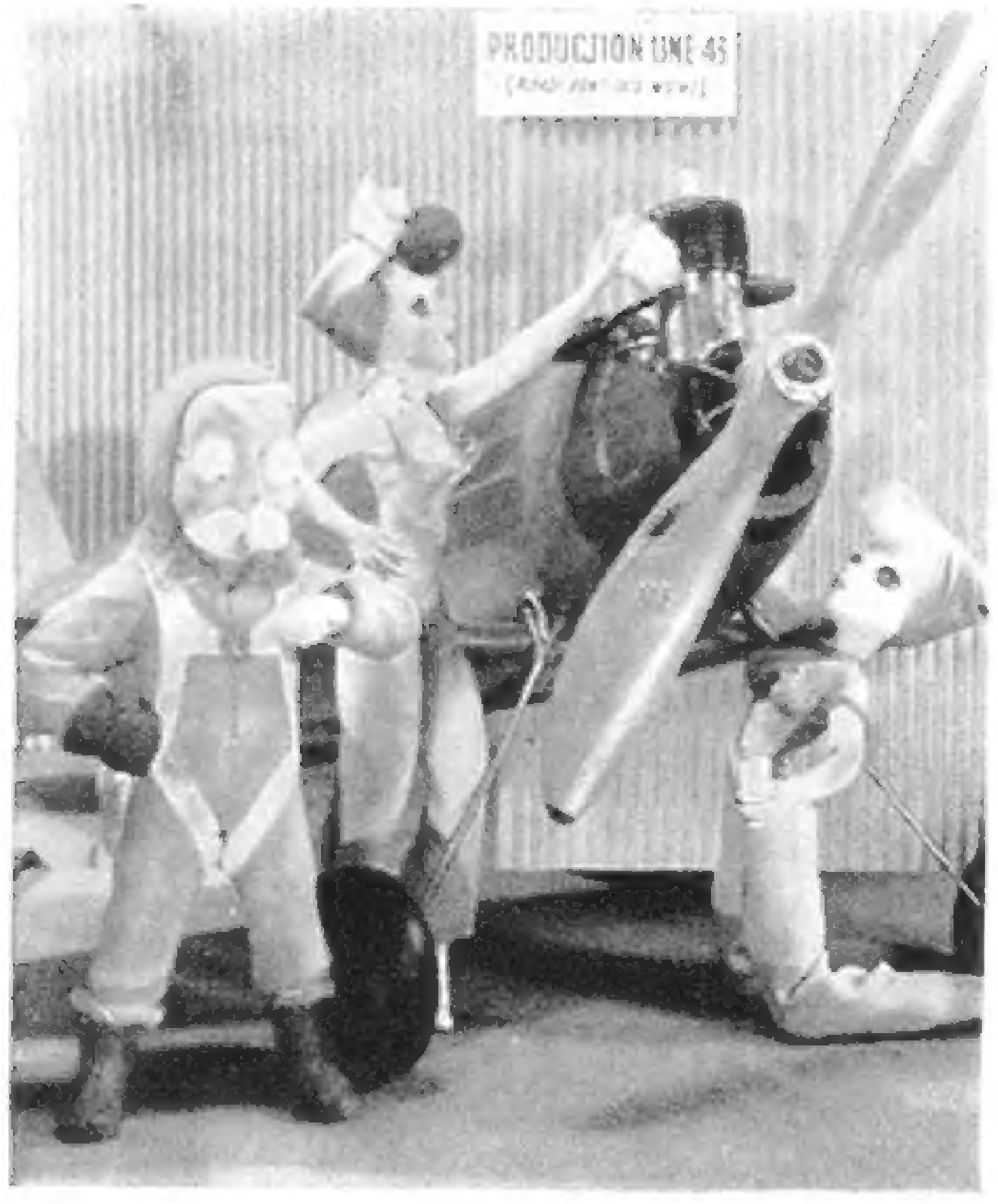

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ESQUIRE
February, 1943
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EDITORIAL: Theme and Variations in Black and White

MAYBE YOU didn't even see it in *The Sound and the Fury* columns last month, and maybe we're foolish to insist upon prolonging the affair here. But we refused to make an apology that was demanded of us in those columns last month, and we've been thinking of it, off and on ever since, whether anyone else has or not.

In a story in our November issue, an innocent little Negro boy, falsely suspected and accused of stealing an automobile, was given a brutal beating by an ex-pug attached to the sheriff's office, only to have the beating halted by the capture of the real thief. He was addressed constantly, during his unmerciful maltreatment, as "nigger." Then, in the cowardly attempts of the sheriff to bribe him into silence with a movie and ice cream, he was called a "good little nigger." Nowhere in the story, outside the dialogue portions where his ignorant and brutal tormentors were addressing him directly, was he called anything but a Negro, with a capital N.

Now there was nothing new to us about that story, except that it happened to be the first published story of a brilliant Brooklyn youngster, sixteen years of age, named Elmer Grossberg. But as a story in Esquire, it blazed no new ground. Stories in protest against the unfair treatment of Negroes in this land of liberty have been featured in Esquire's pages frequently ever since this magazine began. Both in fiction and in articles, Esquire's championship of the Negro has been consistent and constant, from as far back as 1934 when we printed a story by Langston Hughes that "no commercial magazine would touch with a ten-foot pole," to as recently as last August when we featured a story in protest against discrimination toward colored members of the Armed Forces as one of the important integers of our Victory Issue. And twice in recent years we have run articles against the color line in sports.

So there was nothing new about that story in our November issue. Nothing new but the reaction to it. Scores of letters took us to task for "insulting the Negro race," and demanding an apology. We printed one of them, with a legend indicating that it was typical of the rest, in the January *Sound and Fury*. The point of that letter was indeed typical of all the letters received: the fact that the story was "filled with a word that is distasteful to all Negroes."

So now Esquire, which has long since learned to laugh off the subscription-canceling letters of professional Southerners for its efforts on behalf of the Negroes, must learn, at long last, to treat the vituperative letters of professional Negroes in the same manner, if it is to remain true to itself.

Yet this attitude on our part, while it would be consistent and logical to maintain, is one that nevertheless goes against our own grain. If you have followed this magazine more than casually, over its nine year career to date, you know that we have said, early and often, that we would never knowingly offend against religious or racial sensibilities, while reserving the right at all times to offend all other kinds of peculiarities, prejudices or bigotries however and whenever we felt like it.

That's why we've thought twice about our refusal, last month, to apologize to anybody for anything in the Grossberg story.

* * *

Since last month, two things have happened to keep us thinking about all this. First, we've had a lot of letters of the familiar pressure-group variety about one of the cartoons in our December issue. This cartoon showed a Negro nurse carrying a Negro soldier in an ingenious manner. We thought it was funny or we wouldn't have printed it. But we didn't think it was so excruciatingly funny as to make up for the tedium of answering all the organized hollering about it with which we were bombarded from the day after its appearance.

The other thing that came to our attention, along the same line, was the experience of a metropolitan newspaper which ran a front page cartoon, printed in the naïve hope that it was being helpful to the Race, showing three Negro soldiers and their mother. The idea was simply to show that she was giving her all to the cause of the United Nations. But they made the fatal mistake of showing one of her sons addressing her as Mammy. That word infuriated their Negro readers to such an extent that the paper's editors yanked the cartoon out after its first edition, rather than go on answering all the angry telephone calls with which they were being blitzed. What the hell, those hard-boiled newspapermen must have reasoned, who were they to insist on honoring the Negroes if the Negroes were going to persist in refusing to be honored.

And we must say that we can understand their feelings better than those of their infuriated Negro readers.

* * *

And yet we would be showing ourselves both ignorant and crass if, just because we can't understand an emotional reaction of this kind, we were to refuse to recognize the possibility that it has some justification.

We feel that the Negroes, at the very moment when they are making greater gains each week than they have ever made before in a period of years, are unduly hypersensitive in the violence of their reaction to these superficial old bugaboos.

But for our part, it ill becomes us at this late date to take offense at this hyper-sensitivity, whether or not we can understand it. In other words, even when we think they're wrong, we prefer to assume that they're right.

We will simply have to make ourselves remember, in future, that there are certain "fighting words" that the Negroes won't take even from their friends, *that they won't allow to be used even in pleading their own cause.* Hence, whether we like it or not, and whether or not we find it artistically justified, we'll simply have to find a way to avoid the use of those words in our columns.

After all, it's a small freedom for us to surrender, in a time when the surrender of truly important freedoms is a day to day necessity.

As Edwin Embree (who surely ought to be above suspicion as a friend of Negroes, through his position as President of the Julius Rosenwald Fund) says in his excellent handbook, *American Negroes*, in explanation of race prejudice in this country:

"Underlying all this is the great need of every man to feel superior to someone. It is particularly pleasing to have a whole group of people who 'by definition' are beneath us. A part of the passionate cry to keep the Negro in his place is the urge of the poor-white ego to have somebody to whom it can be sure it is superior."

Ponder those few sentences a while, relating them to the phenomenon of "race superiority" that we are now fighting in Hitler's Europe, and you will come to the realization that, in this day and age, no civilized man and no civilized magazine can stand, even momentarily and even by inadvertence, opposed to the Negroes of the United States of America.

We as a nation are fighting against the attempt of one race to set itself up in mastery over others. We are fighting that tendency wherever it shows itself, all over the world. Hence, in all conscience and logic, we must fight that same good fight right here at home.

Esquire began fighting that good fight long ago, even before it became fashionable. It will never abandon it, even if, as appears now most unlikely, it should ever again go out of fashion.

Meanwhile, for so much as a single word of affront, in its columns, to the Negroes, or to any religious or racial minorities, it herewith apologizes in all sincerity and without reservation.

Let America Be America Again

by LANGSTON HUGHES

Let America be America again.
Let it be the dream it used to be.
Let it be the pioneer on the plain
Seeking a home where he himself is free.

(America never was America to me.)

Let America be the dream the dreamers dreamed—
Let it be that great strong land of love
Where never kings connive nor tyrants scheme
That any man be crushed by one above.

(It never was America to me.)

O, let my land be a land where Liberty
Is crowned with no false patriotic wreath,
But opportunity is real, and life is free,
Equality is in the air we breathe.

(There's never been equality for me,
Nor freedom in this "homeland of the free.")

Say, who are you that mumbles in the dark?
And who are you that draws your veil across the stars?

I am the poor white, fooled and pushed apart,
I am the Negro bearing slavery's scars.
I am the red man driven from the land,
I am the immigrant clutching the hope I seek—
And finding only the same old stupid plan
Of dog eat dog, of mighty crush the weak.

I am the young man, full of strength and hope,
Tangled in that ancient endless chain
Of profit, power, gain, of grab the land!
Of grab the gold! Of grab the ways of satisfying need!
Of work the men! Of take the pay!
Of owning everything for one's own greed!

I am the farmer, bondsman to the soil.
I am the worker sold to the machine.
I am the Negro, servant to you all.
I am the People, humble, hungry, mean—
Hungry yet today despite the dream.
Beaten yet today—O, Pioneers!
I am the man who never got ahead,
The poorest worker bartered through the years.

Yet I'm the one who dreamt our basic dream
In that old world while still a serf of kings,
Who dreamt a dream so strong, so brave, so true,
That even yet its mighty daring sings
In every brick and stone, in every furrow turned
That's made America the land it has become.
O, I'm the man who sailed those early seas
In search of what I meant to be my home—
For I'm the one who left dark Ireland's shore,
And Poland's plain, and England's grassy lea,
And torn from black Africa's strand I came
To build a "homeland of the free."

The free.

Who said the free?

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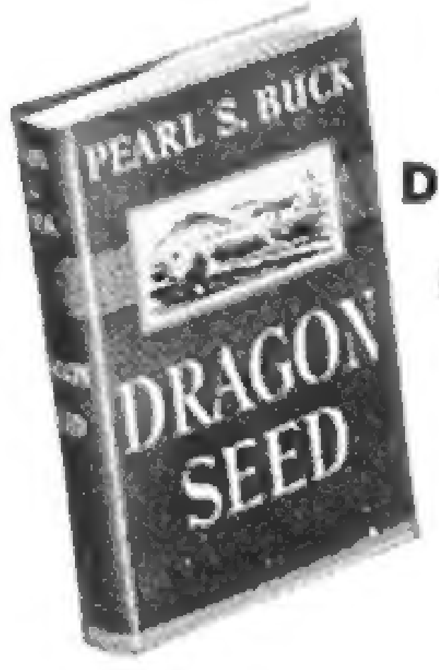

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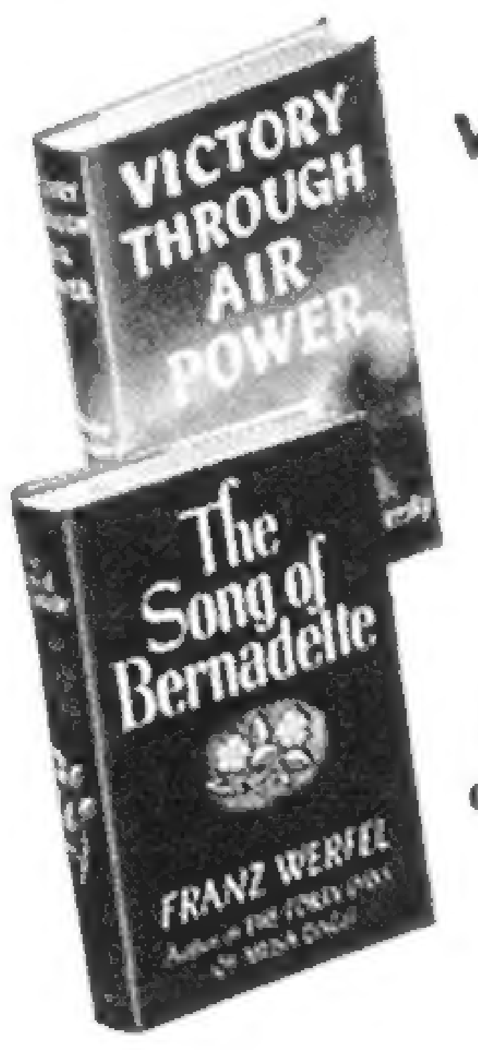

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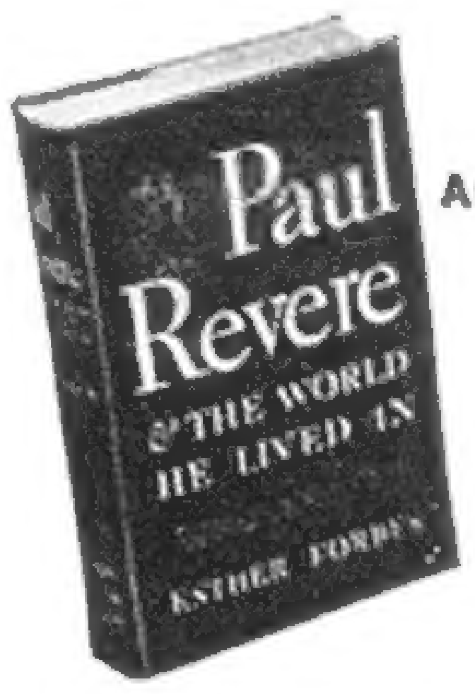

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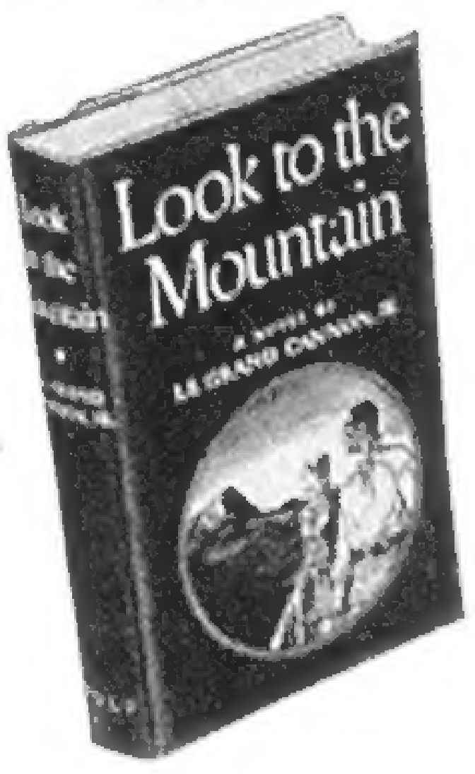

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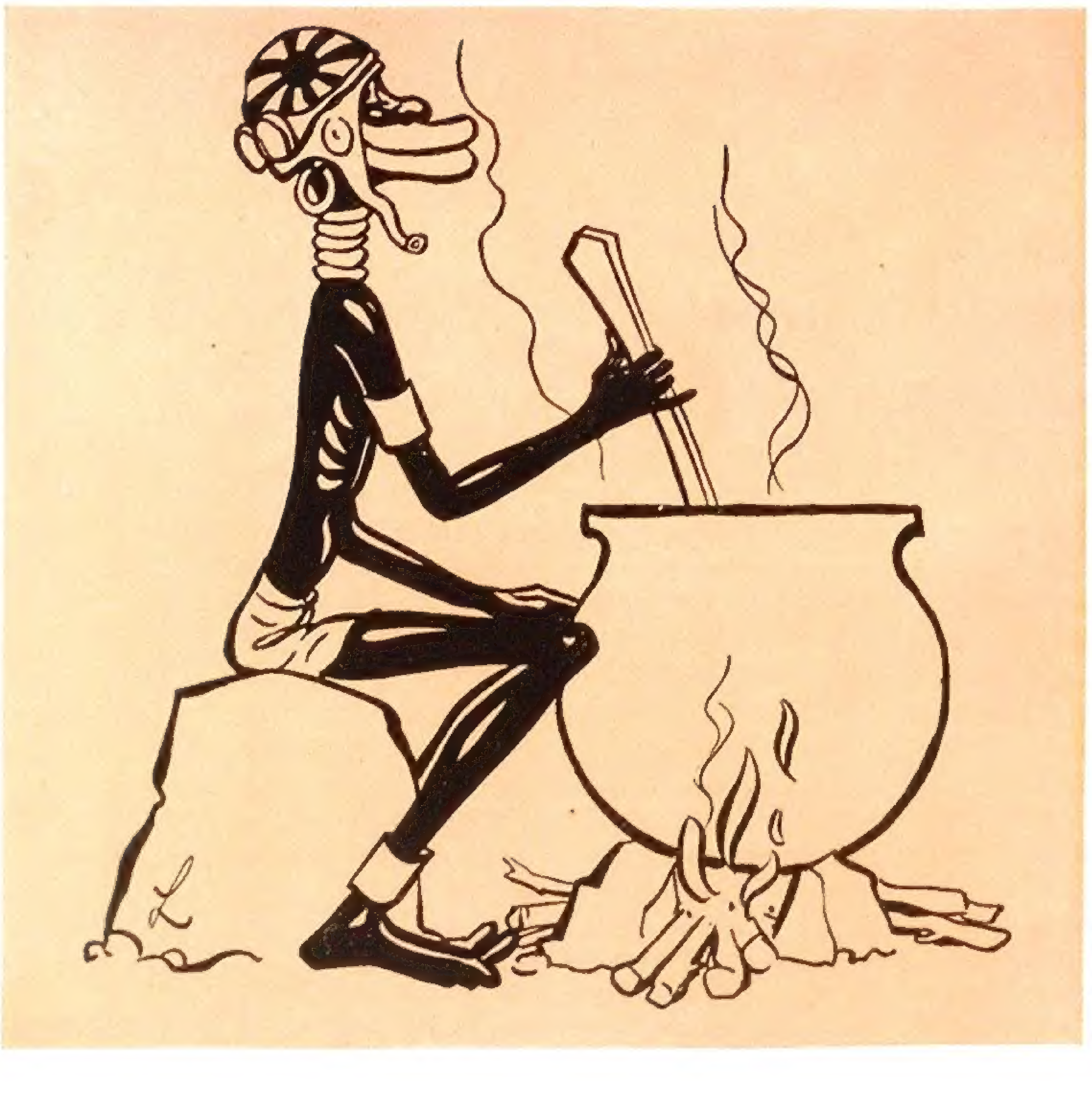
Painting the Town with Esquire

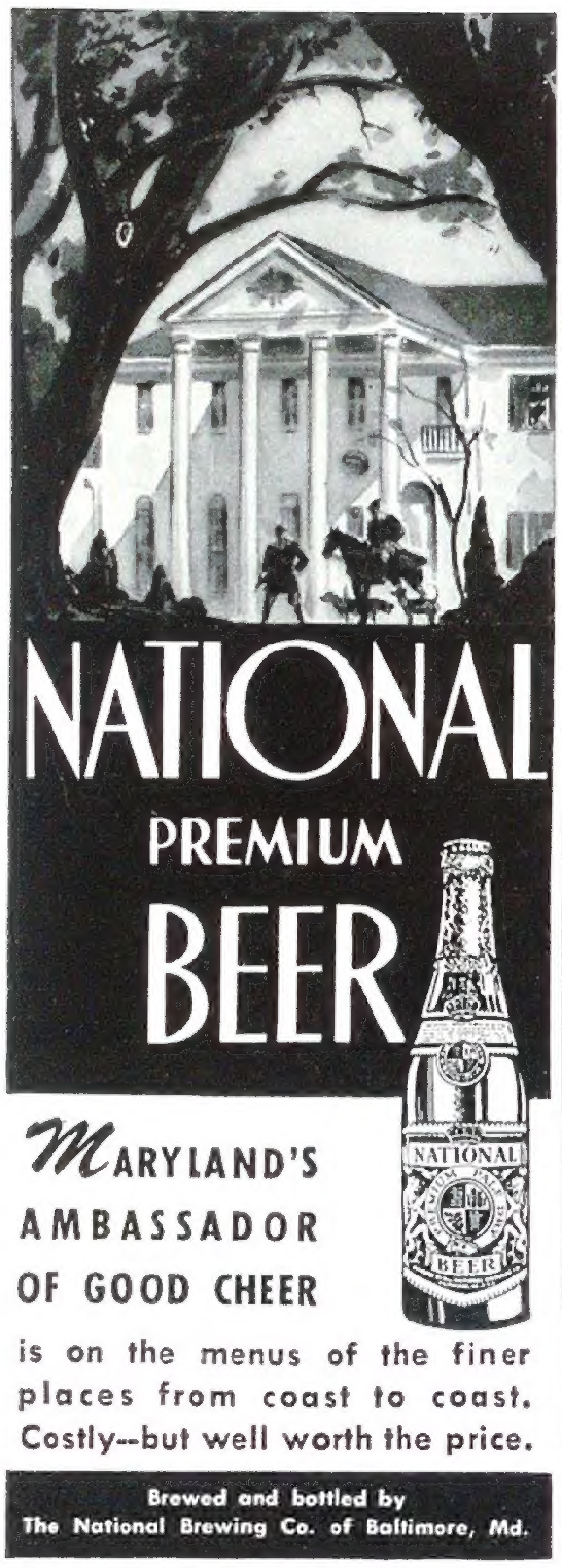
THAT AWESOME VOID caused by the departure of Hildegarde from the Plaza's Persian Room has been brimmingly filled by the pooled talents of caroling Carol Bruce (the gal who put the amour in glamour), hilarist John Hoysradt, and dance entrancers Columbus and Carroll. For personal shankwork Bob Grant and his men play on. Wartime waiving of garb rules hasn't dimmed social luster; it merely enhances the grandeur of ambassadorial headwaiter Fred at his portal post of honor. Eleven universities could crash, and he and his fellow perennials, Cesar of the Oak Room and Jack of the Park Café, would remain unruffled. Your good pleasure is their sole concern. (That gentleman across the street in deep conversation with one of the cab horses is historian Lucius Beebe gathering data on the thirty years' rush for Plaza plush.)

BURGUNDY-BRED Antoine Gilly of La Crémaillère, mansioned at 24 East 62nd, has a swell system for dragging wine yearnings out into the open. Sensing that some people are bottle shy, he proffers decanters of wine, and even single glasses for the timidest—till comes a day when partaker grows so bold as to demand the bottle itself, gazing upon the label as upon the countenance of a boon companion. Accordingly we took confidence and some Sherry with our hot "cheese cigarettes," and with Moules Marinières (exertionless mussel exercises) a decanter of Cresta Blanca Riesling—delish of the delish.

BRAISED HAM in Port wine at the Crillon (277 Park Ave.) instinctively draws an escort of British sparkling cider . . . Life can be lovely with liver dumplings at Luchow's (110 East 14th) . . . Small spotless spot for which we have a large weakness: Jack's Restaurant (344 West 46th) where shrimp are supercolossi and roast pheasant takes on wild rice. To save himself oratorical effort, Jack has drawn up an explanatory list of Distinguished American Wines... Curious how evenings that begin here and there about town wind up at the Ruban Bleu . . . Pulling a magic carpet trick, Jersey country gentleman Maurice Chovel has installed his worshipful Red Coach Tavern in the Sherry-Netherland. Here his food and personality have whipped up such social cream you can hardly see the tables for the sables.

For information about any hotels or restaurants and their related services, write "Esquire-about-town", 366 Madison Avenue, New York. Please enclose self-addressed stamped envelope.

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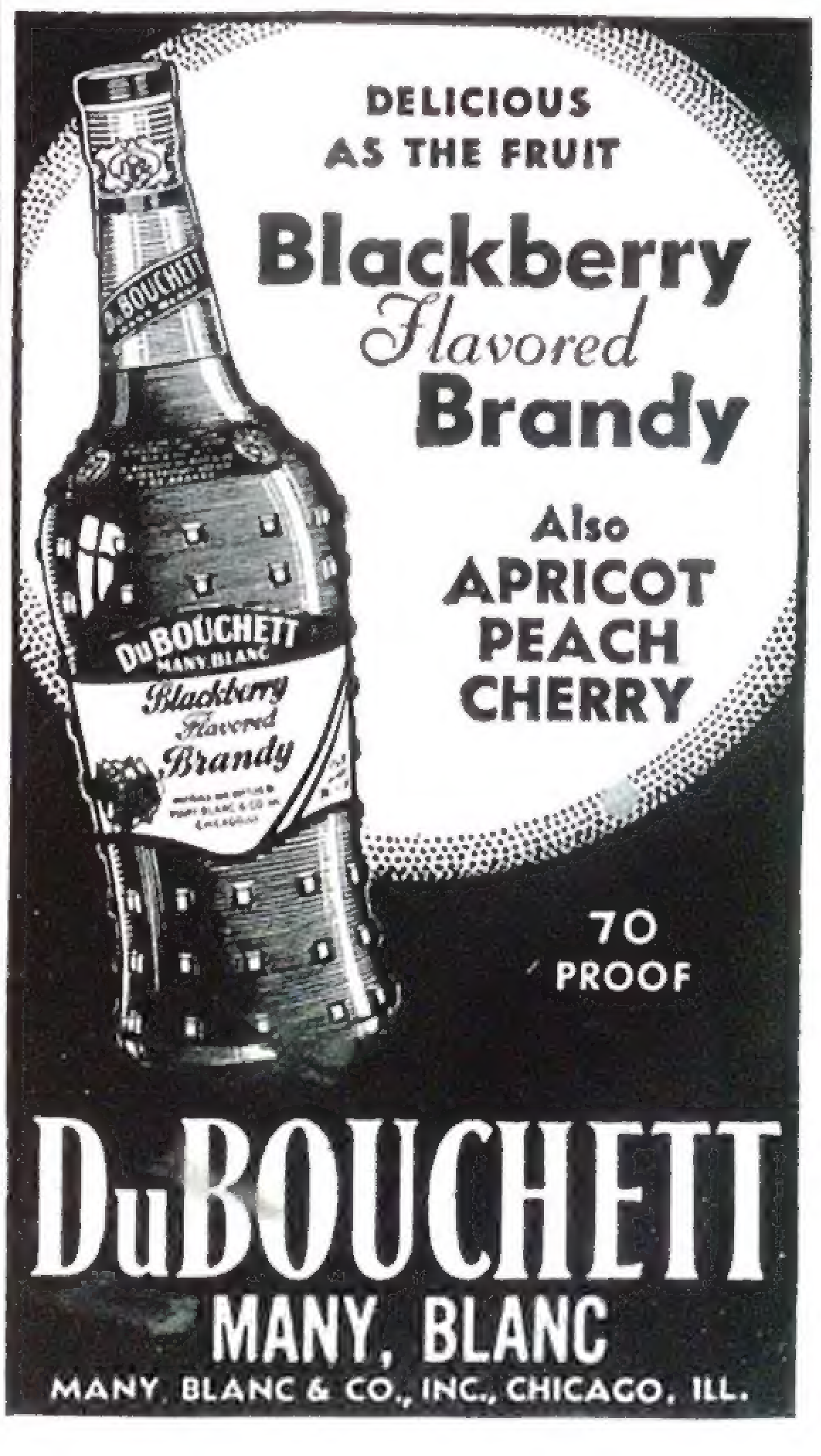
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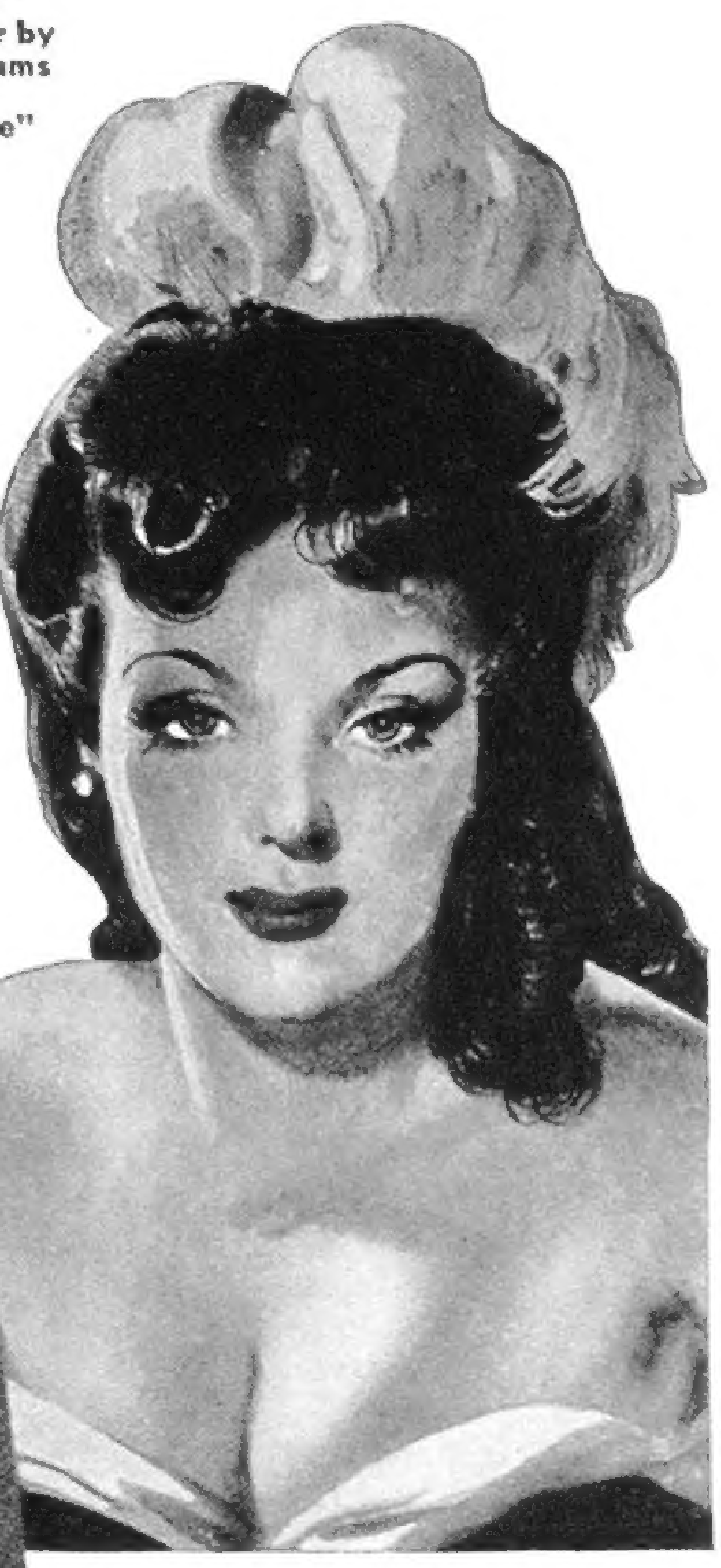


Was Jenny Hager a saint or a demon? To the world she was a woman of virtue, full of good works. But ask the men in her life—her father, her husbands, her sons, her lovers.

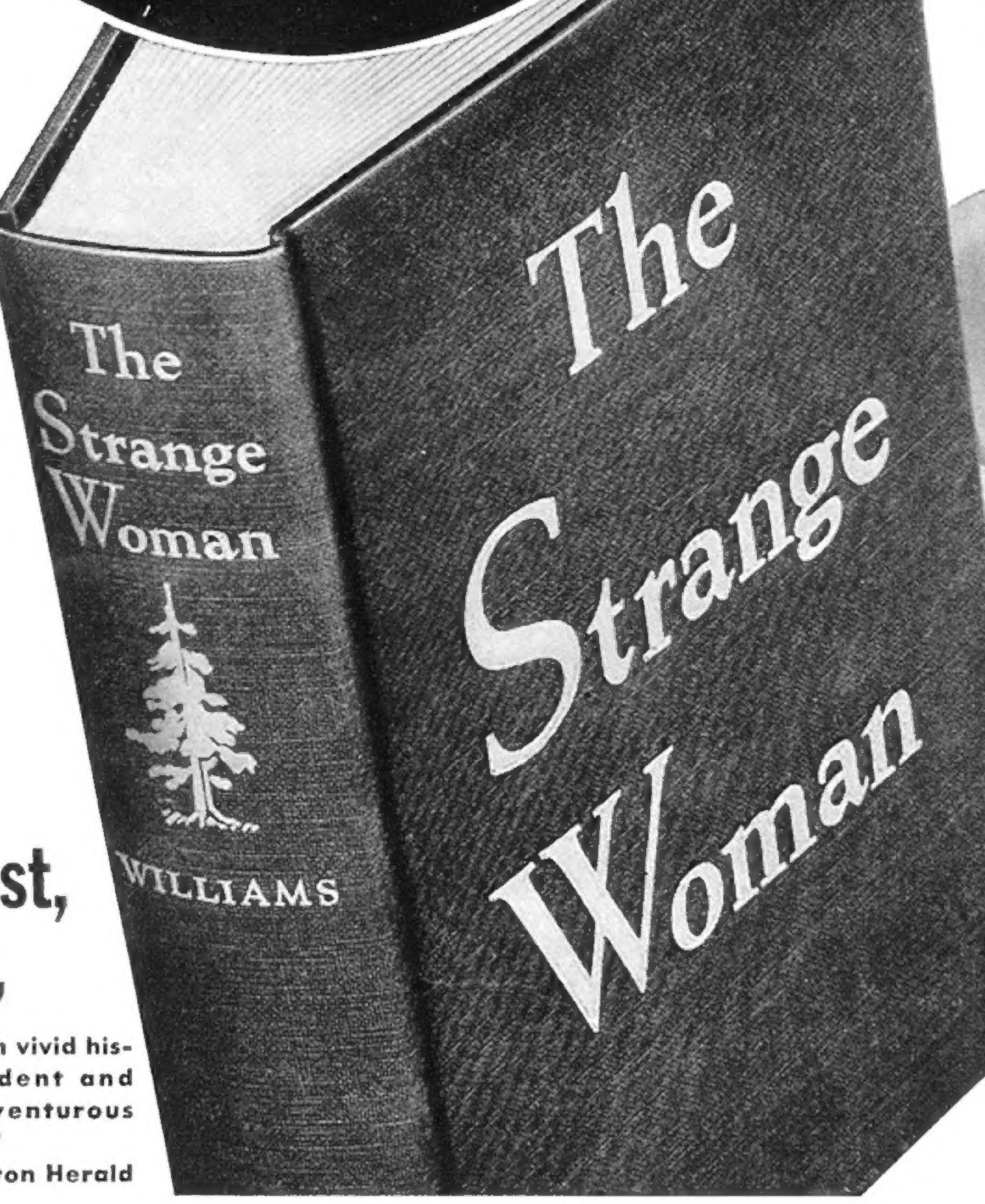
Ask Big Tim Hager, that great bear of a man, teamster, smuggler, bully boy who drowned in liquor his fear of his strange daughter.

Ask that gay Lothario, Lt. Carruthers, who knew the real Jenny before anyone else.

Ask Linc Pittridge to whom this strange woman said; "You're really good, aren't you, Linc? I like making you do things you think are wicked. It torments you so."

Ask Eph Poster who tried to tell his friend John Evered the truth about Jenny. But the truth was beyond belief.

Ask John Evered. He finally came to know best of all because he married Jenny. But he was as straight and strong as one of his own great pine trees and Jenny couldn't break him even with her incredible last will and testament.



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The Strange Woman by Ben Ames Williams is a terrific story of a woman with all the mystery and fascination of Scarlett O'Hara and Lucrezia Borgia combined—a novel that will hold you breathless through nearly 700 gripping pages. Here is Maine during the heyday of the loggers when Bangor was one of the wildest towns in America. Here is swift adventure, excitement, terror. You will read about the night the sailors wrecked Ma Hogan's unsavory establishment, the riot of the lumbering crews in Devil's Half Acre, the fight at Carr's Wharf that became a Bangor legend, the wreck of the schooner Mary Ann off Nantucket, the great flood that ravaged the river towns, the fantastic wedding of Andrew Lebbeus and Amelia Thorne that had such fateful consequences.

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THE SOUND AND THE FURY

PROOF THAT TRUTH'S FUNNIER THAN FICTION

I recently subscribed to your magazine and of late was the recipient of a card from you which read in part—and I quote, "and due to the unprecedented demand, we shall be unable to fulfill your subscription this month, but we suggest that if you want a copy of this month's issue that you probably might find one at your nearest newsstand."

That day after I received your card we landed at a strategic place in the South Pacific and rushed to the newsstand, but the Japs had just bought the last copy! And, as the nearest newsstand selling Esquire is some 12,000 miles away, I am sure that I shall be quite unable to obtain one.

Seriously, I thought that you would be interested in knowing how much laughter the card caused, coming as it did where laughter is so very scarce. Incidentally, if I survive this action, shall be looking forward to my first issue.

Sincerely yours,

Henry H. Stephenson, Aerog. 3/c
c/o Postmaster, San Francisco, Calif.

P. S. And to top it all a Varga Girl was found in the pocket of a Japanese soldier's jacket.

P. P. S. The Jap isn't looking at it any more.

LOVE AMONG THE SOLDIERY

After reading Pvt. B. H. Gardner Jr.'s comment in the Dec. issue on Varga girls and North Carolina girls, I've decided the reason he is still a private is because he knows as much about military affairs as he does about women.

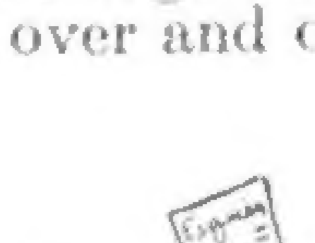
Sincerely,

Jim Sheppard

Winston-Salem, N. C.

HEADS YOU WIN; TAILS WE LOSE

Now look—Louis Paul, Jesse Stuart and Walter Brooks are very good writers—why ruin them? I'm getting so damned sick of Mountaineers, Precocious Privates and Wood Nymphs that I'm thinking of sabotage on all three. The same thing, over and over again. The same style, which once was refreshing, is now stagnant. My God—are there no other writers in this country?



Now, then—let's consider the stuff you print that is NOT written by the same men edition after edition. Even that stuff is repeated. Consider *Black Boy's Good Time*, for example. I know the fellow who wrote it is young—but let's consider the piece, which is well-written. You've printed dozens of stories the theme of which has been the unique social standing of Negroes in Southern cities. Even on this very same theme, the matter of poor downtrodden Negroes being beat up by the big bad sheriffs—off hand, how many such stories can you recall running in Esquire recently? It's a lot, you can be sure of that. As for *Beware the Tremper Buck*—well, just read that story over again, and then go hang your head in the corner. Ain't you shamed—printing such stuff? Don't forget, we're paying half a buck for Esquire—you can't afford to throw us stuff like *Beware the Tremper Buck*.

You can say, "if you don't like one story, read the others." Hell, I'm getting sick of reading ALL of them—80 percent is written by the same four or five men, and the rest is written by kids or by sons of the Esquire staff members.

Maybe you won't print this—I've never written you a letter before, so that might keep me out. After all, repetition is your forte. Why not use ditto marks in your next publication and refer us back to the previous one? Same thing.

Yours,

Roland A. Martone

Trona, California

ADD NEW USES OF OLD ESQ

You just wouldn't believe what beautiful strong, tough paper your Esquire makes for pasting over bomb cracks.

I have done a lovely job of work on the wall of my bathroom and I don't think it will fall out now. I have covered the draughtiest hole with a simply gorgeous picture of an aeroplane circling over an enemy boat.

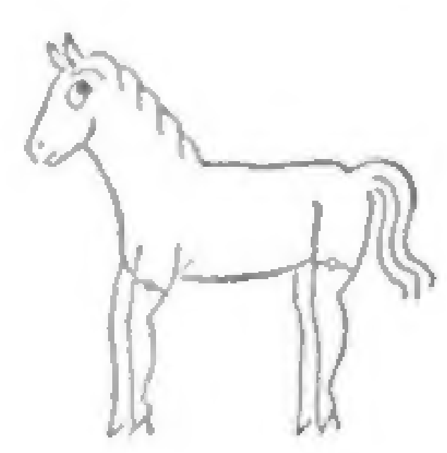
Tell Mr. Leydenfrost that I "laid" in frost, too, in my tub until he came along.

Yours ever,

Hove, Brighton, Nancy Andrew
Sussex, England

THE WAR OF LEGS WENDS WESTWARD

Your Christmas issue of old Esky was okay, that is all but one thing. Why publish letters from guys like Pvt. B. H. Gardner, who talks about Varga's gals in such a vicious manner.



And as for legs in Texas and other points West—hell, the only good legs out there are those of the horses.

Also, if that guy had to say all he wrote, he wouldn't have the wind left to play a game of marbles.

Sincerely,

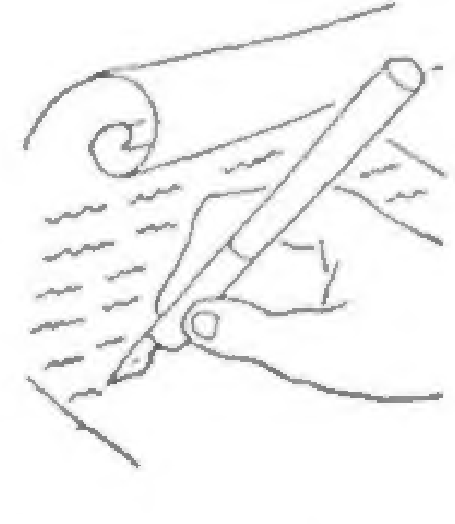
P. F. C.'s Donald Rose
Dan W. Carter
U. S. Army

P. S. Wow! Varga's "Redhead," and what legs!

BREAD & BUTTER LETTER TO FRIENDS OVERSEAS

Remember that letter of mine you so kindly inserted in your last April issue of "Esky"?

Well I guess I have had a really wonderful response to my appeal for back numbers of your famous magazine and from every part of the world. Gee! how it does circulate—Hawaii, New Zealand, India, all parts of Canada—and U. S. A., of course.



I had the good fortune to visit New York quite recently, and I guess it took my breath away (almost).

The greatest city we have yet seen in our millions of miles of travel was the general verdict among my companions and myself. The city that forgets to go to bed we found it.

The inhabitants too were very nice to us.

I lost a few uniform buttons (souvenirs) but what the h——l, they could have had the lot.

I have replied to most of the wonderful people who have sent their addresses along with the Esquires, but in case I have missed any, please say "thanks a lot" for me.

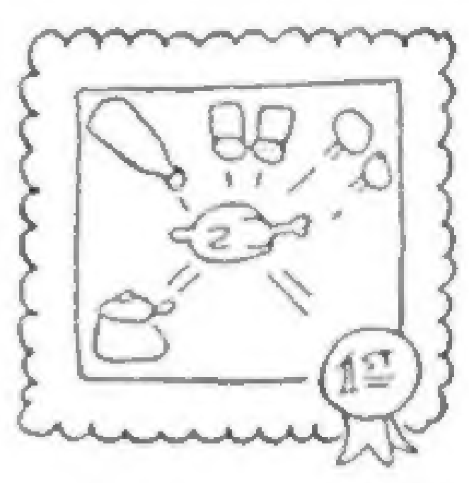
Every success to grand old "Esky."

Yours sincerely,

S. S. Orontes, Harry Sansum, M. N.
G. P. O., London, England

ARTICLE IDEA FOR ILES BRODY

Let me start by saying that *Man the Kitchenette* is one of the first things I read when I get my Esquire each month. Though I am at an overseas station, I have access to a kitchen, and enjoy trying your recipes as well as reading your articles.



Have you had an article on the subject of sauces in general? If so I missed it. If not, don't you think it might be a good idea? Everyone who has done any cooking can broil a steak or roast a bird, but the trimmings (stuffing, sauces, gravies, etc.) can make the result either commonplace or a work of art. And I'm sure you would have a lot that could be said on the subject.

I have worked out my own recipe for a mushroom gravy for steak which I think is pretty good. I don't imagine it's sensationally new, but I can't find anything like it in my cookbook, so at least it isn't hackneyed.

You take about a tablespoonful of drippings from the broiled steak or chop and brown it in the frying pan. Add the same amount of flour and stir and cook until the paste is well browned. Add a two-ounce can of mushrooms with the juice, and flavor to taste with salt, pepper, 1 teaspoonful of lemon juice and a suspicion of mustard. Cook it with stirring until thickened (if it gets too thick, add some stock until it is the right consistency).

I intend to try adding a little sherry to it, but I'm afraid that it may not combine well with the lemon juice and mustard.

If the above recipe should be of any use, you are welcome to it—though I'm afraid it will be rather on the order of Coals for Newcastle!

One other thing that might be of interest to you. In the last outfit I was in before joining the 417th, I was mess officer and used your recipe for *Japanese Disaster* to serve left-overs to the squadron, with the most gratifying results. There is usually a great deal of "beefing" about the food when you try to serve left-overs, but in this case it was received as a new dish and greatly relished.

Hoping that at least some of this letter may be of interest to you, I am,

Sincerely yours,

(Lt.) J. C. Thompson

A. P. O. No. 861
New York, N. Y.

P. S. I tried the sauce with a little sherry and it is quite an improvement.

J. C. T.

Editor's Note: *Two of the Brody articles, October '42 and Nov. '41, have been devoted to cooking with wine. An article on sauces in general will soon be coming up.*

CORPORAL AS COUNSEL IN BOXING'S DEFENSE

Reading an article which appeared in your November Esquire on *Boxing Builds Bums*, by Pete Norton, I am inclined, very much so, to dispute the author's knowledge of boxing and boxers.

He has classed boxers as being "surly and unsociable, hard to handle, and rarely amenable to discipline." I have associated with boxers for the past four years and I have noticed that most of them would rather step out of their way to avoid a fight. In fact most of them are a bunch of happy-go-lucky fellows, who are in a business where sometimes things can be fixed to have a boxer take a "dive." On account of a very few, we have been criticized as a whole.

The few men who do become punch-drunk are those who when finished or too old, continue to try to make a living in the ring.

The author stated "no one would recommend a boxer to an army officer." As I am in the army and am also a boxer, I have been complimented on my work as a Physical Instructor, and as a *soldier*, by quite a number of officers.

A person becomes punch-drunk by the continued jarring of the brain against the skull. Football has more body contact than boxing, yet the author stated that he "would rather have the American youth play football than box."

How often do you hear of a fighter being carried out of the ring to a hospital? Compare them with the amount of men being carried off the field. You will find the percentage is very small compared with football.

If the boys of America have also seen the punch-drunk wrecks, as the author put it, they have not all been from the ring. They most likely have been men playing football or wrestling, with a few men who have been too old to fight in the ring, yet continued to do so, and could not move as fast as their younger opponents, have taken quite a few punches, but if they were younger it would not bother them in the least.

I have been an amateur and am now a professional boxer—at least I have been. Uncle Sam called me into the U. S. Army. I have an I. Q. of 134, and the average is about 85, which goes to prove that the boxers are not all slow-witted after they fight for a while.

I would appreciate it very much if you gentlemen would kindly give this letter to the author, so that he would have an idea of what some of the boxers are like.

He has probably seen too many moving pictures on fighting.

Yours sincerely,

Cpl. Stanley Goicz

Miami Beach, Florida

NO LAW AGAINST DREAMING OR HOPING

I hope everything Keith Monroe said in *Preview in Dreamland* is so. Because last night I had a dream about Lana Turner.

Wow! !

N. Y. City Henry L. Nies

SAD THOUGHTS ON GHOST WRITERS

Re *Preview in Dreamland:* So Esquire has decided to contribute to the study of the supernatural, scientific study of course, by printing in full these "well-authenticated" tales by "reputable" persons!

Perhaps it is swayed by the example of Sir Arthur Conan Doyle—in his prime the creator of the master intellect, Sherlock Holmes; in his dotage the prey of unscrupulous frauds. Will it now after a long and honorable career of being a magazine for men, thinking men, albeit whose thoughts run along all channels, cater to the credulities and desires of old women?

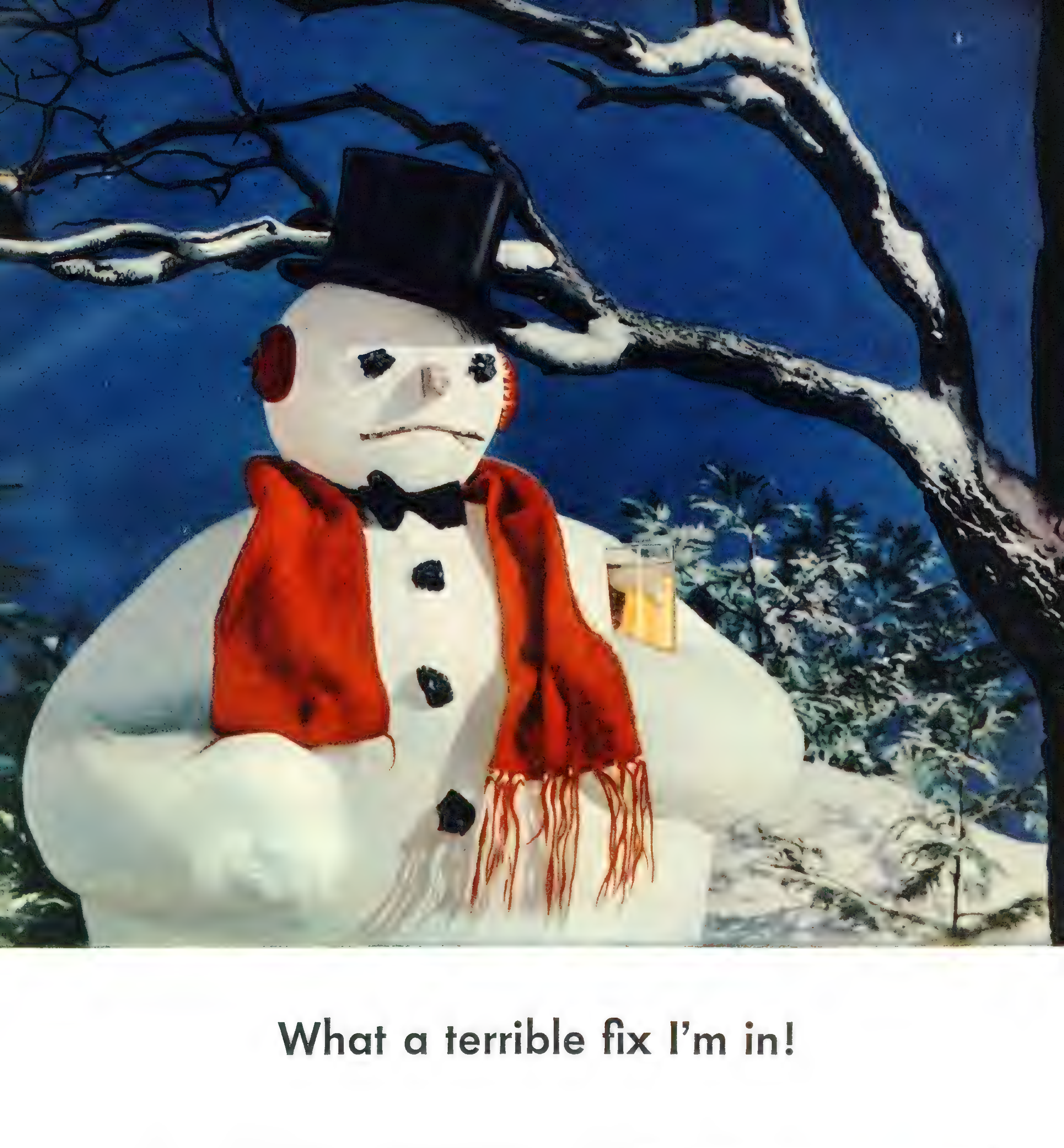
Will we have the disgusting spectacle of Esquire being deluged by "well-substantiated" records from "impartial" personages, all verifying beyond a doubt the existence of "The World Beyond"?

Alas, O tempora, O mores, that this best of magazines in so imperfect a world, should succumb to the appeal of sensationalism!

Dispirited,

Richard Bellman

Madison, Wisconsin



What a terrible fix I'm in!

I WOULDN'T FEEL so badly about it if they had put just an ordinary whiskey-and-soda in my hand.

But they gave me one of the world's most glorious drinks . . . a wonderfully smooth and flavorful Four Roses-and-soda.

Then they let me freeze, so that I can't possibly raise the Four Roses-and-soda to my lips. It's tragic, I tell you.

But you who are not snow men aren't in the fix I'm in. YOU can get a Four Roses-and-soda at your favorite bar. Or you can take home a bottle of this gloriously rich and mellow whiskey. Then YOU can pour a generous jigger of Four Roses into a glass and add ice and soda.

And, best of all, YOU can lift this magnificent drink to your fortunate lips and sip it. Lucky, lucky you!

• • •

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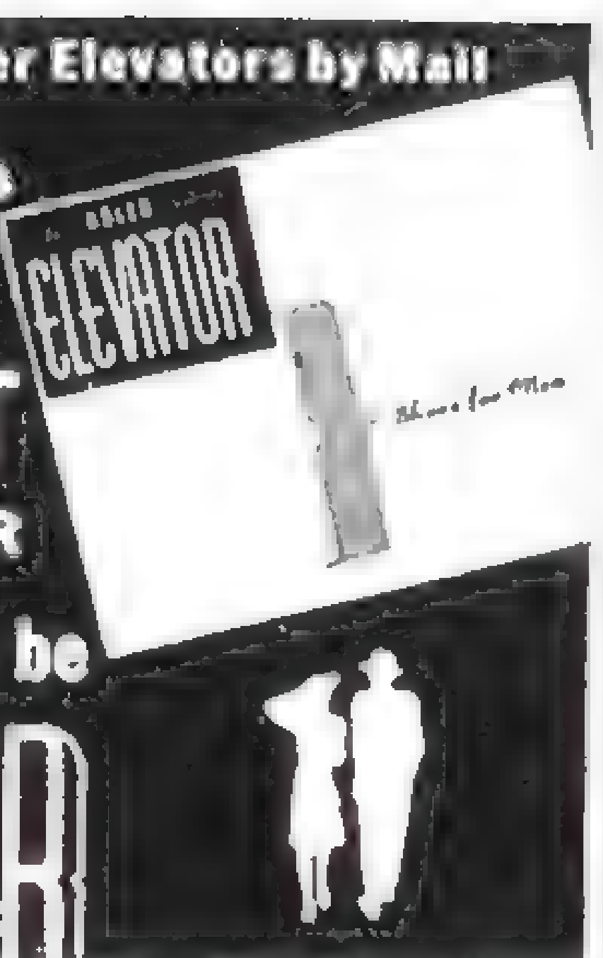
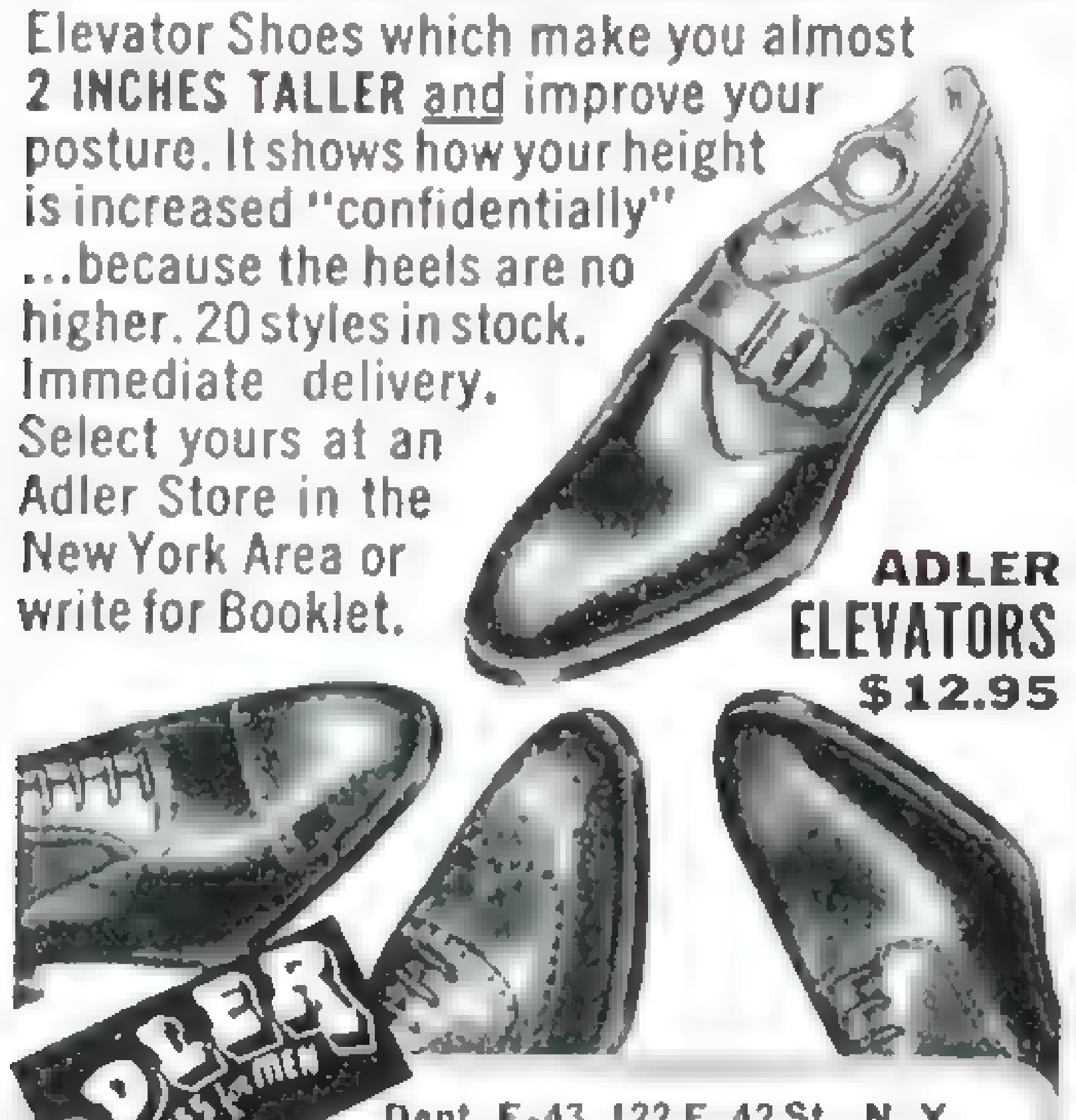
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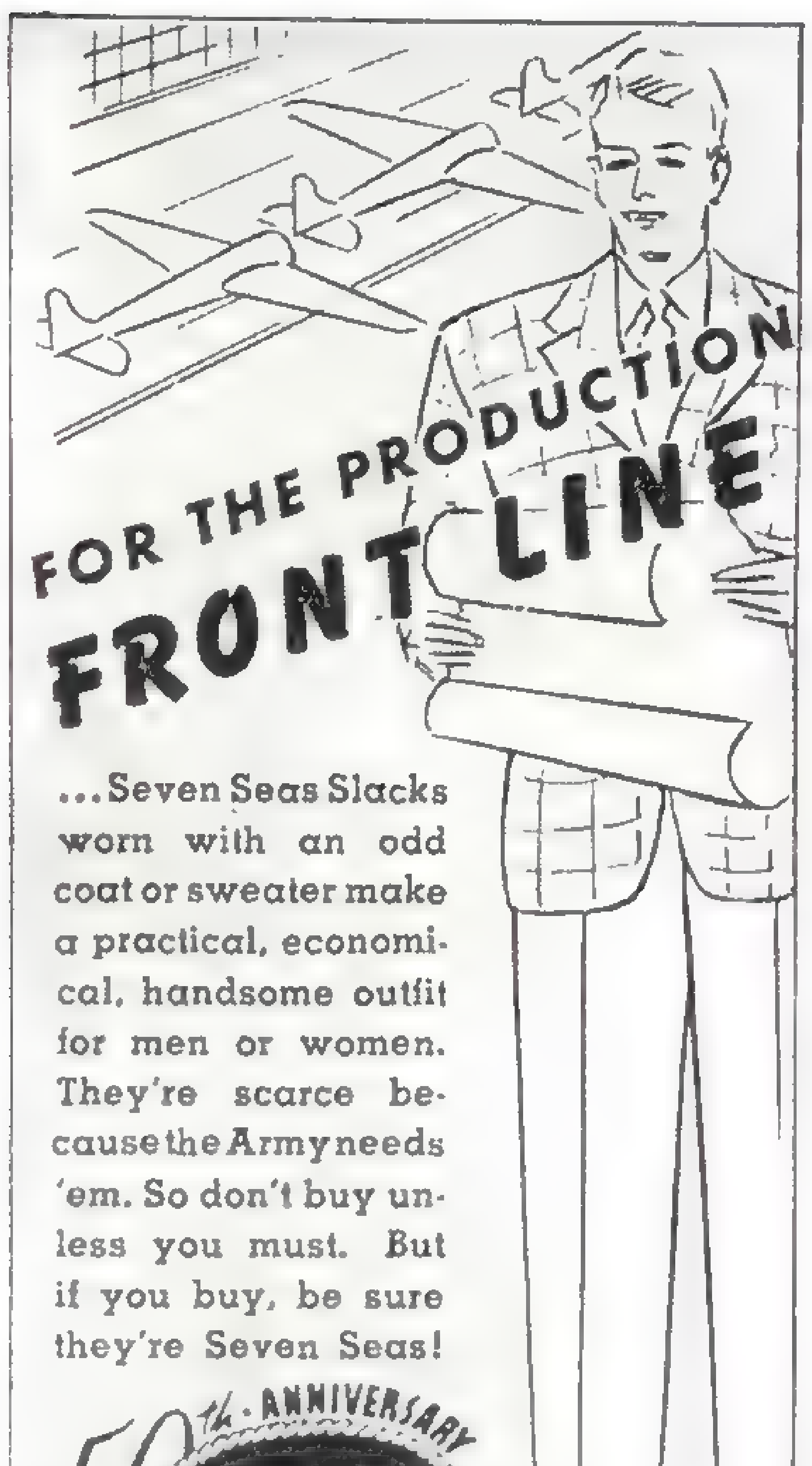
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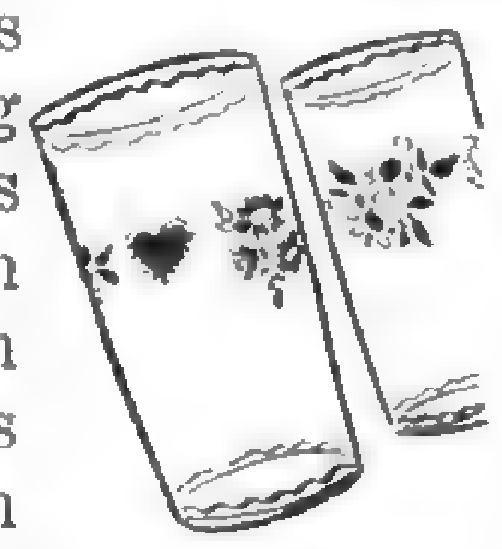
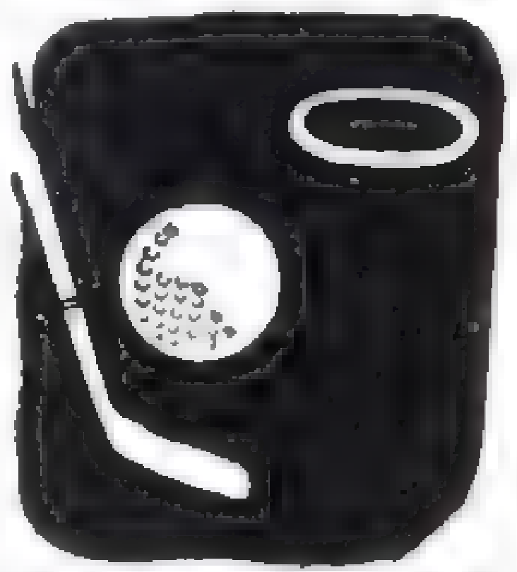
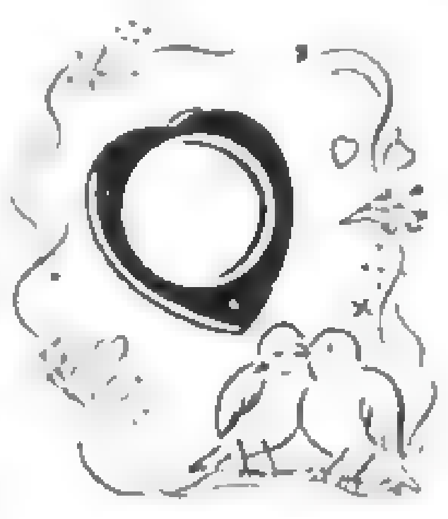


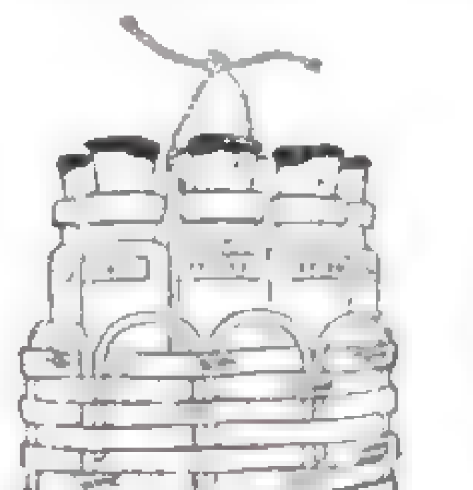
BLACKOUT GOLF. What is there to do while there's a blackout? Bridge, ping pong, and chess are out, so that leaves us putting around with blackout golf. This game is the real business for you guys who want to slice ten strokes off your score before the season begins. The famous pro who invented it says that darkness increases the mental facilities. The outfit includes a swing indicator for the club head, special golf ball, and a floor level green. Oh, by the way . . . all of the equipment is luminously treated!



A HEART ON HAND. This little heart shaped 14 karat gold nugget is strictly third finger left hand merchandise, but one glance at the unique design and her answer will be in the affirmative, for marriage is the little quail's only excuse to wear it. The ring was dreamed up by the most expensive jeweler in the country, but don't let this scare you, for the price is so unbelievably low that even a Wall Street broker could afford one. It also comes in platinum and there's one done up in diamonds for the coupon clipper class.

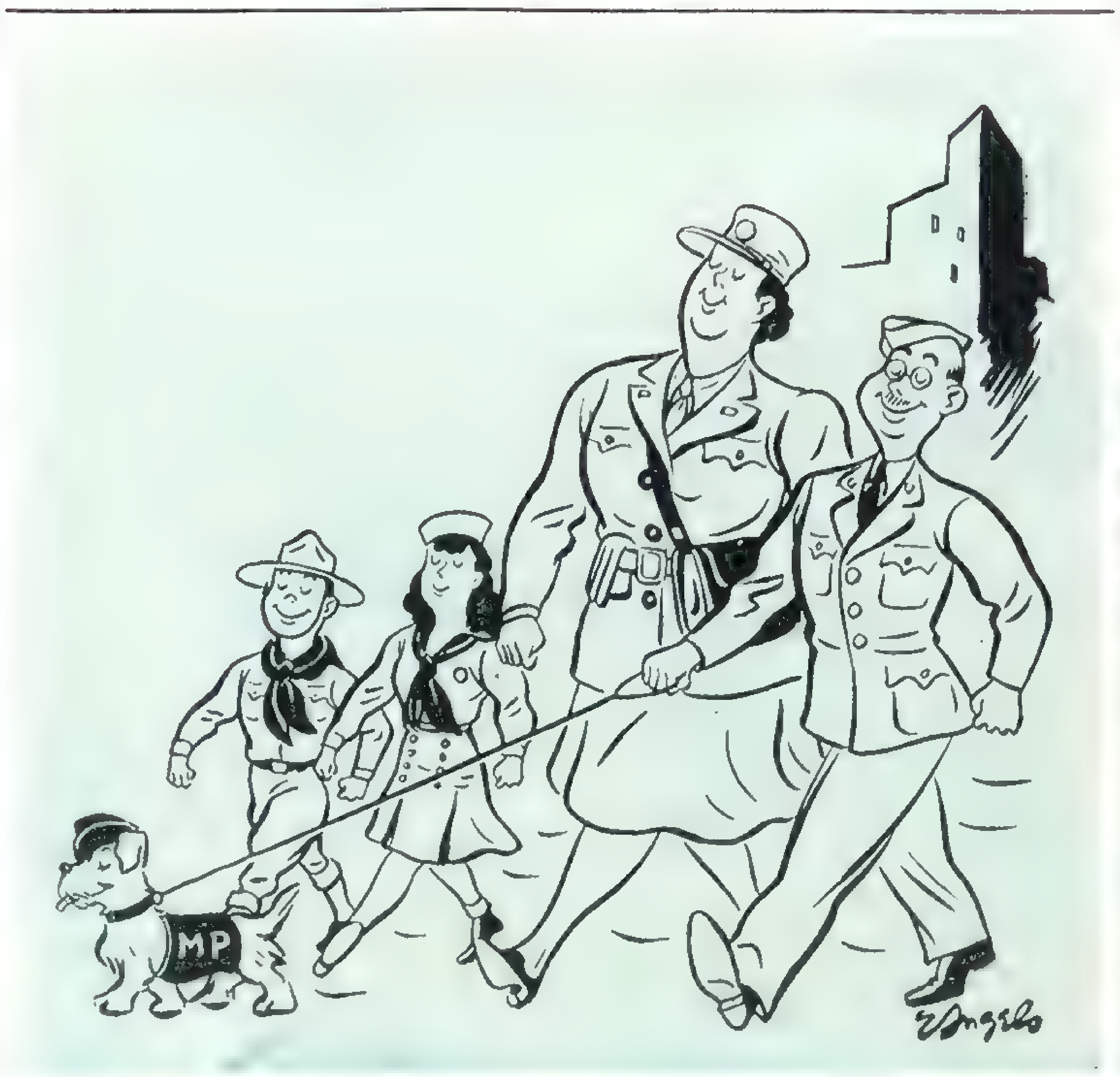


SEASONINGS FROM SEVEN SEAS. This little woven reed basket holds seven of the rarest peppers and salts, each contained in a quaint bottle, corked and topped with black sealing wax. The assorted peppers and salts gathered from all over the world sound like an inventory of a gourmand's pet shelf . . . cayenne pepper, black pepper, white pepper, celery salt, smoked salt, garlic salt, and white onion salt.



Ranger

For answers to all queries, send self-addressed stamped envelope to Ranger, Esquire, 366 Madison Ave., N. Y.



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To New Members of the Detective Book Club

PHANTOM LADY

By William Irish

HIS ONLY ALIBI—A Phantom Lady in an Orange Hat!

PUT yourself in Scott Henderson's place. You know you're not a murderer. But the electric chair doesn't know it. You know you were with another woman when your wife was strangled. But the District Attorney and the police don't know it. And *YOU* CAN'T PROVE IT!

You met this other woman in a bar. You took her to dinner and to a play. But you didn't know her name or where she lived. Your mind had been in such a turmoil that you didn't notice anything about her—except that she was wearing a flaming orange hat.

Then you got home and found three detectives waiting for you—and your wife dead in the boudoir!

Where's your alibi? "*Woman—orange hat,*" is all you can remember. You get an all-night grilling till you're too tired to remember, or think, or even care. The cops take you out to retrace your steps. *Somebody* must remember seeing you—with the lady in the orange hat.

The bartender. Sure, he saw you . . . but nobody was with you. The cab driver. He remembered picking you up and taking you to the restaurant . . . but you were alone. The headwaiter saw you, too. But he had only served one person, he said. There it was, on your table reservation and on your check. Dinner for ONE!

NOBODY, not the doorman or the ticket-taker, or the usher, or the trap-drummer in the theatre pit band, had seen her! They remembered you, because you had come in after the curtain was up. They certainly would have seen a woman in an orange hat. But they swore you were alone! And now you're starting down that "last mile"—with the electric chair staring you in the face!

YOU'LL really cheer as the impact of this thrilling, suspense-packed new mystery, PHANTOM LADY, hits you squarely between the eyes! WHAT A BOOK! PHANTOM LADY is brand new. The author's name is brand new. The book is selling everywhere for $2.00. But we don't want to sell it to you—we want to give it to you. Yes, GIVE it to you—to show detective book fans the *kind* of stories they will receive from the Detective Book Club.

How This Club Brings You The Best Mysteries

Each month this Club offers to its members THREE up-to-date detective books—*for the usual price of only ONE!* And EACH of the three is a *complete, full-length novel.*

Do you realize that about 300 new detective books are published every year? You can't read them all. It's hard to find the best. But there's one *sure* guide. If a mystery is by an author like Agatha Christie, Erle Stanley Gardner, Rex Stout, R. Austin Freeman, Frank Gruber, or Frances and Richard Lockridge, it's *sure* to be good! All of *these* and many other famous topnotch writers have had their books selected by the Editorial Committee of the DETECTIVE BOOK CLUB.

This committee *also* performs another vital service for you. Each year there appears a number of real ten-strike thrillers by lesser-known, dark-horse authors—books like William Irish's "Phantom Lady," for example. The Club ferrets out these "discoveries" for you so that its members will receive tomorrow's best-sellers today.

Regardless of whether the selections of the Club are by the most famous of detective writers, or are real "finds" by lesser-known writers, they are ALL books that sell everywhere for $2.00 each. Yet, as a member of the Club, you get *three* of them (a $6.00 value) for only $1.89! You do not have to take a volume a month—you may accept as few as four during the whole year and still save two-thirds the usual price on those you purchase.

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Mail Coupon Now For Your Free Book

By accepting this FREE copy of *Phantom Lady* NOW, as a Charter Membership Gift from the Club, you will *not* be obligated to take every month's selection during the next 12 months. You may take as few as four during that time. You may cancel your membership *whenever you wish.* A description of the *next* month's selections will be sent you with each month's book, and you may reject in advance any volume you do not want.

You need send no money with the Reservation Coupon. ASSURE yourself of the privileges now being offered to Charter Members. To get this spine-chilling mystery "find," PHANTOM LADY, absolutely free, AND the current triple selection, address the coupon *at once* to:

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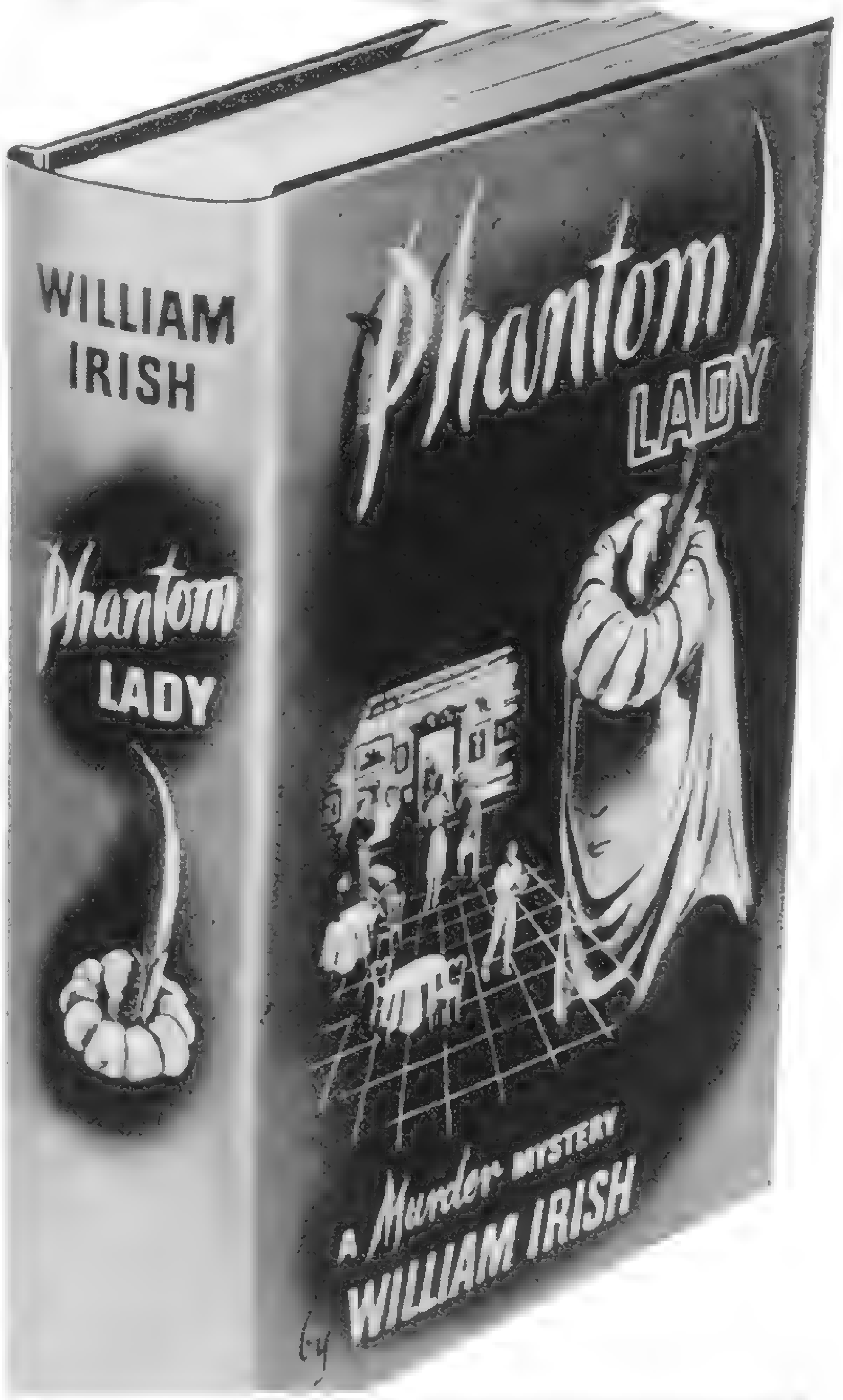
330 West 42nd Street, New York, N. Y.

Out into the night went Scott Henderson with a phantom lady! For when he went on trial for murder, bartenders, cab drivers, waiters, doormen SWORE they had seen him that night—but he had been ALONE!



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Please enroll me as a member and send me FREE, "*Phantom Lady,*" by William Irish. Also send the current triple volume containing three complete detective books.

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Painting the Town with Esquire

WE DON'T KNOW what your manpower program is, but if it is anything like ours, it'll call for three meals a day—and there's where those ingenious worry-absorbers, the restaurateurs, come in, to the tune of good food and not a regulation busted.

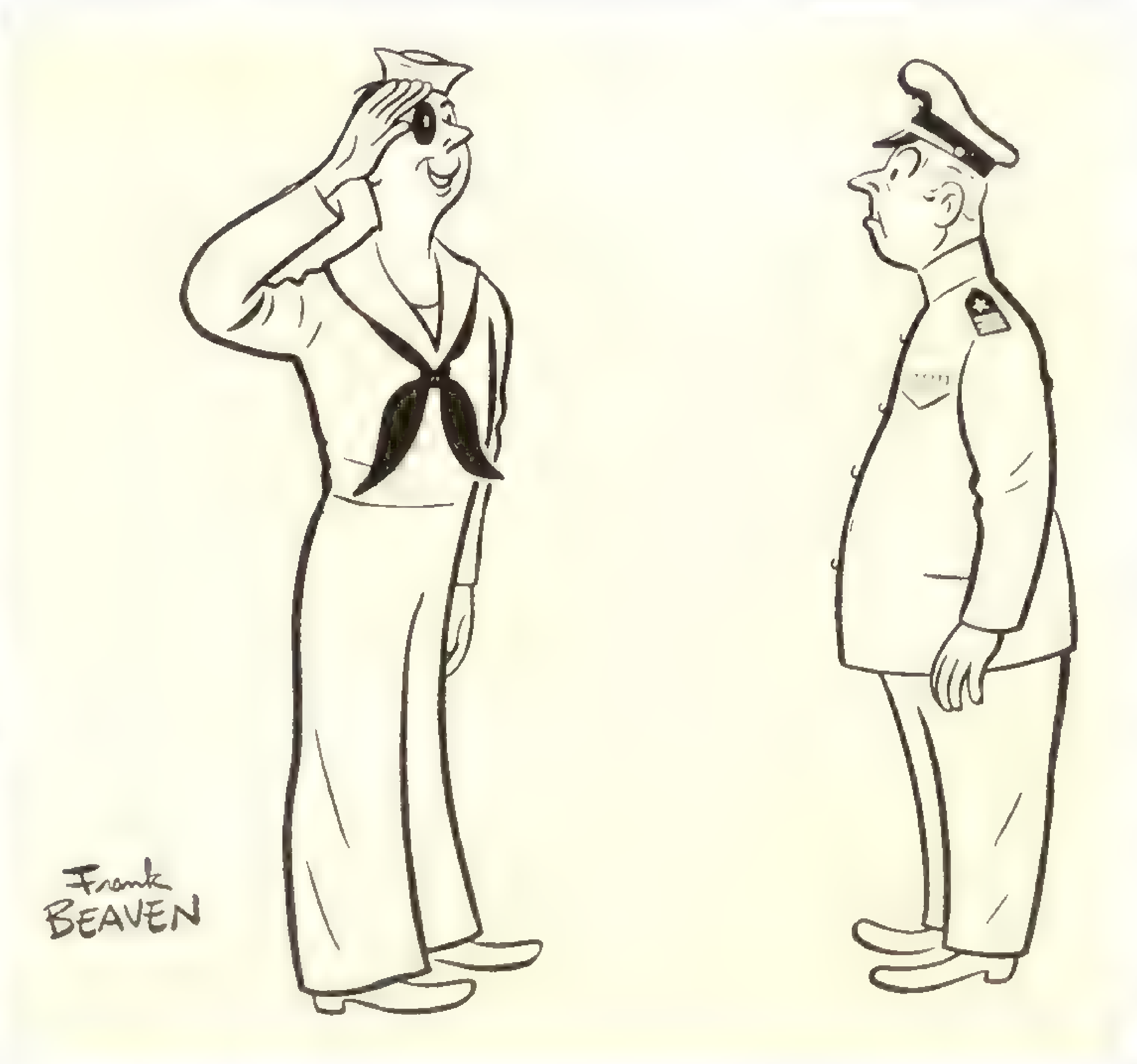
FOR EXAMPLE, at the quilted-walled *boite* called Café Life (155 East 52nd) pot luck runs to such tasties as Canapé Lorenzo (hot crabmeat creation), brandied breast of guinea hen, and Soufflée Café Life (kirsched). Indeed, host Oscar Schimerman has been hunger's Nemesis at one good place and another ever since the days of Diamond Jim Brady. Here at his Café Life he also serves assorted divertissements to be-gala your dinner or supper, with dancing between, but his best performer of all is in the kitchen.

S. GREGORY TAYLOR'S tall Hotel St. Moritz, standing sentry over Central Park, is fatted calfing the return of much liked maestro Ford Harrison to this hostelry's Café de la Paix, which now sports United Nations murals on gold backgrounds. Frank Ramoni and his Latin-American Troubadours are sandwiched in as rhumba operators, with lookous Dolores Del Carmen firing your ambition to learn Spanish.

HOW MUCH VODKA, how many shashliks and beeves Strogonoff it's taken to fuel the colorful Slavic vim and vigor at the Russian Kretchma (244 East 14th) these 21 years, Peter Nemiroff himself couldn't tell you. Every time he starts to figure it up, his entrance steppes are invaded by a new expeditionary force hell bent for knee and elbow bending while Gypsy catgut croons and songful peasants connipt on the village green. Looks like friend Peter will be stuck in this basement for all eternity.

OUT-OF-TOWNERS on Broadway used to get stiff necks looking at the Mazda displays. Now they get eye strain indoors looking at the night club revues, one of the most dazzling of which is the lavish "Wings of Broadway" show at the Hurricane (Gay Dim Way at 49th). Crowded with shapelies imaginatively routined and costumed, with gasp and guffaw rousers, this "Wings" affair is such swell value, what you eat and drink seems practically on the house.

For information about any hotels or restaurants and their related services, write "Esquire-about-town", 366 Madison Avenue, New York. Please enclose self-addressed stamped envelope.



"Sighted dame—kissed same!"

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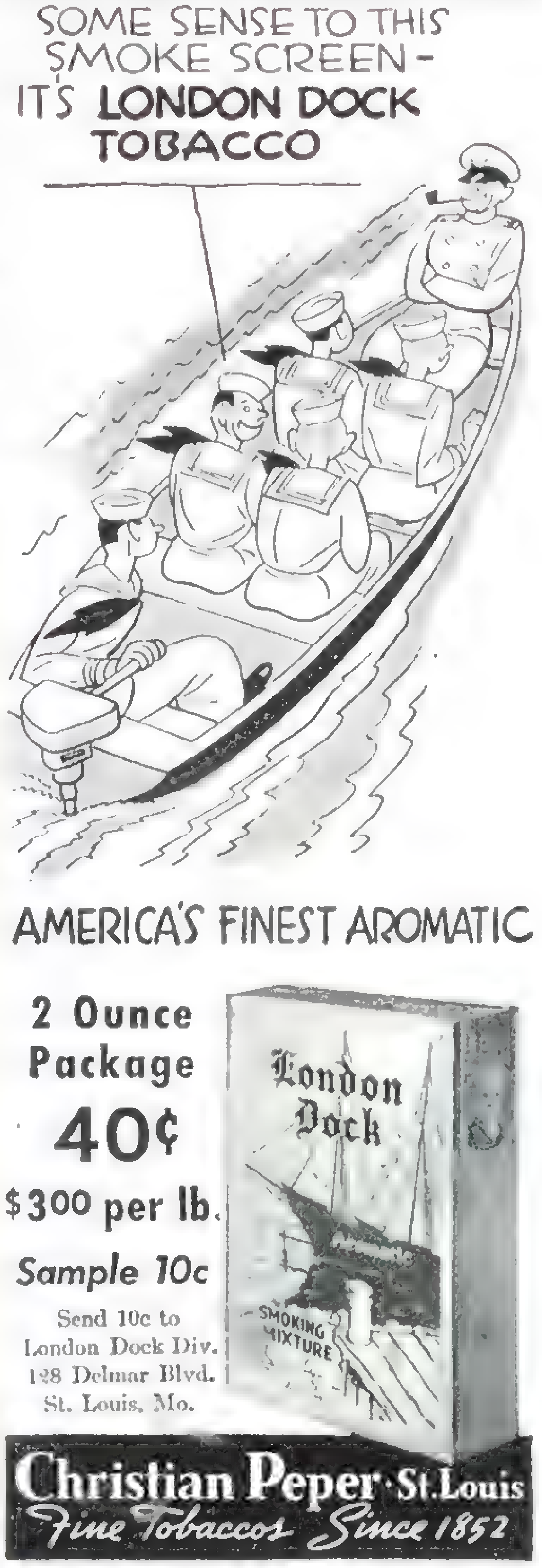

SOME SENSE TO THIS SMOKE SCREEN—IT'S LONDON DOCK TOBACCO

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Whose Ocean?

On all the coasts of the Seven Continents today there's scarcely a foot of sand where free children can play in peace.

On every sea of the Seven Seas ships and men are being sent to the bottom by torpedo and gunfire.

In a dozen conquered countries people are starving. American soldiers—*our* soldiers—American women and children—*our own people*, are in concentration camps taking orders from the brutal Japs.

Better drop those rose-colored glasses and look at the facts!

A desperate struggle is ahead of us. We must outmatch our enemies, plane for plane, ship for ship, and gun for gun, otherwise our own country will take its place on the long list of defeated nations.

Our choice is a simple one. *Fight*—or help those who *are* fighting. *Man* a gun or *pay* for that gun. *Drop* a bomb or *pay* for the bomb. With War Bonds. With every single nickel, dime or dollar we can.

Join the Pay Roll Savings Plan, whoever you are, wherever you work. Set aside at least 10% of your pay every pay day. Each time your savings amount to $18.75, you get a bond, worth $25 in ten years.

That's the way we *Americans* will do it. We won't sit back indifferent.

We won't "wait and see" until there's nothing left to see.

"Do it now" is a good American slogan. So let's *do* it!

It's later than you think!

DO YOU KNOW?

- When you buy WAR BONDS, you're saving, not giving! Series E WAR BONDS are worth 33⅓ percent more in 10 years! You get back $4 for every $3 you invest!
- These BONDS, when held to maturity (10 years), yield 2.9 percent per year on your investment, compounded semiannually!
- Joining a Pay Roll Savings Plan makes savings easy!
- Joining your bank's Victory Club (it works like any Thrift or Christmas Club) is a convenient way to save for War Bonds for those who aren't members of a Pay Roll Savings Plan.
- You can have enough money to do a lot of things you'd like to do, and to buy the many things you'll need after the war is over, if you save enough in War Bonds every pay day NOW!
- You can start buying WAR BONDS by buying War Stamps for as little as 10 cents.

EVERYBODY EVERY PAYDAY AT LEAST 10%

EVERYBODY EVERY PAY DAY 10% in War Bonds

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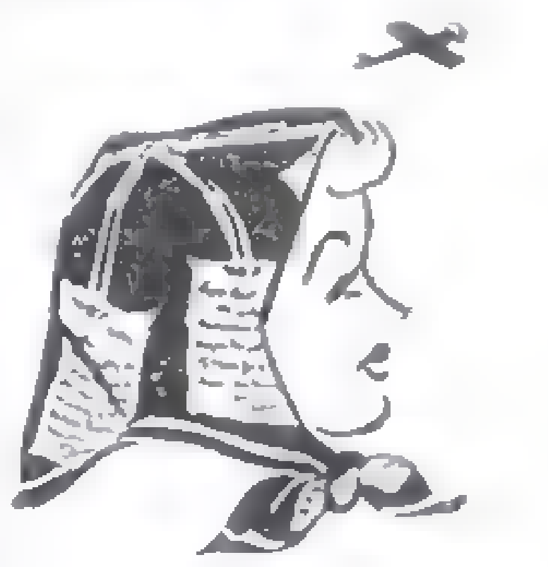
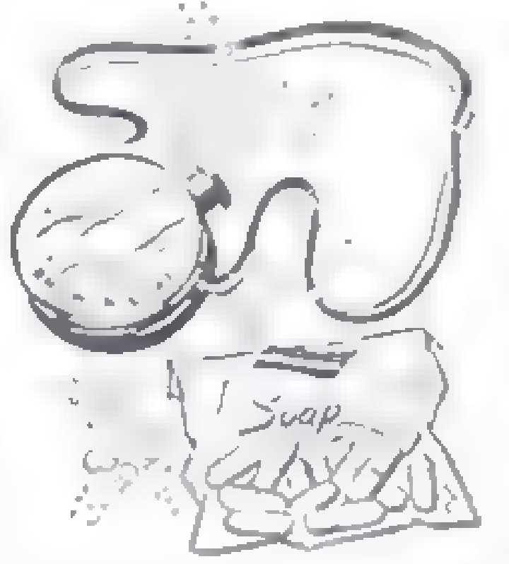
Talking Shop with Esquire

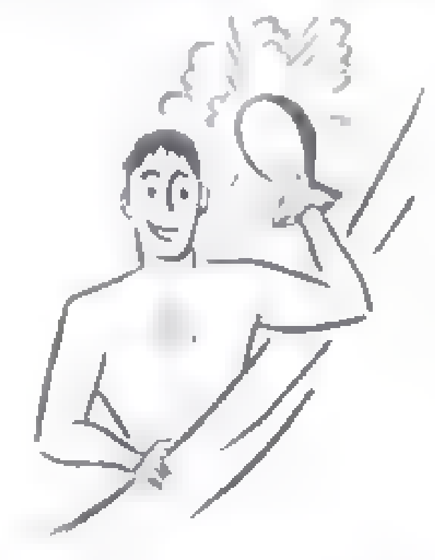
MILITARY MASH NOTES. Men in mufti may remember the little frails on St. Valentine's Day with a gay cotton scarf emblazoned with eight beautiful mash notes in verse centered around a single red heart. There's a set of verses for each of the four branches of service with respective letterheads and signed impersonally to prevent any breach of promise suits. It's the kind of letterwriting you've always wanted to get away with, but didn't try because you weren't the poetic type. Of course these are just gag scarves, but you'd better not send two of them to the same town!



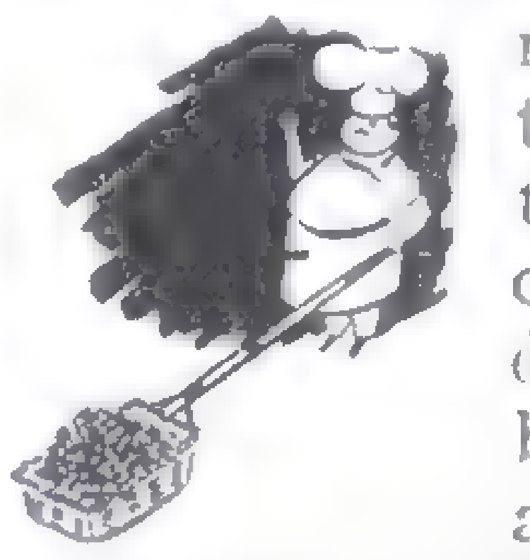
GOOD CLEAN FUN. Here are three serviceman's soaps . . . The first is shaped like a drinking canteen and is attached to a cotton rope which hangs the shower soap around the bather's neck. An easy-to-send gift is the specially packaged box of a half dozen large cakes of bath soap decorated with a military insignia intaglio. The most novel idea yet is the package of two dozen soap capsules which dissolve into a rich suds when they hit the aqua.



POWDERWEIGHT CHAMP. No, gents, it's not a powder puff, but a real leather boxing glove talcum mitt which certainly deserves a blow-by-blow description. You place the mitt firmly over the hand, terry cloth side covering the palm, and at the sound of the bell you dash out of your shower giving light punches to the body. There's a secret pocket inside the mitt filled with talcum powder, so these body blows aren't entirely in vain. And after your morning shave, gentlemen of the ring, you might even follow up with a few light taps to the face.



PASS THE BASKET, PAPPY. This long handled hors d'oeuvre basket will save your cocktail guests many a dive over the divan in getting those cheese canapes. The handle is attractively bound in bamboo and the basket department is either round or oblong shaped and made of sturdy reed. Heap it with pretzels at your beer busts, serve midnight fireside snacks in it, and keep it on tap for next summer's barbecue feasts.



Ranger

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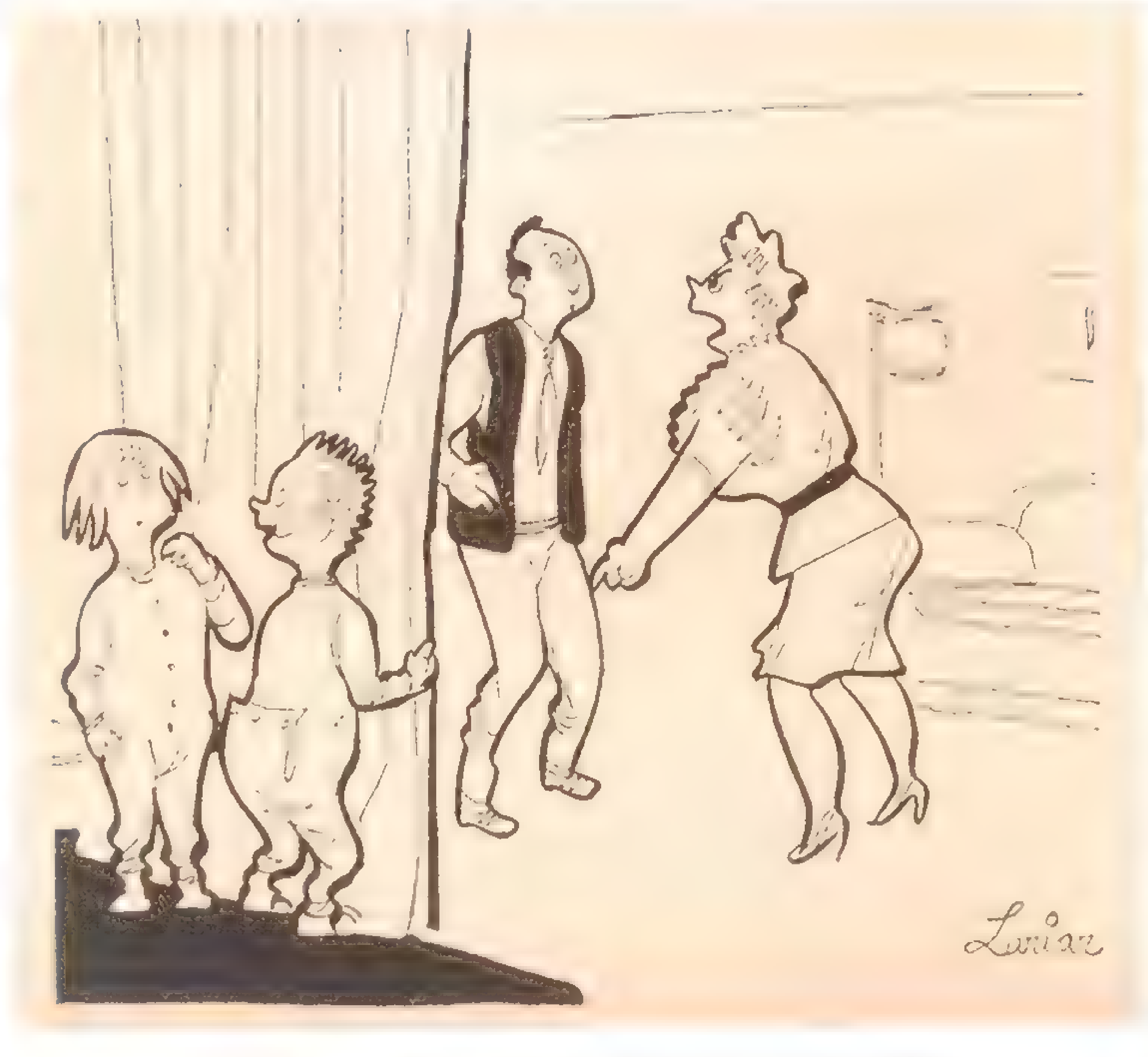

"I'd say Mom took that last round!"

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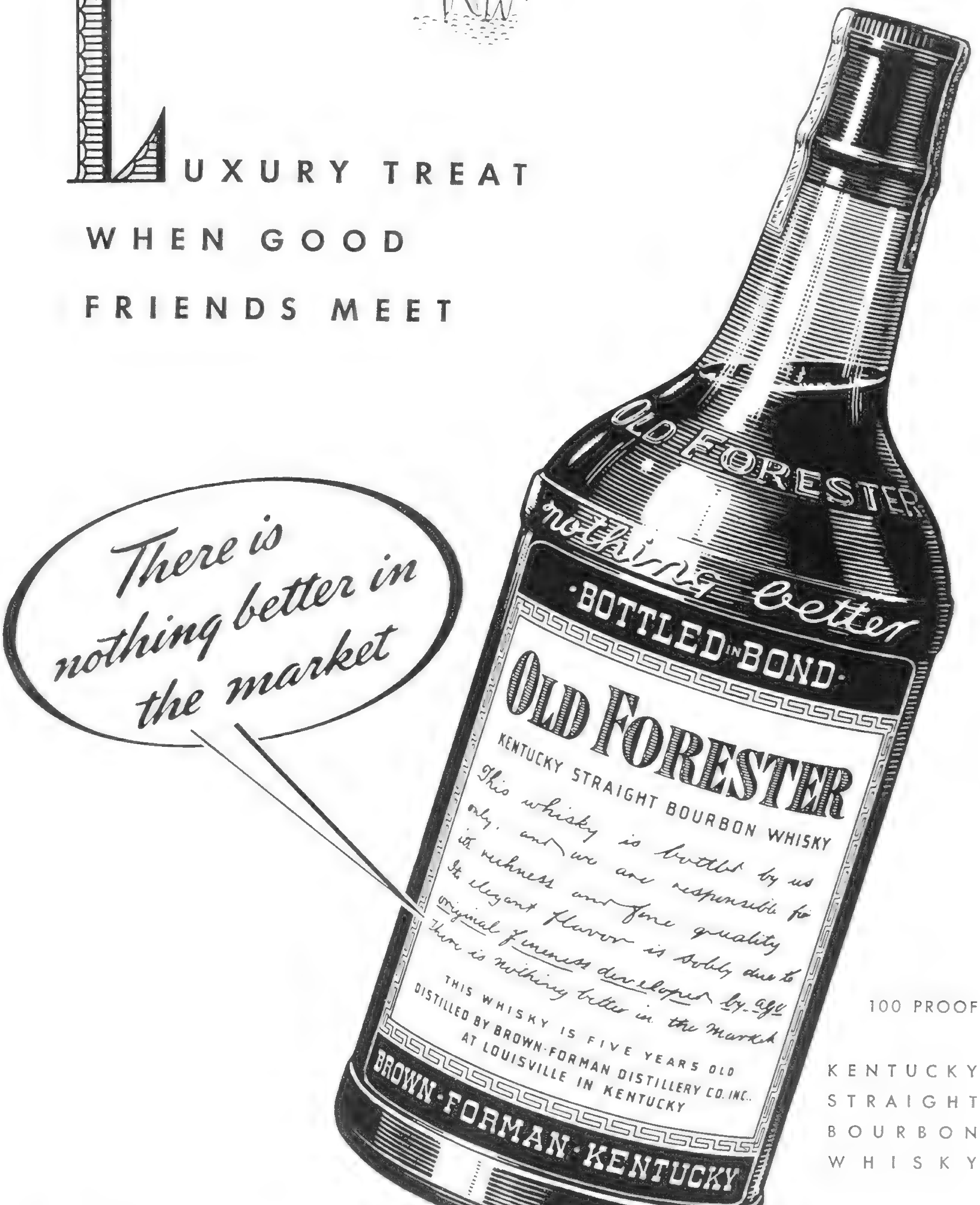
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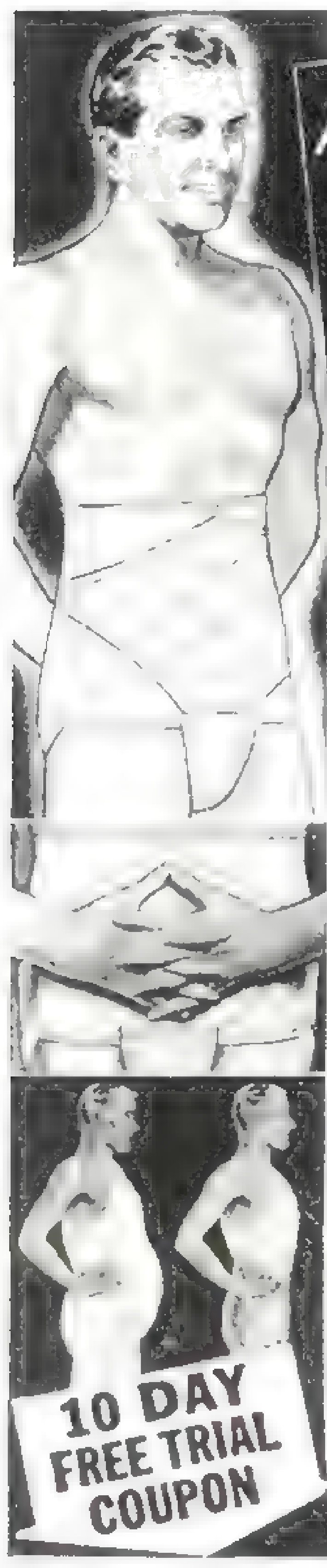

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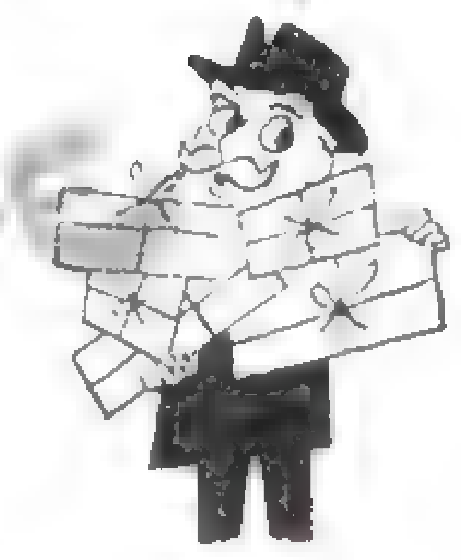
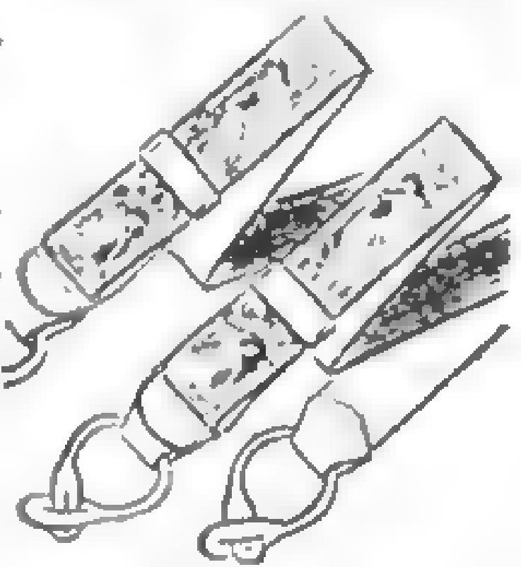
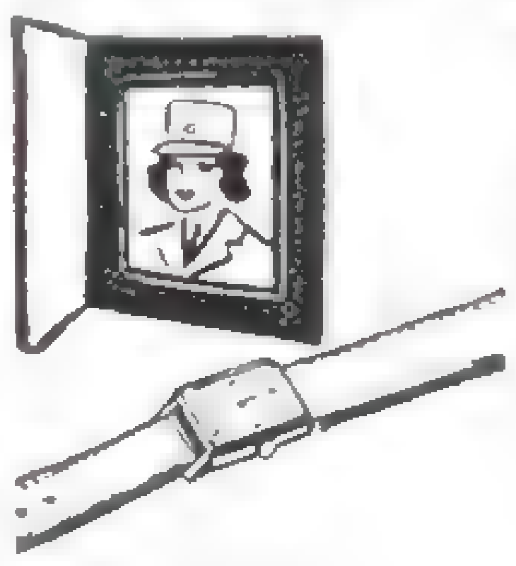


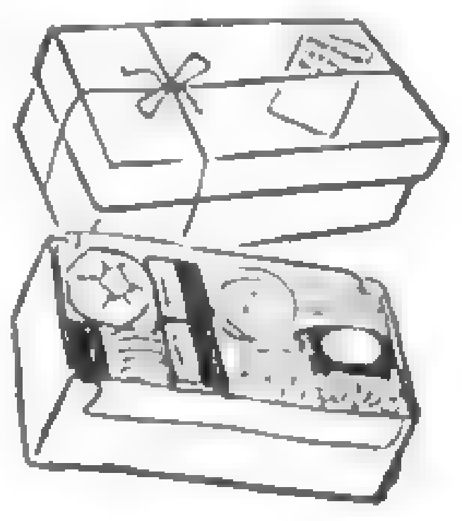
NAUGHTY NINETIES HOLDUP. The gents in the back room will drop their 14 karat gold bicuspids when you nonchalantly pull back your coat and flash these fancy imported brocaded "girlie" suspenders. They're the real uptown stuff decorated lavishly with repeated poses of two bucolic looking damsels with flowing tresses. "Yea, the undercover picture gallery is the nuts!" you'll say, ". . . but do they hold my pants up?" They're adjustable, as strong as any police suspender, and the doodads which hitch them to your trousers are made of solid leather.



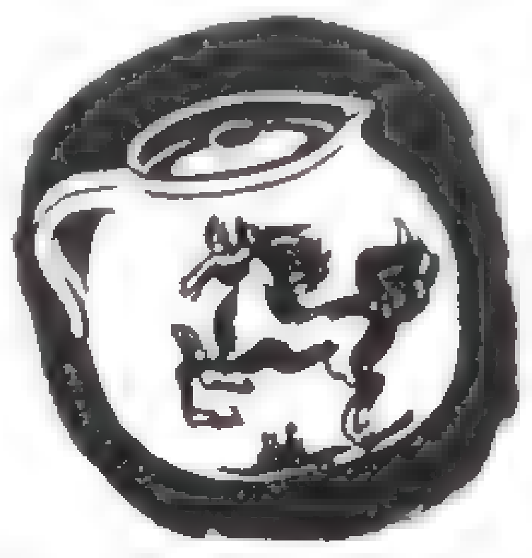
FOR A UNIFORM WOMAN. If she's a WAVE or a WAAC the best present you can give her is a sturdy wrist watch with a face large enough that she doesn't need a magnifying glass to see it. This one is oblong with a gold filled case and modern type raised crystal. The dial may be pink, black, or white, and the wide strap comes in saddle leather or suede. So there it is, you can almost design it for her, but from the girls we hear that the watch with the blackest face wins.



OVERSEAS SHOEBOX. Here's the special overseas snack box which will be specially packed and mailed for you with no fuss or bother. It includes gum, cigarettes, candy bars, assorted cookies, crackers, a jar of cheese, salted nuts, caramels, chocolate fudge, crystal gum candies, sour balls, tart sticks, butter cream wafers, a jar of ham and tongue spread, razor blades and special gifts. How they pack all of this into one single shoebox is a puzzle to us, too, but it's all there and will be a welcome Valentine present to the serviceman.



A BACK BAY SPECIAL. Real honest-to-God bean pots are far and few between here and Boston, but with all the meatless Tuesdays on his mind, some nimble wit has designed a huge bean crock which is functional as well as glamorous. It's made of white glazed pottery and decorated with prancing blue horses on either side. It will easily feed a family of ten and when not in use as a bean pot, it has other chores.



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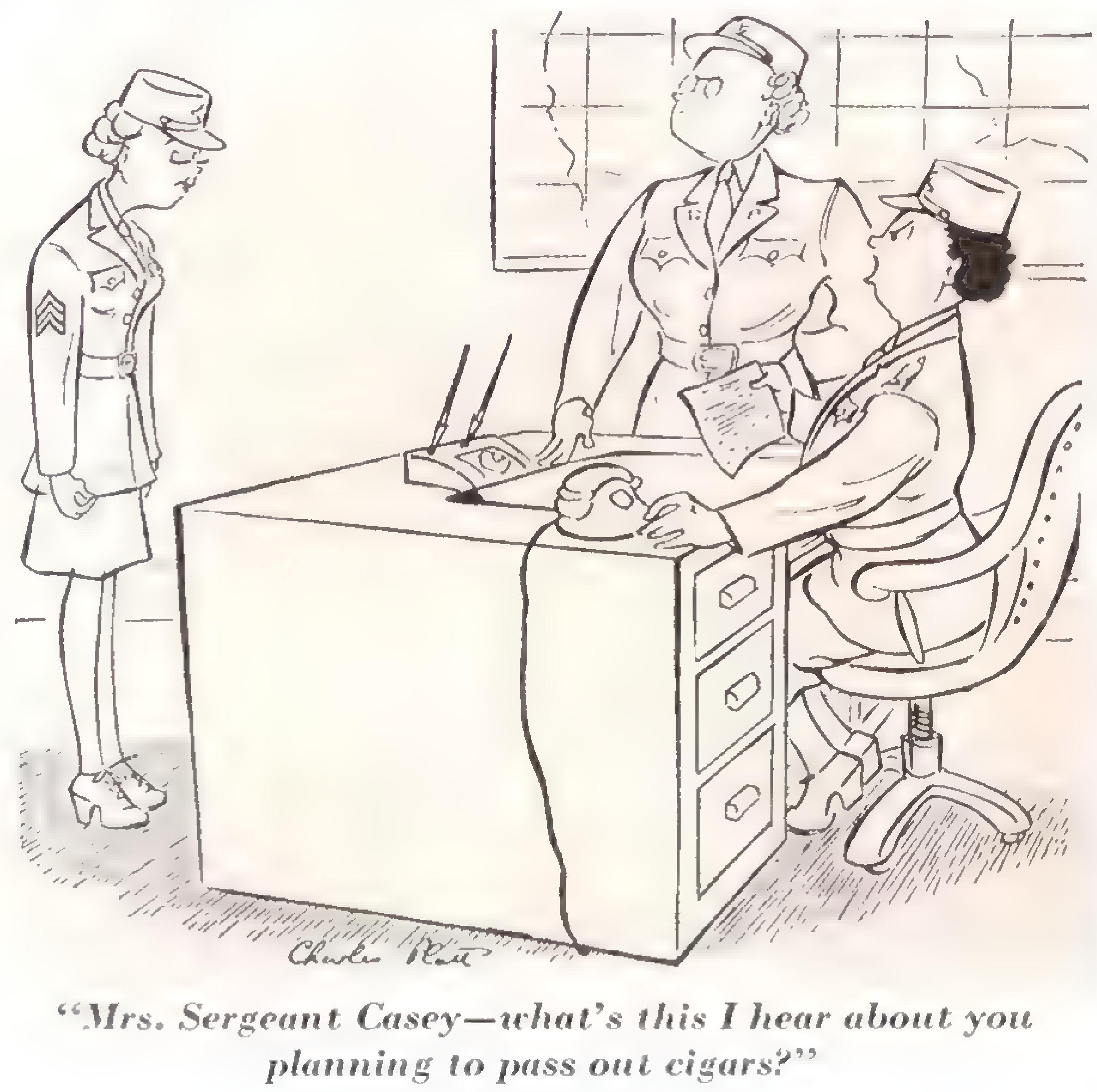

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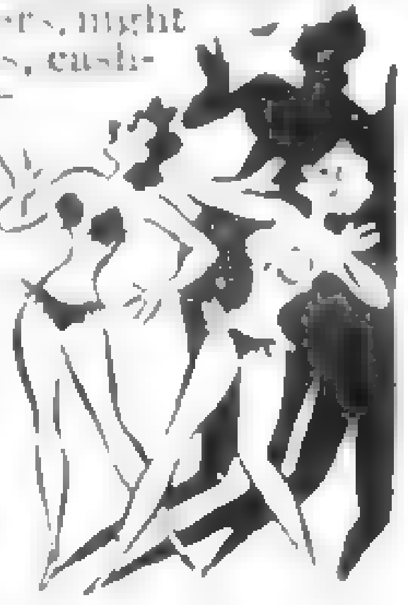

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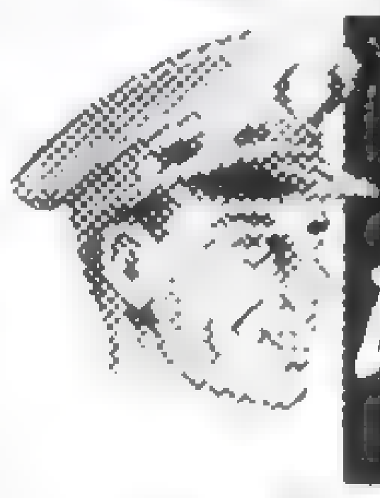

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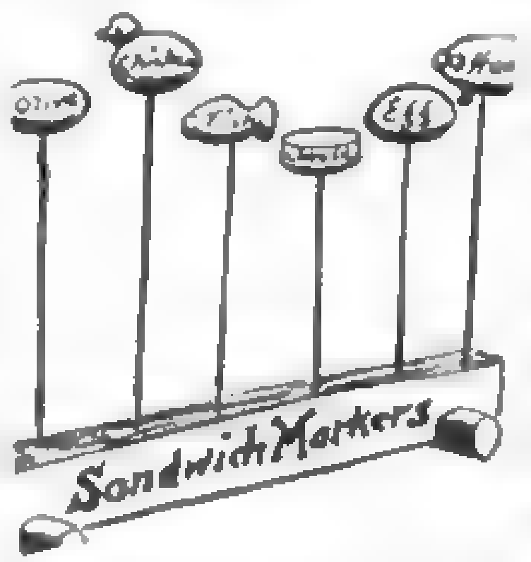
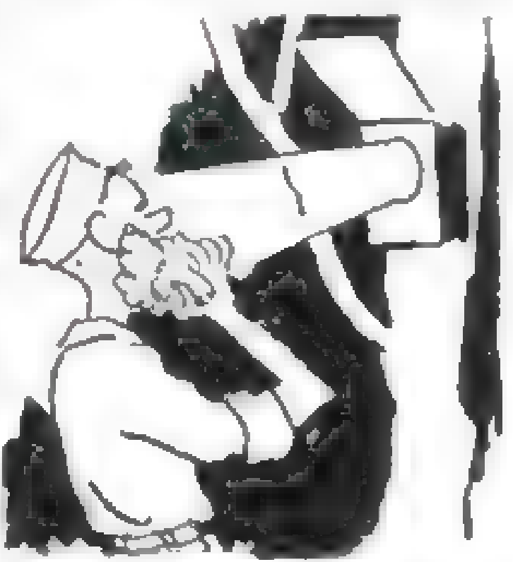
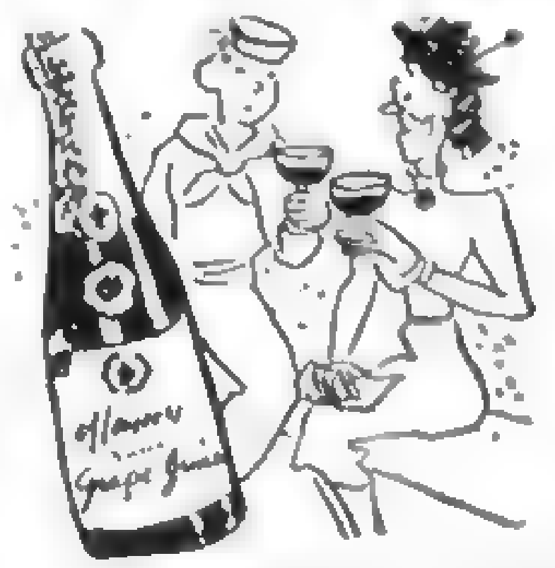


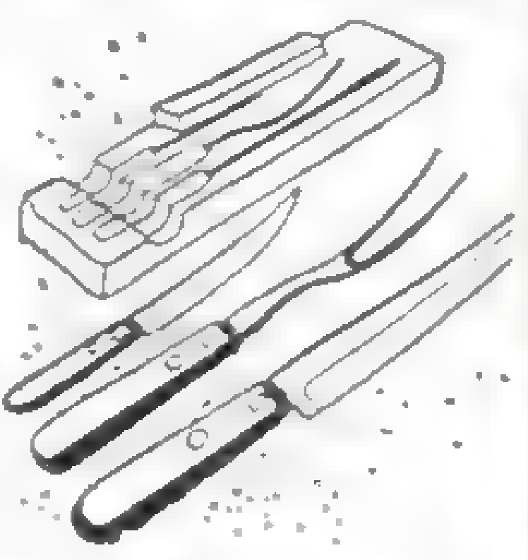
PARTY SIGNS. Have you often snatched what should have been a healthy swiss cheese and ended up with a horrible sardine on rye? These wooden, painted sandwich markers ought to end all doubts and save on the wear and tear of food at parties, for there's a symbol on a stick for each variety . . . olive, chicken, fish, cheese, egg, and ham. The markers themselves look good enough to eat and will make swell hatpins for the wife. There's a nice wooden stand that goes with it so your toys won't get lost.



A1 IN THE ARMY. This all purpose camp light does more tricks than a circus seal having a belt clip, flat sides for standing in any position, and a folding loop hanger for a hook or nail. The adjustable illuminated mirror reflects light at any angle which is perfect for shaving at dawn. The powerful long-ranged flashlight with an unbreakable plastic lens also doubles in brass for readin' and writin'. Batteries come with it, but extras are available at any post exchange.



FAKE CHAMPAGNE. This sparkling, white grape juice made from Catawba grapes looks, tastes, and bubbles like the best of vintages. Although it's dolled up in tinfoil and bottled like the real thing complete with a cork which pops, the price is down in the beer strata. And in case you want an added kick, just throw in a shot of rum or brandy! This non-intoxicating beverage ought to satisfy the teetotaler members of the W.C.T.U. and be used for ship christenings.



IN THE GROOVES. This solid set of cutlery is more compact than a compact and includes two sturdy, wooden handled knives and a serving fork, all of which fit into the wooden block jigsaw style. There's a small slab of grindstone attached to the wooden plank so that you can sharpen up before you slice into that bird. Every host from coast to coast should own this set that's plenty sharp.

Ranger

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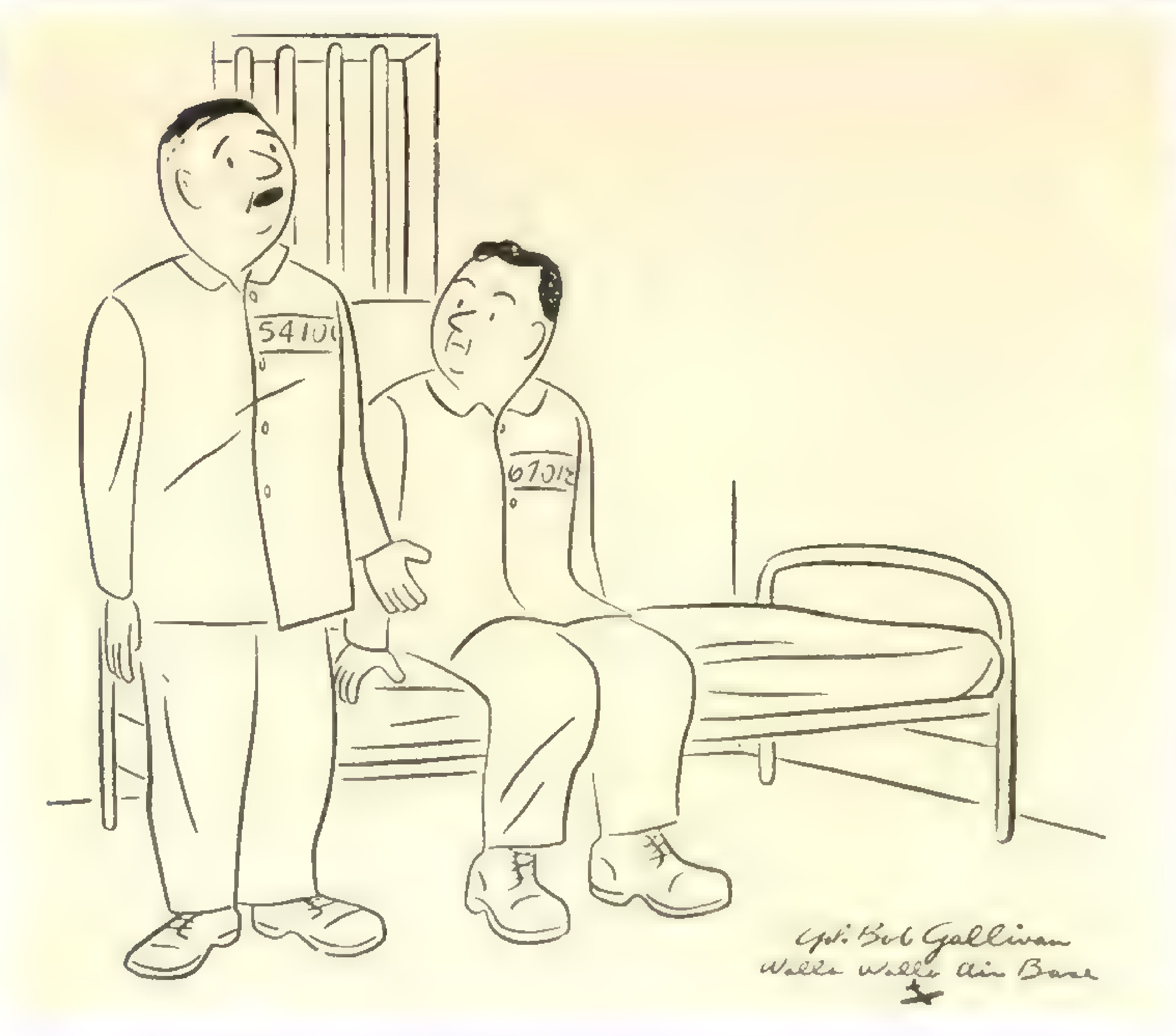

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BACKSTAGE WITH ESQUIRE

Capt. J. R. Gillingham

In his student days at Stanford University, **Captain J. R. Gillingham** was tremendously interested in the art of war and took full advantage of the unequalled research possibilities of the celebrated Hoover War Library. Before joining the Army Air Force, he was employed in various Pacific Coast advertising agencies as a copywriter and account executive and for a year and a half was a writer-producer at Radio Station KYA, in San Francisco. He became a Reserve Officer in 1932, and is now at Headquarters Field Services, Air Service Command, Patterson Field, Fairfield, Ohio.

•

Jimmy Jones was born in McLendon, Russell County, Alabama and grew up in Georgia, to the extent of six feet two (weight two hundred). He attended Mercer University at Macon, Georgia, leaving college in his senior year to write sports for the *Macon Telegraph*. His managing editor was a kindly Mississippian named Mark Foster Ethridge, for whom he has worked nine of the thirteen years since on three different papers. He says: "The only hiatus was 1931-35 when I left him to become assistant sports editor of *The Atlanta Constitution*. I went back with Ethridge as sports editor of *The Richmond Times-Dispatch* when he was publisher of that paper, and he is still my boss as publisher of "Marse" Watterson's grand old sheet, *The Louisville Courier-Journal*."

Jimmy Jone

•

Joseph Silverman is an English teacher in Harper High School on Chicago's Southwest Side—is married, with a four-year-old daughter. He says he awaits the change in his 3A classification without trepidation.

•

Since the publication of his terrifying *Out of the Night*, the story of **Jan Valtin**'s life is familiar to most readers. Just as a refresher, though, we might repeat that he was born in the German Rhineland, has lived and traveled all over the world, got most of his formal education in San Quentin prison, where he "learned languages, studied mathematics, astronomy, journalism and became deeply interested in literature." He and his wife were active in the underground struggle against the Nazis, both served long terms in German prisons, where his wife ultimately died, and their infant son was taken over by the Hitler Youth. Since coming to America, he has remarried: his wife, an American girl, is the daughter of a New York architect and the granddaughter of a prominent rabbi and they have a son named Conrad Freeman. At this writing he is selling war bonds and hoping for the day when German anti-Nazis will be allowed to enlist in the Army.

Jan Valtin

•

The model Spitfire on the magazine's front cover this month is scaled to proportion everywhere except for the nose which is oversize to accommodate the working motor, is covered with domestic silk (partly rayon), has a wing spread of 45 inches, weighs four pounds, will fly, full-throttle, 80 miles an hour. Its maker, twenty-six-year-old **Paul Van Sant**, is a Railway Expressman at Chicago's LaSalle Street Station. He belongs to the Illinois Model Aero Club (the oldest model airplane club in the country, he believes) and has built, man and boy, more than one hundred planes. Once he made a fourteen-inch soaring glider which got away from him, but eventually showed up in a cornfield fifty-eight miles away.

Frank Veloz

Frank Veloz, male half of the dance team of Veloz and Yolanda, was born in Washington, D. C., to a Venezuelan father and a Dutch mother. He met Yolanda Casazza, a high school girl of Italian descent, at a party in New York and the pair entered and won a succession of dancing contests together. Eventually they attracted the attention of the Shubert Brothers and scored gratifying hits in two Shubert musicals. It was during this time that they were married. They have performed at Carnegie Hall, the Hollywood Bowl, the Philharmonic Auditorium, Los Angeles, and the Civic Opera House and Orchestra Hall in Chicago—aside from a succession of nightclubs here and abroad. They were dancing in Monte Carlo when hostilities broke out in Europe, forcing them to cancel other continental engagements. In 1940 in this country they cancelled another tour—this time because Yolanda was expecting a baby. In July, their son, Nicky, was born. Their concert tours leave Veloz little time for writing, but he contributed an article to *Coronet* several years ago and wrote a textbook published by Harpers called *Dancing Speaks*.

•

We don't expect you to believe all we're going to tell you about **Dr. Robert Goffin**, whose annual selection of Esquire's All-American Band begins with this issue. Widely known in Europe as a criminal lawyer, he has also written poetry and mystery stories, books on financial law, the genealogy of the Roosevelts, the Hapsburgs and Coburgs, gastronomy, the love life of spiders and eels. He can and will lecture on all these subjects as well as The Loves of Empress Elizabeth, From Epicurus to Escoffier and (we were getting to that) Le Jazz Hot. He became fascinated by jazz some twenty years ago while attending the University of Brussels and it was a constant source of regret to him that Europeans never took jazz seriously. However, he says jazz has acquired political significance since the German occupation, as young anti-Nazi saboteurs sometimes use such terms as "jitterbug" and "jam session" as a part of their code. He is the checkers champion of Belgium and a champion ice skater. He speaks five languages and has a reading knowledge of Latin and Greek. He won the Prix de Poetes in 1937. For relaxation, he cooks. He left Belgium just ahead of the Nazis in 1940. Collaborating with Leonard Feather, he lectures on hot music at the New School for Social Research in New York.

•

Tony Palazzo claims to be one of the few natives of New York who work there. He has had no formal art education, for which he piously thanks God. But for twenty years he sketched assiduously at private sketch groups. Most of his time prior to March, 1937, when he landed at Esquire's editorial office in Chicago, was spent free-lancing. The New York virus was too strong in his blood, though, so after a year and a half he left Chicago. 'Forty-one found him back with Esquire as Art Director in New York, turning out story illustrations, posters and layouts. More articulate than most artists, he will harangue awed listeners with all the passion of his Sicilian forebears. His oil paintings have been exhibited in the Pennsylvania Academy, the Chicago Art Institute, the Buffalo Albright Gallery and the San Diego Museum—not to mention the Washington Square Outdoor Show when, back in his salad days, he joined a wild-eyed group called the Illegitimates.

Tony Palazzo

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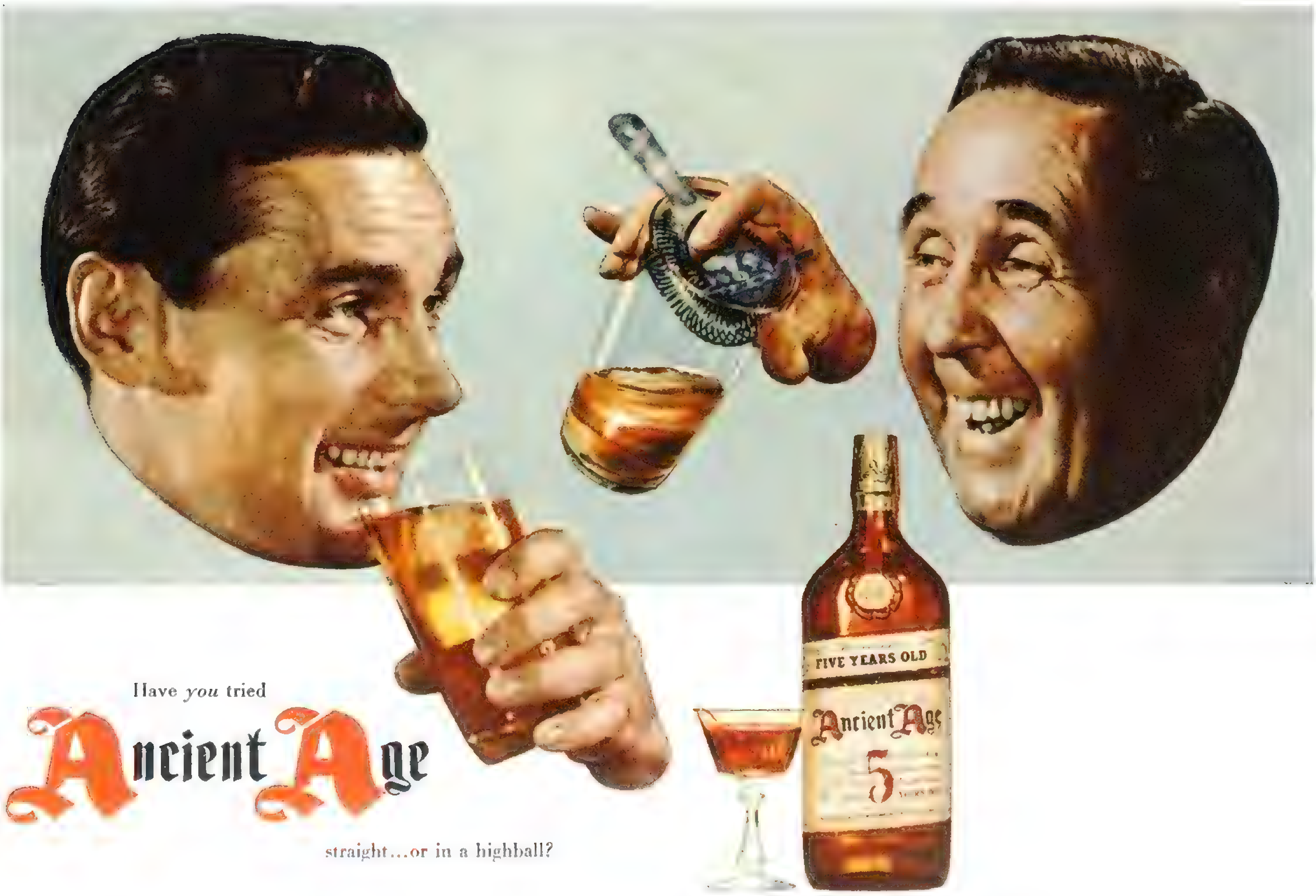

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A LETTER ABOUT OLD TAYLOR AS ITS ORIGINATOR MIGHT HAVE WRITTEN IT • •

Esquire's Pocket Air Power Course

A test of your skill as an armchair strategist and salient facts to help you review the news with discernment

by CAPT. J. R. GILLINGHAM, Air Corps

• ARTICLE •

You're on your honor for this quiz. Score plus 1 for a correct answer, zero for an unanswered question, and minus one for a wrong answer. Par is seven. Ten is perfect and makes you automatically eligible to command a squadron. (If you have read, with average power of retention, the last few issues of this magazine, you might score at least eight.) But if you get less than five, brother, you'd better stick to the ol' ribbon counter.

1 During the blitzkrieg in France and the lowlands, the airplane was to the .... as the artillery is to the infantry. ☐

a. Tank. *b. Machine guns.* *c. Hospitals.* *d. Maginot Line.*

2 The first great example of what could be accomplished by "local air superiority" was seen at: ☐

a. the Munich Pact. *b. Dunkirk.* *c. the Siege of Madrid.* *d. Coral Sea.*

3 The actual execution of plans in battle is concerned with: ☐

a. Logistics. *b. the Douhet Theory.* *c. Tactics.* *d. Metamorphosis.*

4 The Nazis might have had better luck in the Battle of Britain in 1940 if they had: ☐

a. Used a great many seaplanes.
b. Not tried so hard to bomb churches, hospitals and schools.
c. Put heavier fire-power into their bombers.
d. Sacrificed armament for load-carrying capacity in their bombers.

5 From August 8th to October 31st, 1940, the Nazi Luftwaffe lost over England, in day action alone, the following number of aircraft: ☐

a. 185 *b. 822* *c. 2,375* *d. 4,129*

6 Most big sea battles in this war have been, in general, as follows: ☐

a. Naval ship against naval ship. *c. Airplane against airplane.*
b. Airplane against naval ship. *d. Submarine against airplane.*

7 What effect would you say that Air Warfare has had on the traditional nine strategical principles of warfare? ☐

a. It has eliminated them entirely and made them meaningless.
b. It has changed them around completely as far as air warfare is concerned, but they still apply in ground warfare.
c. It has not destroyed their fundamental importance.
d. It has made some of the principles meaningless, but others still apply to the present war.

8 One of these statements is true about "Air Superiority." ☐

a. Ordinarily, it is very hard to tell exactly which side does have it, because it fluctuates so rapidly between the opposing air forces.
b. There is no case on record where one side has started with it and kept it to the end of an engagement.
c. It has been found that the side which is weakest in the Air can usually whittle down the enemy's air strength to its own size and succeed in wresting the balance of superiority from the enemy later in the engagement.
d. The side that starts with Air Superiority almost invariably keeps it to the end of an engagement.

9 Which one of the following is referred to by Army Officers as the "Backbone of Military Aviation"? ☐

a. Transport. *b. Observation.* *c. Liaison.* *d. Bombardment.*

10 Which of these functions is the most important job of Air Power? ☐

a. To engage the enemy's military airplanes.
b. To attack the enemy's communications and ground installations.
c. To protect our territory from enemy air attacks.
d. To co-operate with ground troops.

After writing your answers in all squares, hold this page up to the light, to check your answers against the correct ones which are printed in reverse to show through in each square. Detailed explanations of each answer begin on next page.

ESQUIRE'S POCKET AIR POWER COURSE: *Answers and Explanations*

Along with "rubber waster," "gas stealer," "profiteer," and "bottleneck," the term "Armchair Strategist" has recently been a popular term of opprobrium, applying equally to a meddler, a bleacher coach, and a lazy good-for-nothing who contributes nothing but his own hot air to the war effort.

What is wrong with being an Armchair Strategist? It is not an expensive or injurious hobby. It consumes no gasoline. It diverts no alcohol or sugar from war use. As a mental exercise, it is second only to chess. As a pastime, it is engrossing and educational.

Certainly, the war effort, especially the aviation side of it, is worthy of close attention. It's the most important thing that has happened to this planet since Adam met Eve.

All right, Mr. Armchair Strategist, you've been vindicated, so come out of your hiding and stop trembling like that. Nobody's going to hurt you.

Now we do not propose to provide you, in this article, with a complete history of warfare. That's what public libraries are for. What we would like to do is relate briefly the relationship of this war to all other wars, point up some of its salient facts, and give you a little framework to continue with your good work, so that you can scan the war news with a more critical and knowing eye.

Pointer No. 1: The whole subject of Air Power is still a very new thing. Within four decades, the airplane has graduated from a flimsy motorized box kite to the most potent instrument of destruction the world has ever seen. There have been many changes in the art of war since two cave men first clubbed each other for the favors of a Stone Age beauty or the right of access to a succulent cut of dinosaur steak. The organization of men into fighting units, the first mounted warrior, the employment of ships in warfare, and the invention of gunpowder—all these were sensational military ideas in their day. But none of them came into full force so rapidly that the other fellow could not either obtain the same thing himself or devise an antidote for it.

Air Power, on the other hand, burst suddenly upon an unsuspecting world with a tremendous power that could neither be stopped, understood, nor controlled.

If some one tries to tell you that Hermann Goering and his Luftwaffe had any complete grasp of how to use the new air weapon, just give your informant the horse-laugh. There is good reason to believe that the Nazis had little more idea of what their dive-bombers would do in the Low Countries and France than their victims did. During that campaign, Goering was in the same situation as the man who hired a quiet, well-mannered horse to ride in a parade, only to discover himself astride an unmanageable thoroughbred, racing lickety-split ahead of the whole procession.

This is proved by the facts. The Luftwaffe tried to smash England with the same general tactics that had overwhelmed France and the Low Countries, confidently expecting an encore of the brilliant previous performance.

We know now that the Luftwaffe's victory over France was really only a rehearsal. And to our great good fortune it turned out to be a rehearsal for the wrong show. From August 8th to October 31st, Hitler's air hordes threw everything they had at the British Isles. During that time, according to official British Air Ministry figures, the Nazis lost, in day action alone, 2,375 aircraft, many of them bombers carrying several men. How many more were lost at night or were so severely damaged that they never succeeded in getting back to base, we may never know, but those losses must have been enormous, too.

Many high-ranking air officers, who ought to know what they are talking about, claim that the cream of the Nazi airmen, the irreplaceable nucleus of Germany's air might, perished in those eighty-four days of continuous bombardment. When Hitler, who never has been squeamish about sacrificing men and materials to gain an objective, ordered the air blitz stopped, you can be sure that those losses must have been enormous.

Of course, England had losses, too: 375 pilots killed, plus heavy civilian casualties and property destruction. But none of it was enough to weaken England beyond repair. The great raids accomplished no important military end.

The man who wrote the words to the song, "If I knew then what I know now," must have done so for Hermann Goering's grim benefit. *If* the Nazis had used better-armed airplanes, *if* they had tried more accurate bombardment of military objectives instead of indiscriminate area bombing, *if* they had possessed more air bases so that larger-scale attacks could have been made at any one time, or even *if* they could have kept up those massive raids for a month or so longer, the story might have been entirely different.

In other words, because of his ignorance of his own greatest weapon, Goering threw away one of the best military opportunities a commander has ever had. You may be sure that the British R. A. F. has profited from all this. The raids over Cologne, Essen, and way points prove that. When the British raided Cologne, for example, it was no half-way job. It was specifically planned to give that city the biggest pasting possible in the shortest possible time, to knock it out of commission in one night so completely that it could not be patched up the following day or the following week or the following month.

From what we hear about the mass evacuation of the Cologne population, from the statement in the Cologne newspaper that the city would never be the same again, and by the reports by R. A. F. pilots that there was no point to making another raid there because everything worth bombing had already been completely bombed, it would appear that the British were successful.

We should be very glad that the people who have the best understanding of this new technique of all-out air warfare and who are getting the men and materials to wage it, are on our side. It is far too early to predict what can be accomplished by air bombardment alone, but you can be sure of one thing: it will be given a pretty good test.

Perhaps the greatest asset that you, Mr. Armchair Strategist, could have in following the air war is an open mind. Plus a sound understanding of the basic principles of war, the functions of Air Power, and the relationship between the air arm and the land and sea forces.

All of which brings us to Point No. 2. Probably the most frequent misstatement of this war is "how Air Power has changed the strategy of warfare." The strategy of war has *not* been changed. Strategy is concerned only with the planning of operations on the broad scale, the disposition of forces before battle is joined. There are nine famous strategical principles of warfare: The Objective, the Offensive, Mass, Economy of Force, Movement, Surprise, Security, Simplicity, and Co-operation. These apply today just as much as they did in the campaigns of Alexander the Great or Napoleon. They apply just as much to a war between great fleets of bombers as to a contest with custard pies at twenty paces.

The thing that has been knocked into a cocked hat is tactics. Tactics is concerned with the employment of forces in action. It is the actual fighting, the working-out process of warfare, and it naturally is dependent on the weapons and personnel available and the terrain where the fight is taking place. There are tactics of desert warfare and of fighting in the snow, of infantry and artillery, and of sea and air, for example.

In order to visualize how greatly air warfare has changed tactics, imagine, if you can, the complexities arising from such divergent speeds as infantry that marches at three miles an hour and airplanes that move at four hundred. Think of the difficulty of maintaining long lines of communication (which are more important than ever in this war) when they can be raided by enemy aircraft striking hundreds of miles into our territory. And the deadly combination known as the plane-tank team enables a spearhead to maintain what is, in effect, a continuous barrage that can stay ahead of fast-moving armored units, just as effectively as artillery can clear the way for infantry. The air barrage was really Hitler's secret weapon.

It has been said that if the dimensions of the baseball diamond were changed to make the distances between the bases a foot longer or shorter, the playing of the game would be entirely different from what it is. Well, if you can picture a game of baseball with the distances between the bases all cockeyed, substitute a golf ball for a baseball, a tennis racket for a bat, and an ice rink for the infield, stud the baselines liberally with hurdles, and put yourself in the position of the team coach trying to figure out what it all adds up to, you can have some idea of the enormous headache that Air Power has given to the tacticians of this war. Perhaps you can understand the feelings of the French generals when the Maginot Line, an impregnable bastion by all the previous rules of the game, succumbed to Hitler's new air tactics.

Speaking of air tactics, there appear to be three main functions of Air Power. First is co-operation with ground and sea forces, such as the plane-tank team. This is the oldest and perhaps the simplest function of military aviation. Second is the independent mission

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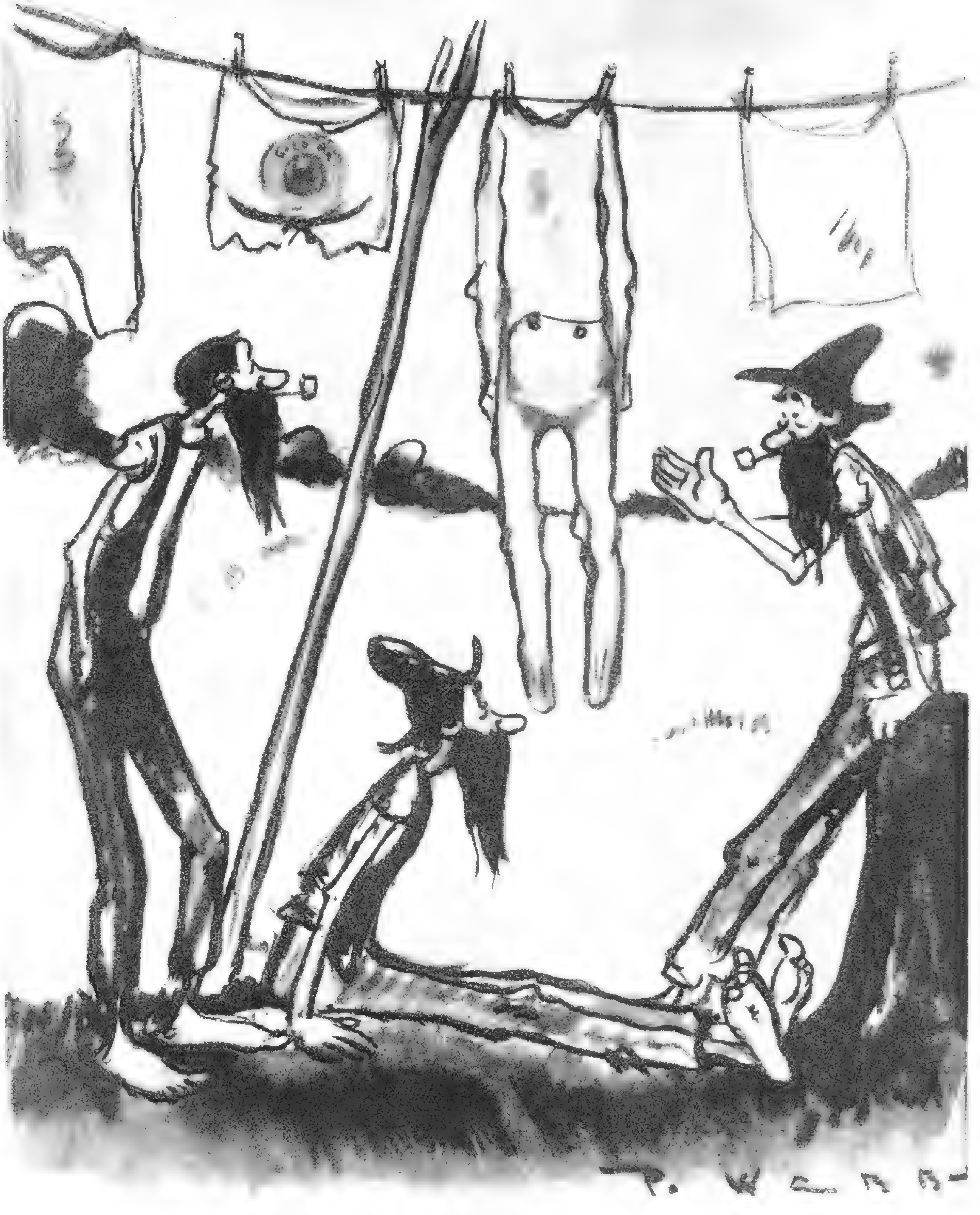
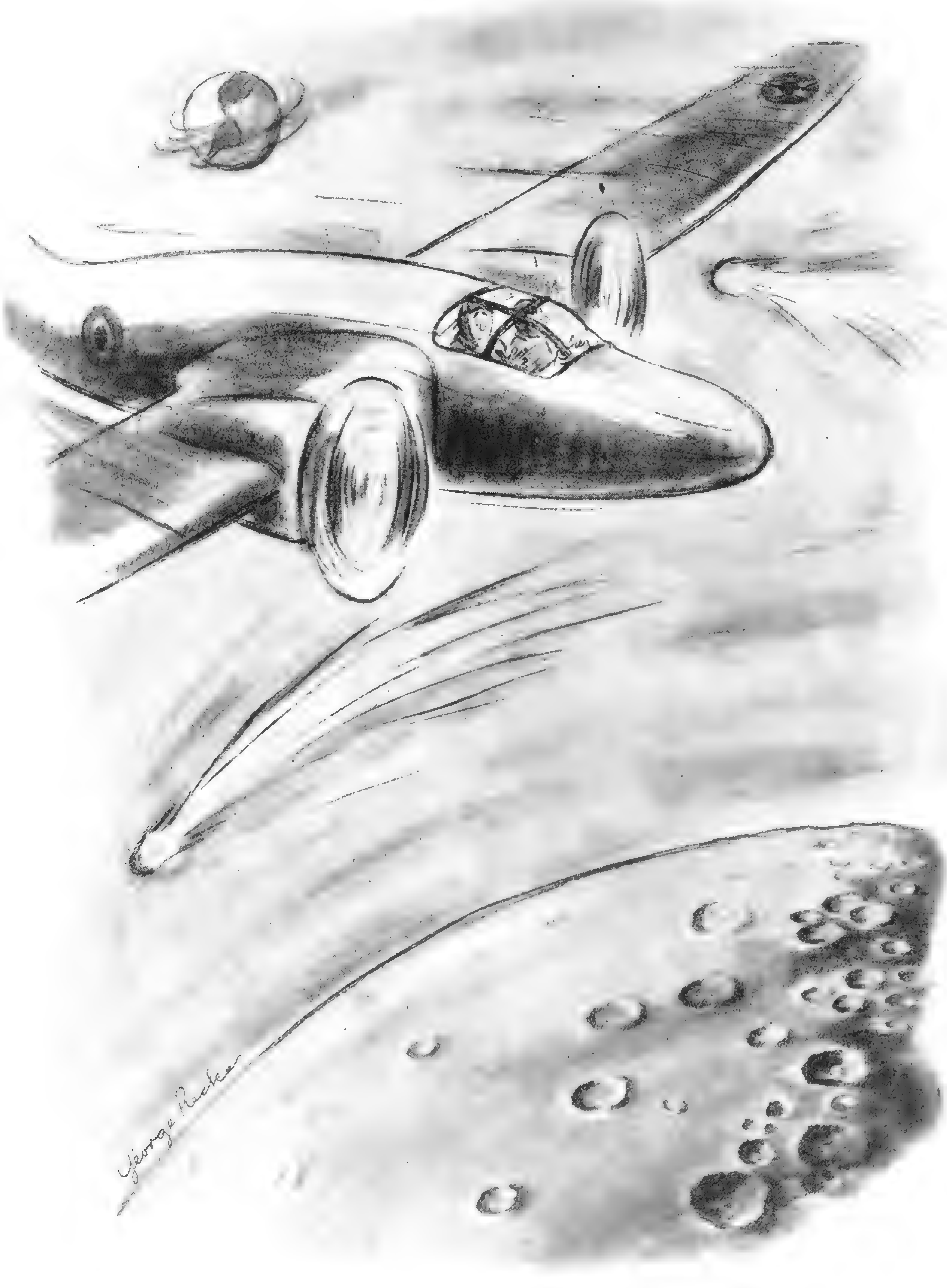


"Gawdamighty! No wonder Gran'pappy was so dang fidgitty last summer—Gran'maw jest found a hornets' nest somewheres in the seat there"


George Recker

"Bomb craters, hell! It's the moon!"

Rise and Fall of the Luftwaffe

The first of three articles, as told to Curt Riess by this anti-Nazi who helped to build Germany's air force

by HAUPTMANN HERMANN

• ARTICLE •

R

INTRODUCTION

THE LUFTWAFFE—the German Air Force—will not have a decisive influence on the balance of World War II, no matter how long it takes to beat Hitler.

To prove this, I have written three articles, the first of which appears in this issue. My contention is that the important, the decisive role which the Luftwaffe once played is finished. That does not mean that for the rest of this war we will hear nothing more of the Luftwaffe. It may very well be that we will hear plenty about it, and that it may even have what are termed spectacular successes.

But the Luftwaffe is no longer a strategic weapon of the first order within the German war plan. It is now merely a tactical, an auxiliary weapon.

But that was never intended when the Luftwaffe was created. It was created as a strategic weapon, for the kind of part which it played, for instance, in Poland, in Holland, Belgium and France. In that fashion it was supposed to conquer Europe for Germany, and to bring the war to a speedy end.

The Luftwaffe, indeed, was created for a short war, for a blitzkrieg or to be even more precise, for a succession of short wars or campaigns.

It is impossible to understand the entire story of the rise and decline of the German Luftwaffe, if one doesn't know of those years of preparation—years long before the Nazis came to power; when one doesn't know the men who built the Luftwaffe. My point is that the history can be understood only if the whole inside story is known.

For this reason I decided to sketch out this inside story in its most important features. I feel qualified to do it and I think I have a right to do it.

I was born and educated in Germany. I was a German flier in World War I. I witnessed from the inside the reconstruction of the German airplane industry in the twenties, the legal as well as illegal, the official as well as secret reconstruction. I was among the small group of young men who helped build up the great net of German airplane traffic—which finally stretched across the half globe. I had a ringside seat when the Nazis, who, contrary to popular belief, had nothing to do with the German airplane industry, took over the whole machinery for militaristic purposes, of which I and my friends thoroughly disapproved—and which was the reason for our leaving German aviation.

I have known Goering, Milch, Udet, Junkers, Messerschmitt, Dornier, Heinkel, etc. I have known them for many years, and I have known them intimately. The initial spectacular successes of the Luftwaffe gave people in this country the idea that those men—some of them, at least—were supermen. Nothing is further from the truth. With the exception of old Professor Junkers, who was not a Nazi but a democratic idealist, and later on was to become the victim of the Nazis, none of them was a superior being. Not any of them was a superman. Udet, Messerschmitt, Heinkel and Dornier at least were men who excelled in their profession, men of vision and ability. The Nazis who came in later were interested only in advancing themselves.

I was in Germany long enough to acquire a thorough knowledge of the most important phases of the building up of the Luftwaffe. From the very day I left Germany I have never ceased to predict that if ever the Luftwaffe should be involved in a long war, it would not be able to carry through—let alone win such a war for Germany.

For some time, I have been broadcasting to Germany. I demonstrate to German fliers that their task is hopeless. I show them the errors that their superiors have made and the inevitable end which is awaiting them. I think that my broadcasts and my prophecies are by no means disregarded in Germany. For many of those who listen know that I understand something of my subject.

Goering, Milch, Kesselring, Stumpff, Sperrle—to name only a few of the Luftwaffe's leaders—know my voice well. And if they should have forgotten it, I remind them of so many things—matters of which only a few men have intimate knowledge—that they must know who is talking to them.

And I hope this knowledge makes them uneasy.

I. THE YEARS OF THE SILENT REARMAMENT

WHEN WAS the idea of a German Luftwaffe first conceived?

Perhaps it was on the night of September 29, 1918. I remember that night quite well. Our two-motored bombers—there were ten of them—were ready at a little airport near the French-Belgian frontier. They were loaded with bombs, the same kind of incendiary bombs used today. In each plane was a pilot, a machine gunner and an observer.

In each of five other airports in German-occupied France ten bombers were ready to take off. The goals were Paris and London. This was to be the beginning of an all-out fire-bomb offensive against the two allied capitals.

We never took off. The motors were already tuning up when through the darkness a car came racing and a staff officer jumped out, and rushed to our planes. Orders from General Headquarters that we were not to take off. That day it had been decided to send a request to President Wilson to start negotiations for an Armistice. Incidentally, the request did not leave Headquarters till October 3rd. But from that evening on the idea of burning down the two capitals with incendiary bombs was abandoned, though we continued our routine reconnaissance flights until November 10 or 11.

Then the war was over. We fliers used to say, "The Armistice has broken out."

To tell the truth, we German fliers were by no means happy that the war was over. We had a better life than the rest of the army, had better uniforms, got better food, had more time to ourselves. We were an aggressive sort, and we felt like an elite.

While the mass of the German army was already in a state of high demoralization, our morale was excellent. Perhaps this had not so much to do with material things, but more with our mentality—a mentality that is common among fliers. Flying somewhere in the immense ether, sometimes alone, made us feel superior to the little beings down below, to the small business being enacted miles beneath us. Now that the war had come to an end, this imagined superiority too seemed to come to an end. Anyhow, what were we going to do? Most of us were very young, in fact had left school in order to become fliers. Now we had no place to go, nothing to do. We immediately felt nostalgia. We looked for an object for our dreams, our idealism.

We decided to go on flying—no matter what. It was this decision not to abandon flying, this readiness to go on—no matter what the peace conditions might be, no matter what would be allowed or forbidden in the future—it was this psychological willingness on the part of a certain section of the German

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The Test of Courage

Michael, who planned the escapade, knew that two boys' going out for a night of bream fishing would cause repercussions

by LIAM O'FLAHERTY

FICTION

R

At sundown on a summer evening, Michael O'Hara and Peter Cooke left their village with great secrecy. Crouching behind fences, they made a wide circuit and then ran all the way to a little rock-bound harbor that lay a mile to the southwest. They carried their caps in their hands as they ran and they panted with excitement. They were about to execute a plan of adventure which they had devised for weeks. They were going to take Jimmy the weaver's boat out for a night's bream fishing.

Michael O'Hara was twelve years and four months, five months younger than his comrade. He had very intelligent eyes of a deep-blue color and his fair hair stood up on end like close-cropped bristles. He looked slender and rather delicate in his blue jersey and grey flannel trousers that only reached half way down his bare shins. Although it was he who had conceived and planned the adventure, just as he planned all the adventures of the two comrades, he now lagged far behind in the race to the port. This was partly due to his inferior speed. It was also due to a nervous reaction against embarking on an expedition that would cause grave anxiety to his parents.

Peter Cooke looked back after reaching the great mound of boulders that lined the head of the harbor. He frowned and halted when he saw his companion far behind. His sturdy body seemed to be too large for his clothes, which were identical with those worn by O'Hara. His hair was black and curly. His face was freckled. He had the heavy jaws and thick nose of a fighter. His small grey eyes, set close together, lacked the intelligence of Michael O'Hara's eyes.

"Hurry on," he cried in a loud whisper, when Michael came closer. "What ails you? Are you tired already?"

Michael looked back over his shoulder furtively.

"I thought I saw somebody," he said in a nervous tone.

"Who?" said Peter. "Who did you see?"

"Over there," Michael said.

He pointed towards the north in the direction of the village, which was now half hidden by the intervening land. Only the thatched roofs and the smoking chimneys of the houses were visible. The smoke rose straight up from the chimneys in the still twilight. To the west of the village ran a lane, its low fence standing out against the fading horizon of the sky like a curtain full of irregular holes.

"I think it was my mother I saw coming home from milking the cow along the lane," Michael said in a voice that was slightly regretful. "I just saw her head over the fence, but it looked like her shawl. I don't think she saw me, though. Even if she did see me, she wouldn't know who it was."

"Come on," Peter said. "She couldn't see you that far away. We have to hurry or it will be dark before we get the curragh in the water."

As nimbly as goats, the two boys ran down the sloping mound of granite boulders and along the flat stretch of grey limestone that reached out to the limit of the tide. Then they went into a cave beneath a low cliff that bordered the shore. They brought the gear they had hidden in this cave down to the sea's edge and dropped it at the point where they were to launch the boat.

"Do you think we'll be able to carry her down, Peter?" Michael said, as they ran back across the mound of boulders to fetch the boat.

Peter halted suddenly and looked at his comrade. He was irritated by the nervous tone of Michael's voice.

"Are you getting afraid?" he said roughly.

"Who? Me?" said Michael indignantly.

"If you are," said Peter, "say the word and we'll go back home. I don't want to go out with you if you start whinging."

"Who's whinging?" Michael said. "I only thought we mightn't be able to carry her down to the rock. Is there any harm in that?"

"Come on," said Peter, "and stop talking nonsense. Didn't we get under her four times to see could we raise her? We raised her, didn't we? If we could raise her, we can carry her. Jimmy the weaver can rise under her all by himself and he's an old man. He's such a weak old man, too, that no crew in the village would take him out fishing with them. It would be a shame if the two of us weren't as strong as Jimmy the weaver."

"I hope he won't put a curse on us," Michael said as they walked along, "when he finds out that we took his curragh. He's terrible for cursing when he gets angry. I've seen him go on his two knees and curse when two eggs were stolen from under his goose and she hatching. He pulled up his trousers and cursed on his naked knees."

"He'd be an ungrateful man," Peter said, "if he put a curse on us after all we've done for him during the past week. Four times we drew water from the well for him. We dug potatoes for him in his little garden twice and we gave him a rabbit that we caught. The whole village would throw stones at his house if he put a curse on us after we doing all that for him."

All the village boats usually rested on the flat ground behind the mound of granite boulders. There was a little wall of loose stones around each boat to protect it from the great south winds that sometimes blew in from the ocean. At present only the weaver's boat remained in its stone pen, lying bottom up within its protecting wall, with

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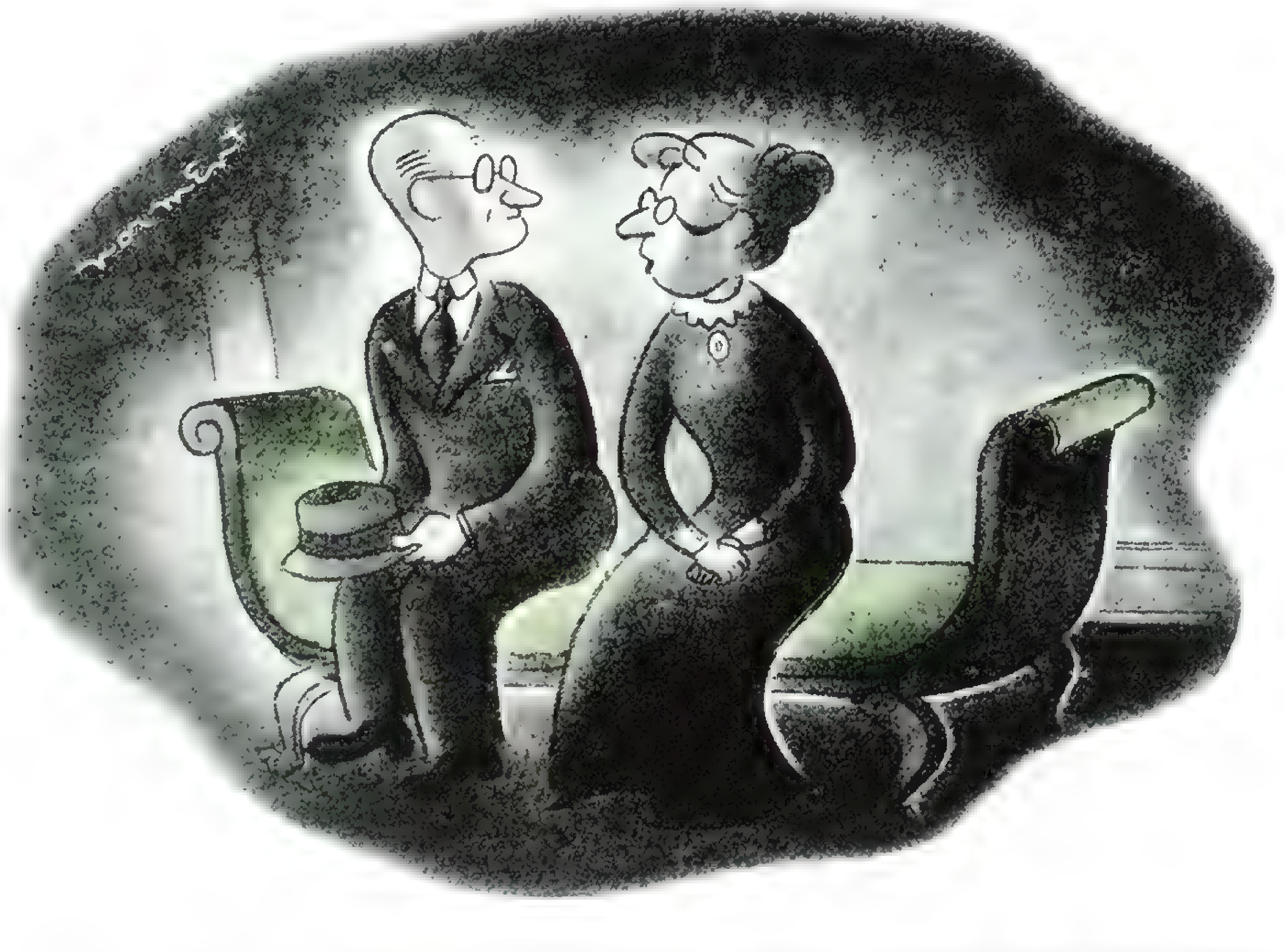
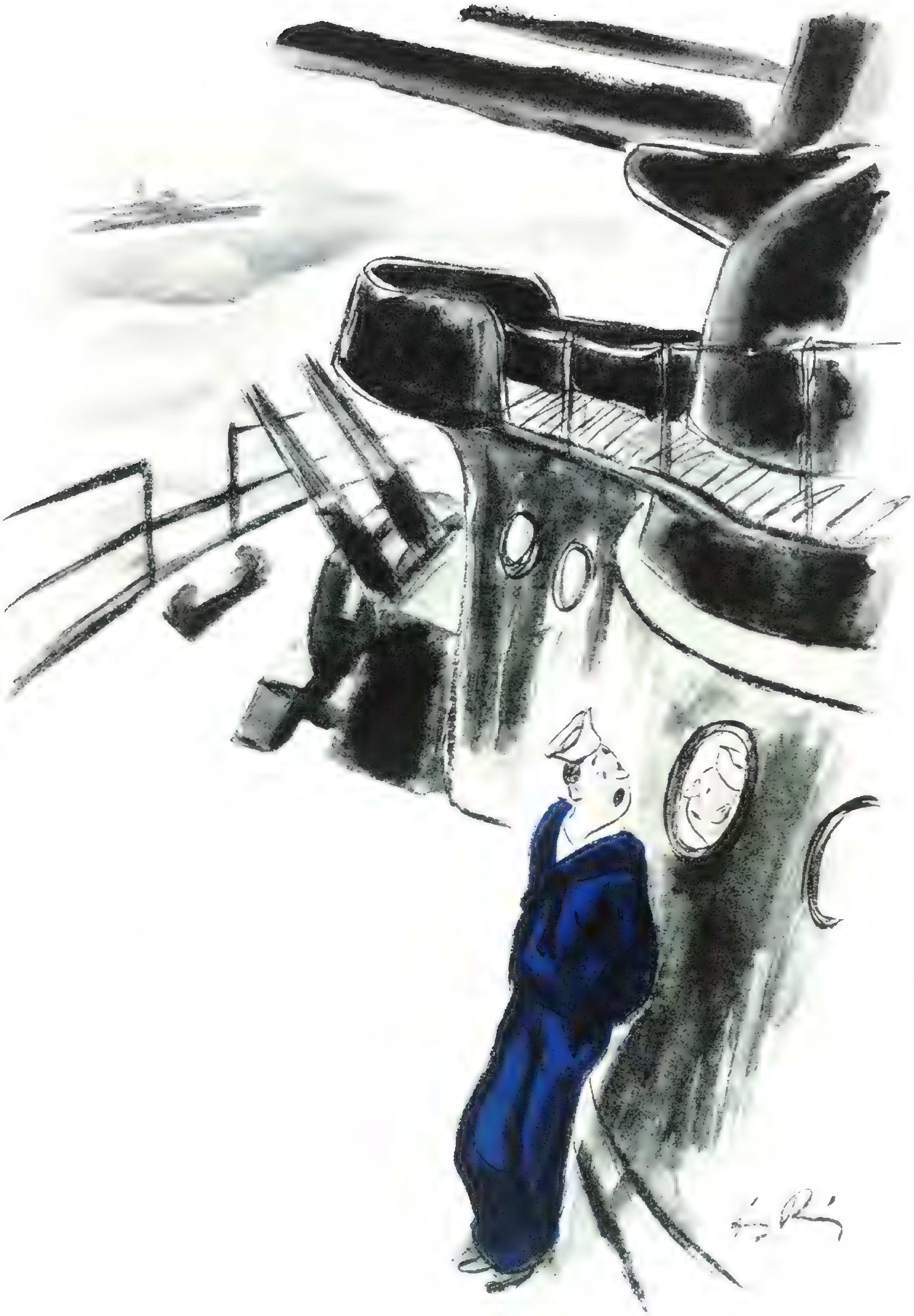


". . . that's the way it's been, Homer—I've spent my whole life waiting and hoping that some day you'd come back to me. In summer I caddy at the golf club. In winter I'm down at Gimbel's or Macy's—shoplifting"



"That's what I get for believing everything I hear—five ports so far and not a single sweetheart"

The Unsinkable Sailor

Blithe, hard-drinking, indestructible Showboat Quinn is a live and kicking legend to lads in the Merchant Marine

by H. B. LAWRENSON

▪ ARTICLE ▪

"I AM probably the only man in the world who ever got fired from his job for beating up a lion," said Showboat Quinn.

We were drinking beer in the Lighthouse, a friendly pub frequented by merchant sailors on the corner of 9th Avenue and 17th Street in New York. Showboat was in the groove, or, as he himself would put it, "I'm all wocus-padocus," meaning drunk.

"I was a hardy little nipper of fourteen," he reminisced, "when I got me a job with a traveling circus in England, a wagon show called Pindor's Circus. I was cage boy, which means I was white-wing to the animals. I remember it was in Grantham, Lincolnshire, that my career as cage boy came to an end. I had just finished cleaning out the lion's cage, when you know what that lion did? You're right. And just to spite me! I grabbed my broom and beat him over the head with it. I was so damned mad I almost poked his eyes out. So they fired me."

Showboat Quinn is a legend in his own lifetime. His name is known throughout our entire Merchant Marine, and word of his latest doings spreads like wildfire from ship to ship. When he's in good form, he can drink three quarts of whisky a day—he claims he started on one quart daily at fourteen, and he's now forty-seven—and it is a reasonable assumption that he has borrowed more money and bummed more drinks than any other sailor in the Merchant Marine. He has been going to sea for some 30-odd years and has been all over the world more times than he can remember. He sails below, in the black gang, as wiper, oiler, water tender, fireman, pumpman, or deck engineer—whichever job is open. He is now one of that group of heroes without uniforms who are sailing our ships through submarine-infested seas, braving death to carry supplies to the Allies all over the globe.

Whatever Showboat's faults, fear was never one of them, and whatever his virtues, caution was not included. He has been shot at, stabbed, run over, kicked, beaten, and seriously injured so many times that it begins to look as if only some magic charm can account for his being still alive. He is the darling of the gods and the utter despair of the forces of law and order.

When I first saw Showboat, he was wearing yellow shoes, a green shirt, and checked trousers. He had a red rose stuck in his cap and he was dancing on the table in a bar. He was thoroughly wocus-padocus. Whenever he stopped dancing, he would recite a verse from that old sailors' favorite, *The Lure of the Tropics*, and then he would start to dance again . . .

> "So, son, you came down to the tropics
> And thought all you had to do
>
> Was to lie in the shade of a coconut glade
> While the dollars rolled in to you."

Clackety-clack his yellow shoes would go on the table top, and then he would stop and bellow out at the top of his lungs:

> "You see those marks upon my arm?
> You may wonder what they mean.
> Those marks were left by the fingers deft
> Of my trained nurse—Miss Morphine!"

"Aha!" Showboat would roar. "Isn't that beautiful?" Clackety-clack-clack. Then again:

> "Alone on a hot, flea-ridden cot,
> I was down with the yellow jack.
> Alone in the bed and damned near dead
> SHE found me and brought me back.
>
> "In her eyes shone the light of empires gone,
> For hers was the blood of kings.
> When she spoke, her voice inspired high thoughts
> And dreams of nobler things."

He had just come out of a Boston hospital where he had spent five weeks with his throat slit from ear to ear. It was at the time when agitators were attempting to disrupt the National Maritime Union, and a group of them had gone up to Boston to try to take over in that port. Showboat had got up at a union meeting and warned the members, putting the finger on the disrupters. In return, one of them had slit his throat from one ear to the other, nicking his jugular vein. "Tell the boys I died for the union!" said Showboat as they carried him into the hospital. The doctors who sewed him up didn't give him much hope, and they called a priest to administer last rites. "Get out of here!" yelled the irate Showboat, his eyes rolling with rage. After three blood transfusions and five weeks of impatient convalescence, he was up and out again, as good as new, save for the jagged white scar that he calls his necklace. And here he was, dancing . . .

> "There's something bad in the tropics
> That gets you more than the rum.
> You get away and you think you'll stay,
> But they call—and back you come.
>
> "Six short months went by before
> I was back there on the job,
> Running a war in San Salvador
> With a barefoot, blackface mob.
>
> "A mob that made me President,
> A prosperous man of means,
> Till a gunboat come and spoiled my fun
> With a hundred and ten Marines."

Showboat Quinn was born in Towamba, a cattle station in Queensland, Australia. His great-grandfather had been sent there as a convict from County Mayo in Ireland.

"The old man was poor and so were all the folks around him," says Showboat. "So when the landlord's collector came for money, my great-grandfather just took him and threw him down the well. They sent him off to Australia with the iron bracelets on him. He did all right there after a while. A little prospecting for gold, and then the cattle business. So my folks had a little cabbage—that's money, to

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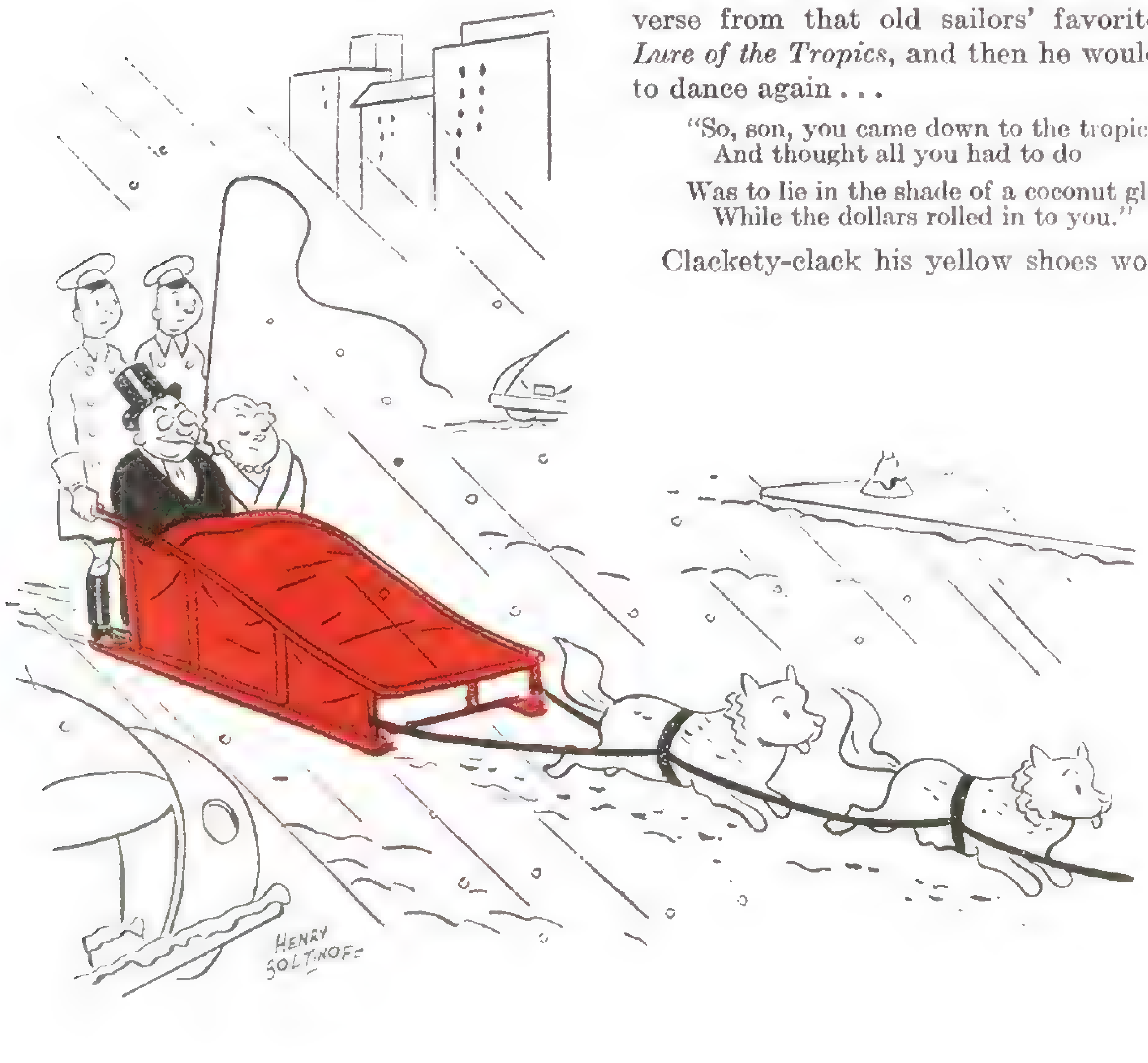

The Morale of the Nazi Soldier

While democratic fighting spirit gains under adversity, Totalitarian morale is based on victory and cannot take defeat

by JAN VALTIN

• ARTICLE •

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A MODERN palace erected in Berlin six years ago houses the morale division of the Nazi high command. The activities of its score of departments range from aptitude tests for parachutists and flame thrower experts to the cultivation of *Schrecklichkeit* psychology, the quiet elimination of the unreliable, and the treatment of timidity and nostalgia among conscripts. Attached to this morale headquarters are psychological laboratories, some two dozen "testing centers," and threads leading to the Propaganda Ministry, the Nazi Party and Labor Front, the *Fuehrer* academies and the Secret State Police.

Relying inordinately on their ability to spread demoralization among others, Nazi leaders are haunted by the constant fear of demoralization in the ranks of their own followers. Nazi historians ascribe the German defeat of 1918 rather to the lack of an efficient morale-building apparatus than to the fact of military failure in the West. The result of their fear and their conclusion drawn from past defeat was an all-out effort to *manufacture* morale.

The natural morale assets of free people are not at the command of Nazi leadership; they perished years ago under the onslaught of totalitarian compulsion. A hectic gang morale is the Nazi *ersatz* for the steadfast natural will of democratic peoples to assure the survival of their freedom. The democratic fighting spirit is built on moral certitude; it gains in strength under setbacks and adversity. Totalitarian morale is built upon the promise of victory and plunder; it cannot survive the test of protracted distress.

The Nazis regard the following three factors as the main cornerstones of their army morale: The soldier's faith in the "mission" of the Nazi movement, and its ultimate victory. His faith in the honesty and ability of Nazi leadership. A monumental conviction of his own superiority of skill and equipment over any foe.

But just as German army regulations omit mention of the words "desertion" and "defeat," Nazi leaders fail to dwell on the fate of German army morale should the common soldier realize—as he did in 1918—that victory has become a chimera, that he is being deceived by his leaders, and that the enemy is stronger and better equipped than he. This transformation of morale into demoralization may come swiftly, beginning with the first decisive German defeat; for once stripped of his mad dream of a "New Order" the Nazi has naught to back him but a void. Germans detest a fight they cannot win.

The Nazis rely on the creation of a total fighting spirit to carry them over the pitfalls of rule by compulsion. They define such fighting spirit as the individual soldier's will to plunge voluntarily into offensive combat, to attack, annihilate and conquer. Once this "voluntary" attitude has been built and consolidated, Nazi psychologists assert that it can be maintained indefinitely by continued victory, a daily minimum of six hours of sleep, adequate food, and intervals of rest allowing for full gratification of the soldier's emotional and physical appetites.

During a brief sojourn in the Alexanderplatz jail in Berlin some years ago a group of Nazi-bred young soldiers were my cellmates in one of the bunkers reserved for political prisoners in transit. They had been arrested for beating severely a patrol of Elite Guards, that arrogant body German soldiers hold in furious contempt. Despite their predicament the soldiers, still in field gray, were in good spirits. None of them was a member of the Nazi Party. Yet, years of indoctrination had rendered them typical of the Nazi soldier. Their self-assurance and their belief in their own complete military superiority over any non-German was immense. When they spoke of approaching war, I asked them,

"War against whom?"

"Against our enemies," was the calm reply, "who think they have us surrounded."

"Nobody wants war," I said.

"Only cowards and degenerates wish for permanent peace," I was told promptly.

Here was the "voluntary" eagerness for combat which the Nazi morale machine built up with incessant diligence. Combat, to the minds of these soldiers, was identical to triumph. They regarded war as a requisite of normal living and the desire for war as a basic human urge. They were vastly different from the old Prussian type soldier whose morale education was based on relentless drill and *Kadavergehorsam*—blind obedience.

"What about the Maginot Line?"

The soldiers laughed: "We know all about it. Our Westwall is stronger."

"But the British . . ."

"They are too few—we shall overrun them," the soldiers said almost in unison.

"And the Russians?" someone asked.

"We have studied Soviet arms in Spain," grinned the oldest of the soldiers. "Our tanks and planes are better, and our officers are better."

We talked on about the subject of officers. Unlike the German conscript of World War I who saw in his superior a taskmaster sprung from the feudal caste, the German soldier of today is led to regard his officer as a comrade who has risen to leadership by virtue of his surpassing abilities. Imbued with the conviction that he is of the most precious capital of the nation, he is supremely confident that his commanding officer will not send him into action unless overwhelming preponderance of striking power is on his side. The idea of the "sacred fellowship of the battlefield"

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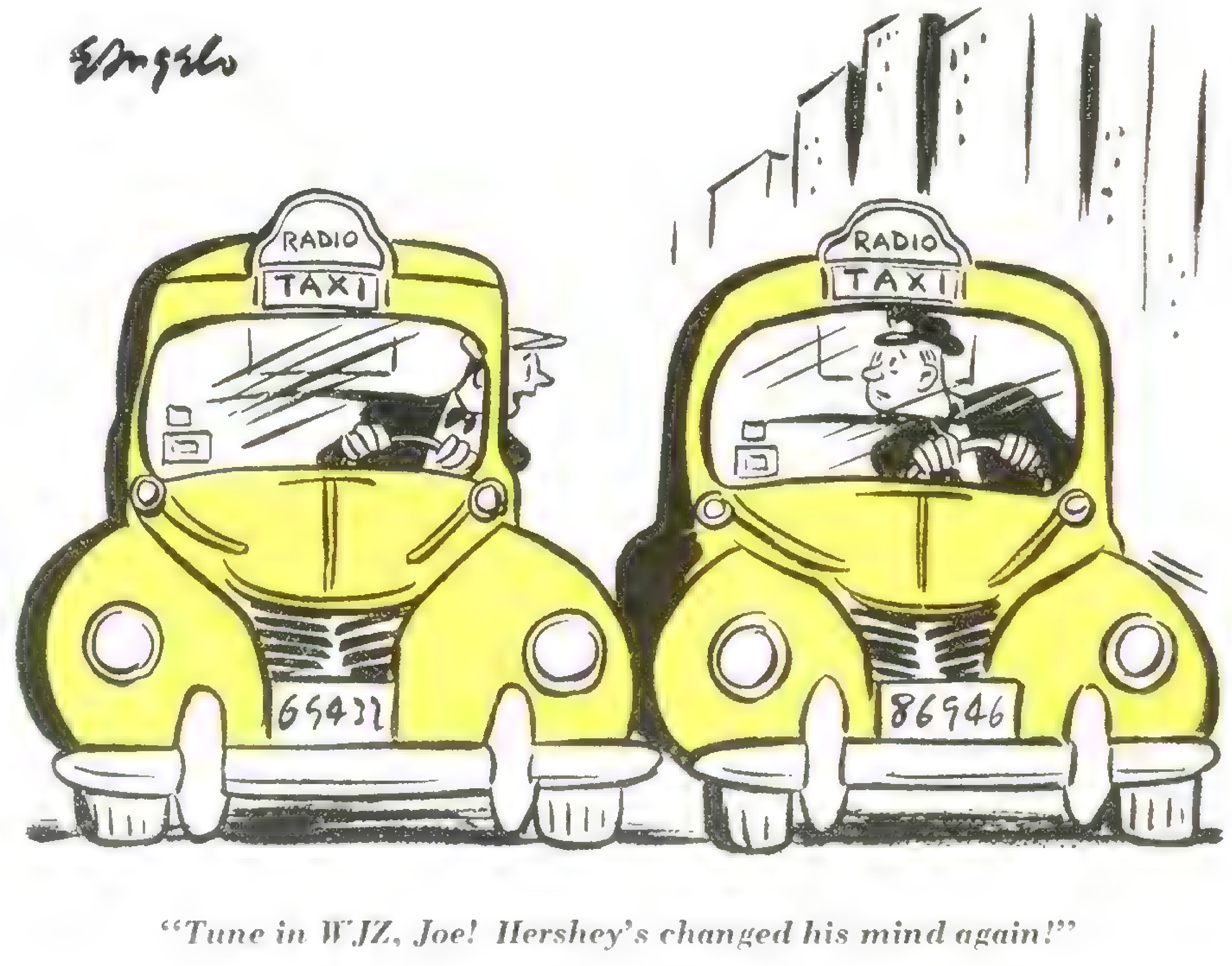

"Tune in WJZ, Joe! Hershey's changed his mind again!"

I Couldn't Take It

Prize fighters get fair warning from those punch-drunk wrecks who shuffle into gyms and haunt training camps

by ABE SIMON

• SPORTS •

After my second fight with Joe Louis, I was a better drawing card than ever, they said; such a crowd-puller, because of my size, evil appearance and ability to "take it," that I would get 10,000 dollars for fighting Harry Bobo in Pittsburgh, 15,000 dollars for a battle with Lou Nova in Washington (Lee Savold took the match and won), and 5,000 dollars apiece for a couple of fights with local favorites in California.

The bait totaled 35,000 dollars, was entirely net and all for me. Radio, movie shorts and vaudeville would have sent the figure to about 50,000 dollars, just for slinging leather a few months longer.

But I couldn't take it, because the picture of Willie Jackson remained in my memory. That picture had been bobbing in and out of my mind, on and off, for fourteen years, but stubbornly refused to go away this time. I'm not afraid to admit that it frightened me, nor that it influenced my decision to quit the ring. I'd much rather be known as Honest Abe than Simple Simon.

Have you ever seen Willie Jackson? He's the only fighter who could knock out Johnny Dundee and produce one of the biggest upsets in ring history. Dundee's career ended with a kayo by Al Foreman, but that was after twenty years of fighting. The Jackson affair came early and was the sensation of 1917, they say, but I didn't know Willie when he entered the shop where I worked as a fourteen-year-old after graduating from grammar school. He walked with a shuffle peculiar to half-paralyzed people. His curly, black-haired head would shake in nervous spasms. Talking thickly and slowly, he had a hard time making himself understood.

"Who is that?" I asked a fellow workman.

"Him? Willie Jackson," he replied, "the guy that kayoed Johnny Dundee. He was a great fighter."

"What's the matter with him?"

The fellow workman punched his own jaw lightly. "Took too many punches," he confided. "He was a great fighter, though, the *only* guy who could kayo Johnny Dundee."

"What's he doing here?"

"Sellin' string."

You can imagine me fourteen years later with that memory of the shuffling string salesman as stubborn as the pain in my head; neither would leave. I wasn't wealthy. I'd only hit the big money in the first fight with Louis for which I was paid 4,000 dollars. Prior to that the money had come in hundreds and not too often. Most of my savings had been spent on a home for my parents and one for my bride. I had a small cushion of cash, and the fifty thousand would have saved me from a career of "selling string." It was a tough decision to make.

Prize fighters will rarely admit the subtle warnings which nature is considerate enough to flash from time to time. Only one, to my knowledge, Gene Tunney, ever said he was quitting in order to save what senses he had. In my case, nature's warning was a regiment of red lights with a loud siren added, but in the form of a constant pain that extended from the top of my head, down behind my left ear and deep into my neck.

In addition, there was a sharper pain behind my left eye, but that wasn't constant like the other. Yet, both increased when I trained and they lingered after the fights. The pain behind the eye would diminish and disappear when I rested up, but not the ache in the back of my head. That lessened a bit, but remained as a constant reminder of possible tragedy. It was with me for three years and disappeared only recently when I gave up serious training and quit the ring.

Contrary to prevailing and professional opinion, often expressed in the newspapers, my continuing as a fighter was not a question of heart "failure," lack of courage or the so-called inability to "take it," and here's why:

My peculiar physical and glandular structure is such that I have never felt any pain from punches while in the ring. With all honesty, I can say that no fighter ever hurt me, and that includes both fights with Joe Louis. Throughout my life I have never felt a finger-sprain or bruised body until two or three days after an accident. I don't ever remember saying "Ouch" when I bumped my head or stubbed a toe. The pain, if any, always came two or three days later when the injured area began to heal.

Of course, I did feel Louis' punches, but not as pain. His hooks to the body left a numb spot that extended deep. Then the spot would begin to tingle like a foot "asleep." The punches to the jaw and head were felt, but again not as pain. They would leave a dulled feeling, not of the consciousness, but of the area. The force of the blows would upset my balance, possibly by affecting the balancing mechanism within my head, but I felt no actual pain from the punches.

At the end of the second Louis fight, I was taking advantage of a nine-count, and jumped up at nine. I was entirely conscious when the referee told me I'd been counted out.

"You're crazy!" I protested. "I came up at nine."

"The knockdown counter reached ten," he said, and started to shove me toward my corner.

I pulled away and turned to the knockdown counter and said: "Is that right?"

"No, Abe," he shouted above the din, "I was just hitting nine."

But it was like protesting the final strike of a ball game. The fight was over, and I was protecting my rights when I should have spent more time protecting my jaw from

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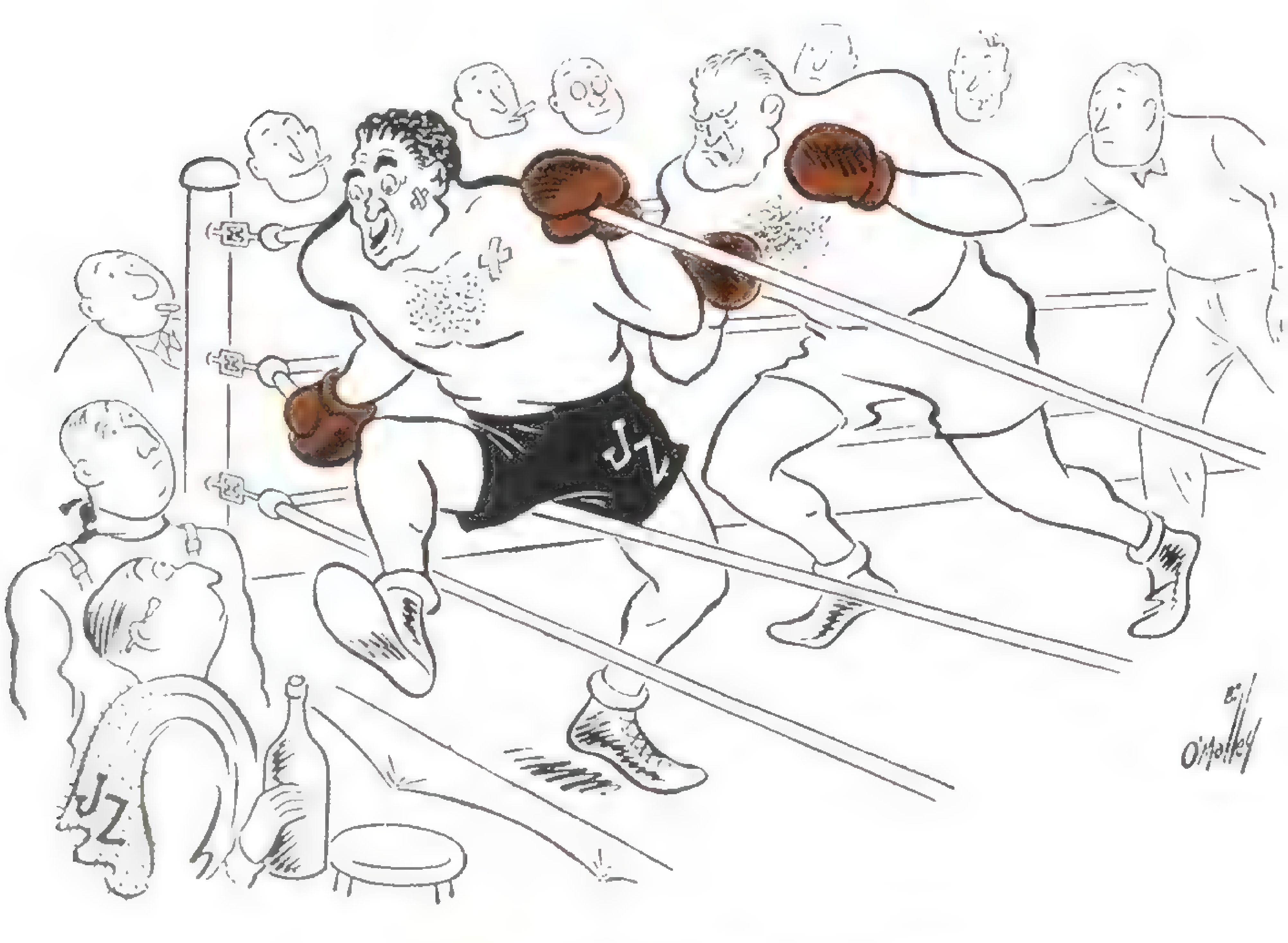
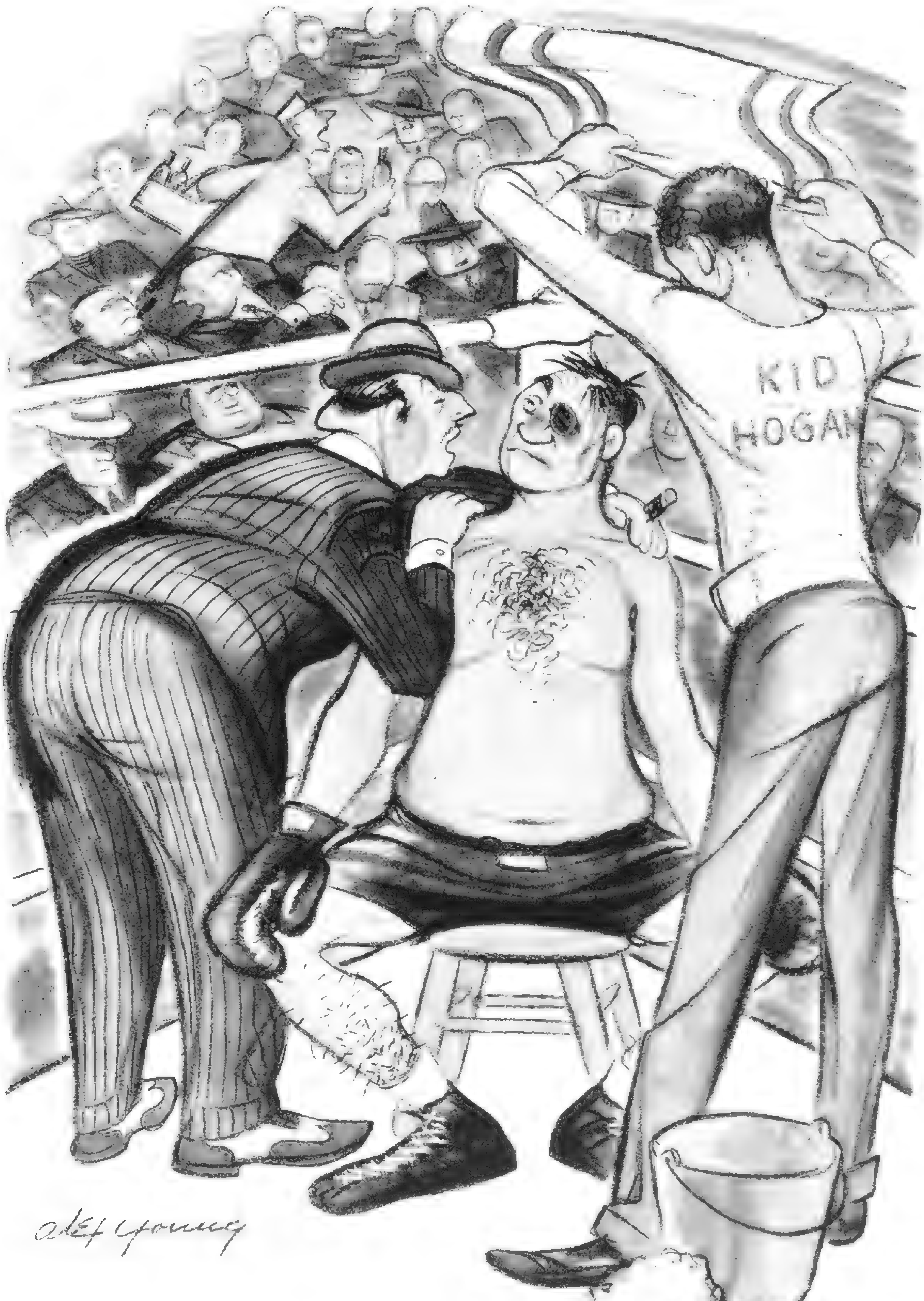


"Boy, am I lengthening his supply line!"



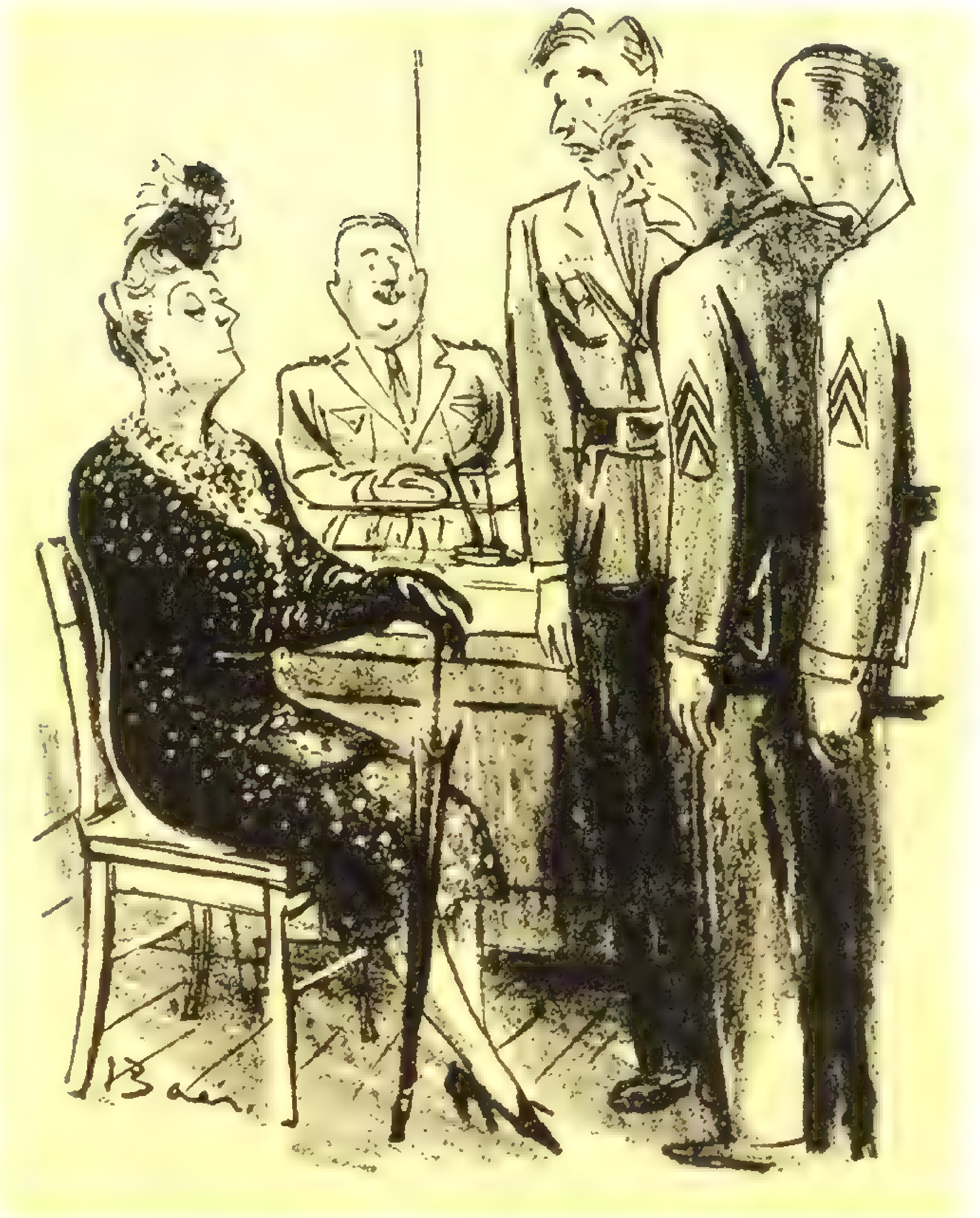
"Now in this round, lead with your left—feint with your right—jab with the left—cross with the right—get up at nine count"

What Is a Hero?

The Colonel said he understood that unusual assignments were the special forte of Smoot and the other N. C. O.'s

by LOUIS PAUL

• FICTION •



"LOOK," said Corky Smith. "I got some pretty bad news for everybody."

"Well, keep it to yourself, then," said Sergeant Smoot. He and his three non-coms had just come in from a particularly harrowing afternoon of drill. They were tired and covered with grime and sweat. "I would rather try to get a rich man through the eye of a needle," Smoot declared, "than to break the camel's back with any more bad news."

"But you don't understand," Corky said. "There's a notice on the bulletin board that—"

"Gentlemen," said Harrison Hyler, the ex-philosophy student, "it isn't war itself that's hell. I realize those fellows who go out to bomb battleships run a certain risk. I concede that sailors who dodge torpedoes are taking a chance, that wrestling islands away from the enemy involves some danger to life and limb." He finally succeeded in getting off his clammy undershirt. "But putting new recruits through their bayonet drill is virtually certain death, and I can't help envying those fortunate chaps who are assigned to such comparatively simple tasks as, let us say, opening up a second front."

"As I was comin' through the hall," said Corky Smith, "I noticed a notice on the bulletin board—"

"What happened?" Ortwingle asked.

Harrison Hyler showed him a hole in his trousers that hadn't been put there by the manufacturer. The part of Corporal Hyler himself which was visible through it evoked Ortwingle's amusement.

"What's so funny?"

"Nothin'," said Ortwingle. "I was ony laughin' at a joke I happened to think of."

"Listen, fellers," said Corky Smith. "There's a notice—"

"For myself, I've always been unsympathetic to the implications of irony," said Hyler as he lowered his pants, "and I should certainly see no humor in dying of a bayonet thrust from a myopic draftee."

"What I like to know," Smoot complained, "is why every time I put in for a furloff I am turned down."

"You wouldn't know where to go," said Ortwingle, "if ever they did go ahead and give you a furloff."

"Maybe not," said Smoot. "But at lease you would think they'd give me a couple of months of light duty for a change, like tryin' to take back the Philippines single handed. I could use a vacation."

Corporal Hyler turned and asked Ortwingle to see if the recruit's bayonet had penetrated through into any of his vital organs.

"No, you excaped a mortal wound by inches," said Ortwingle. "A piece of adhesion tape'll fix you up fine. You don't haff to worry about the scar showin' in after life either—not where this scar is."

"Very consoling," said Hyler humorlessly.

"Look, fellers," said Corky Smith. "This bad news that I noticed on the bulletin board—"

"How many times does anybody haff to tell you we ain't interested in your bad news?" Smoot demanded. "The lease the army could do, if they won't grant me no furloff, is to give a nice long one to this Private Fortesque."

"Fortesque!" Hyler paused in his disrobing. "Why that's the recruit who stuck me with the bayonet!"

Corky Smith insinuated himself into the conversation. "Ain't anybody interested in this notice I—"

"Fortesque," said Ortwingle. "He's the guy I tole to sweep under his bunk and he astes me what with and I says is there somethin' besides a broom that people kin sweep with and he says his mother uses a vacuum cleaner."

"Fortesque," said Sergeant Smoot. "He keeps stumblin' over the man in the front rank, he drops his rifle, he is late for reveille, he forgets to put a tag on his laundry bag, he loses his mess equipment, he salutes corporals and passes up majors like they was Boy Scouts. I never see a recruit like this Fortesque."

"The other day," said Ortwingle, "he comes to me and wants to know where he kin go and take up studyin' music, so I astes him what he wants to study music for, and he says so he kin get a book with the bugle calls in it, and then when they blow recall or assembly or taps he'll be able to tell which call it is."

"I'm going to take a shower," said Hyler.

"It ain't that I want to spoil anybody's day," said Corky Smith, "but if you think this Fortesque recruit is bad news, jist let me tell you what it says out there on the bulletin board."

"There ain't nobody here which is interested in bulletin boards," said Smoot. "Or maybe you don't understand the king's English?"

"I understand it good enough," said Corky, "to know that a terrible catastropy is about to descent upon us. It says us guys is relieved from all further duty and am to report immediately at the earliest possible convenience to Colonel Harrington."

Smoot sputtered. "Why— Well, why the hell didn't you tell us that before?" he demanded. Swallowing with difficulty, he added, "I guess this is the end of our future careers in the army. Colonel Harrington is the officer who you get tried by in summary court-martials."

"What crime did we commit now?" asked Ortwingle.

"What difference does it make?" said Smoot. "Anything a lieutenant-colonel accuses a soldier of is automatically a crime. Well," he muttered, "let's take our showers and then report over there and find out what we're guilty of."

"Maybe we ain't guilty of anything," said Ortwingle hopefully. "Maybe this Colonel Harrington is gonna give us some good-conduct medals."

"Good conduct," said Smoot cynically, "is about the ony crime you ain't never committed so far."

After hasty showers, and while hurriedly dressing in their best uniforms, Hyler said wistfully, "Someone with the proper background, a generous and understanding heart, and some leisure time, should write a monograph or a little story entitled, *What Is a Hero?* Is he the handsome blond aviator who returns safely to his home base through a deadly cross-fire of ack-ack with a wing shot off, two motors gone, and the fuselage hanging out? Or is he the little anonymous soldier who turns recruits into warriors, regiments into fighting machines, corps into armies—who faces sudden ignominious death from the rear, who—"

"Are you still beefin' about that hole in your pants?" said Smoot. "Pants is expendable. Jist ast the supply sergeant for a new pair. I mean, ast him as soon as we serve our sentences for whatever offenses this Colonel Harrington is gonna convict us of. Well, come on, let's go and get it over with."

The four non-coms presented themselves at the colonel's office. "Go right in, men," said a staff sergeant ominously. "They're waiting for you."

Lieutenant-Colonel Harrington was a small gray-haired dapper man who looked like the bursar of a college. The lady with him was a square-jawed, regal-looking woman dressed up in a great many expensive clothes. "This is Mrs. Hadley Royce," said the colonel.

Smoot's impulse was immediately to deny ever having seen her in his life before.

The colonel, however, said, "Mrs. Royce has just completed arrangements with us for the erection of a magnificent new USO recreational center." The dapper officer smiled. "I have other functions, you see, besides sending recalcitrant soldiers to the guardhouse." He turned to Mrs. Royce. "These are the men I've spoken to you about. Smoot and Ortwingle and Smith are old soldiers. Corporal Hyler is something of a scholar."

"I see," said Mrs. Royce, the words sounding like a death sentence.

"Your commanding officer," the colonel declared, "gives me an excellent report of you men. Somewhat unusual assignments seem to be your forte."

"That's right," said Smoot, whose worst suspicions were now aroused. "We have took out deputants and ran nursery schools. We have kept care of boy geniuses and consciencious objecters. We have made soldiers out of Indians and tired guys. We ain't shot no Japs yet, though. So far nobody isn't never ast us what we'd like to do, sir."

"What a quaint way of talking!" exclaimed Mrs. Royce.

"Old army patois," said the colonel gravely. "Well, as I've explained, Mrs. Royce has very patriotically donated a huge sum of money for the recreational entertainment of the men in camp. We owe her a debt of gratitude. Perhaps she'll tell you herself what you can do for her in return."

"My son Charles is just eighteen," said Mrs. Royce. "One must of course understand the position our family enjoys. Charles was tutored through kindergarten, through grade and preparatory school, as we Royces always have been. Wars do somewhat upset one's accustomed routines, however. In a year or two Charles will undoubtedly be going into the army, and it did seem to me that some tutoring in the art of war from accredited professionals would be quite thoroughly in the Royce tradition."

Hyler wet his lips. "Madam," he said, "why don't you send your son to a military academy?"

"Charles is not accustomed to associating with simply anyone."

"When he enters the army he won't be able to choose his companions."

Mrs. Royce stood up inside the expensive clothes she was wearing. "When Charles enters the army he will be doing so to exterminate the Axis vermin, to destroy them piecemeal, to wipe their cities from the face of the earth, to annihilate their cultures and remove them from recorded history so that future generations will wonder who they were. The Royces, young man, don't do things by halves."

"Madam," said Corporal Hyler, "we should be delighted to serve you in whatever way we can."

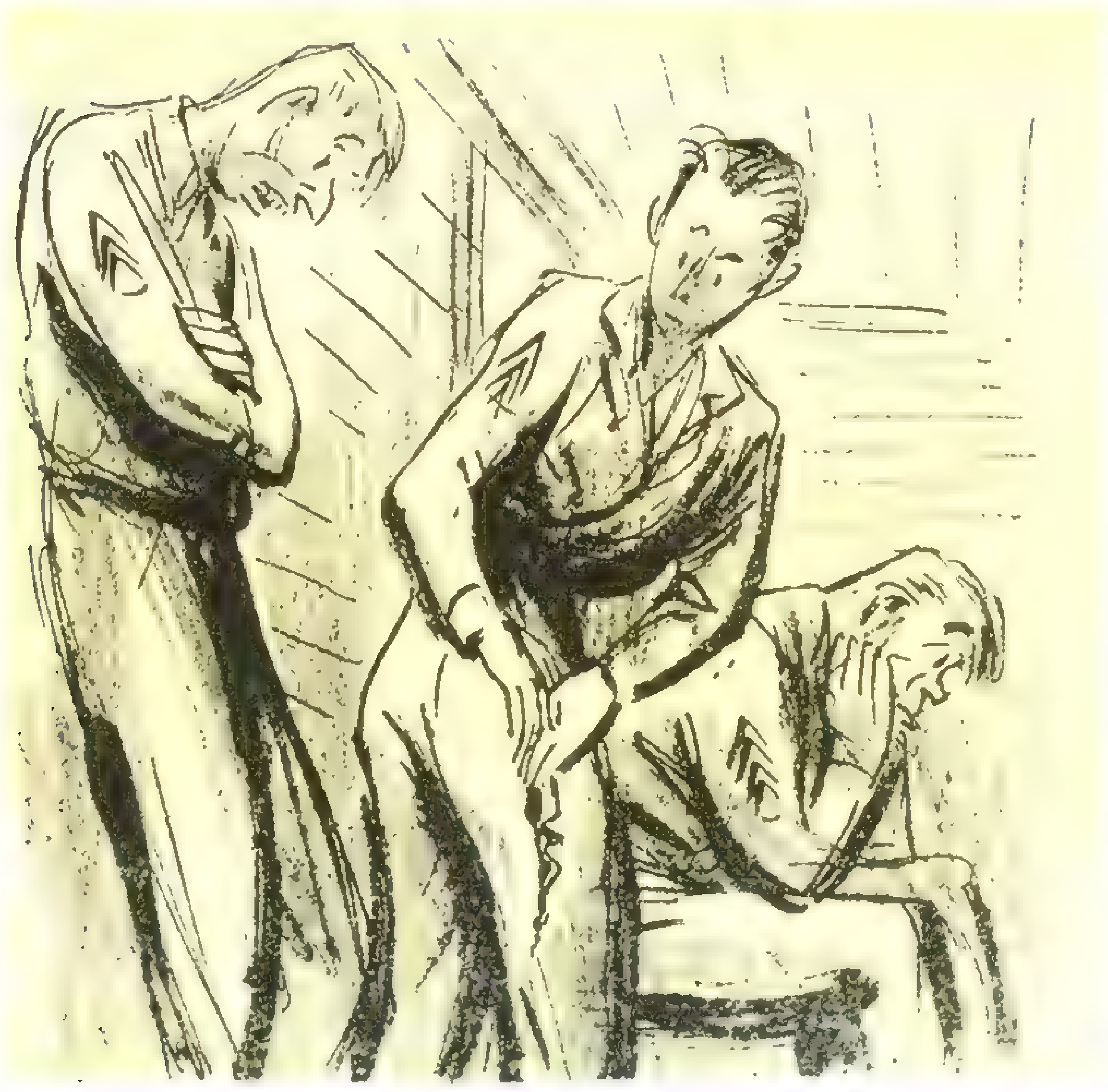
"Good."

"I've already arranged to have you excused from duty several afternoons a week," said the colonel.

"Then I shall expect you to come to my home and begin your lessons at once," said Mrs. Royce decisively. "You must be quite firm with Charles, sparing no means of imbuing him with the rudiments of military discipline. The slogan adopted by one of my husband's manufacturing companies is, 'A Royce Radio is a Fundamentally Better Radio.' And we Royces like to feel this way about ourselves. I want Charles to fight better, to kill better, and if necessary to die better."

"Better," said Smoot naively, "than who?"

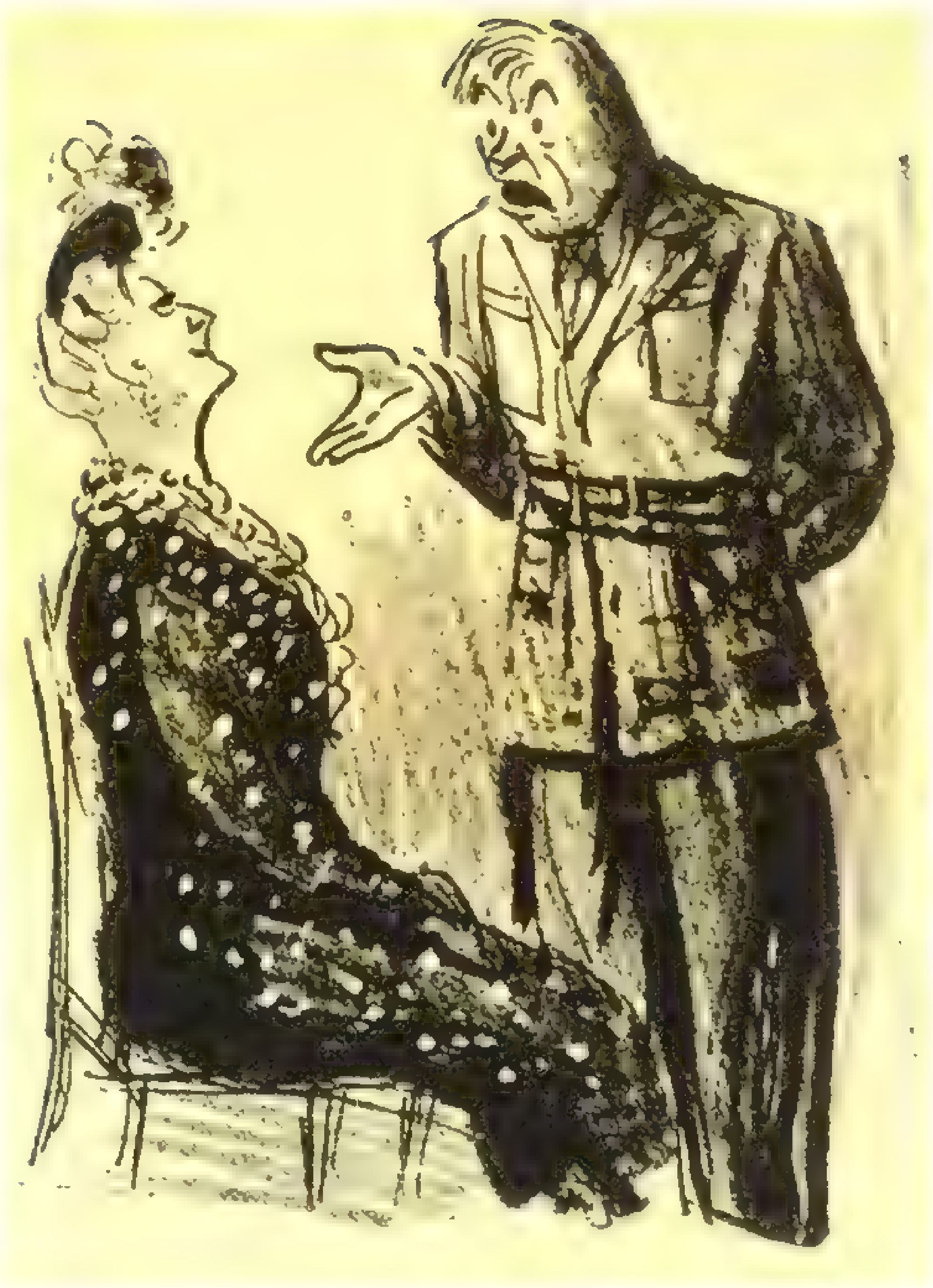
"Just better, that's all," Mrs. Royce asserted imperiously. "Then I may expect you tomorrow afternoon promptly at two. I'll send the chauffeur with the horse and carriage."



Smoot, as soon as they had taken their leave of the transcendental Mrs. Hadley Royce, turned to Hyler. "What is the bright idear of sayin' we will be delighted to take on this here dope?"

"The army," said Hyler, "is very persuasive. Hadn't you noticed it? It has a way of compelling you to volunteer your services. Anyway, I like the assignment. It is almost classical. Some of the best-remembered of Greek philosophers were pedagogues and slaves."

"Well, I ain't never yet been mistaken for a Greek philosopher," said Smoot. "Who the hell is these people that we have got to go and be tutors to them? Is the U. S. of America a democracy or ain't it?"



"You're becoming rhetorical," said Hyler. "The Royces may very well be the backbone of our democracy."

"Then why don't they stand on their own backbones?"

"It's a matter of conditioning," said Hyler. "Wealth has made them flaccid. They seem always to need a little coaching, but they're ideologically sound. We'll probably find this Charles a fairly decent sort."

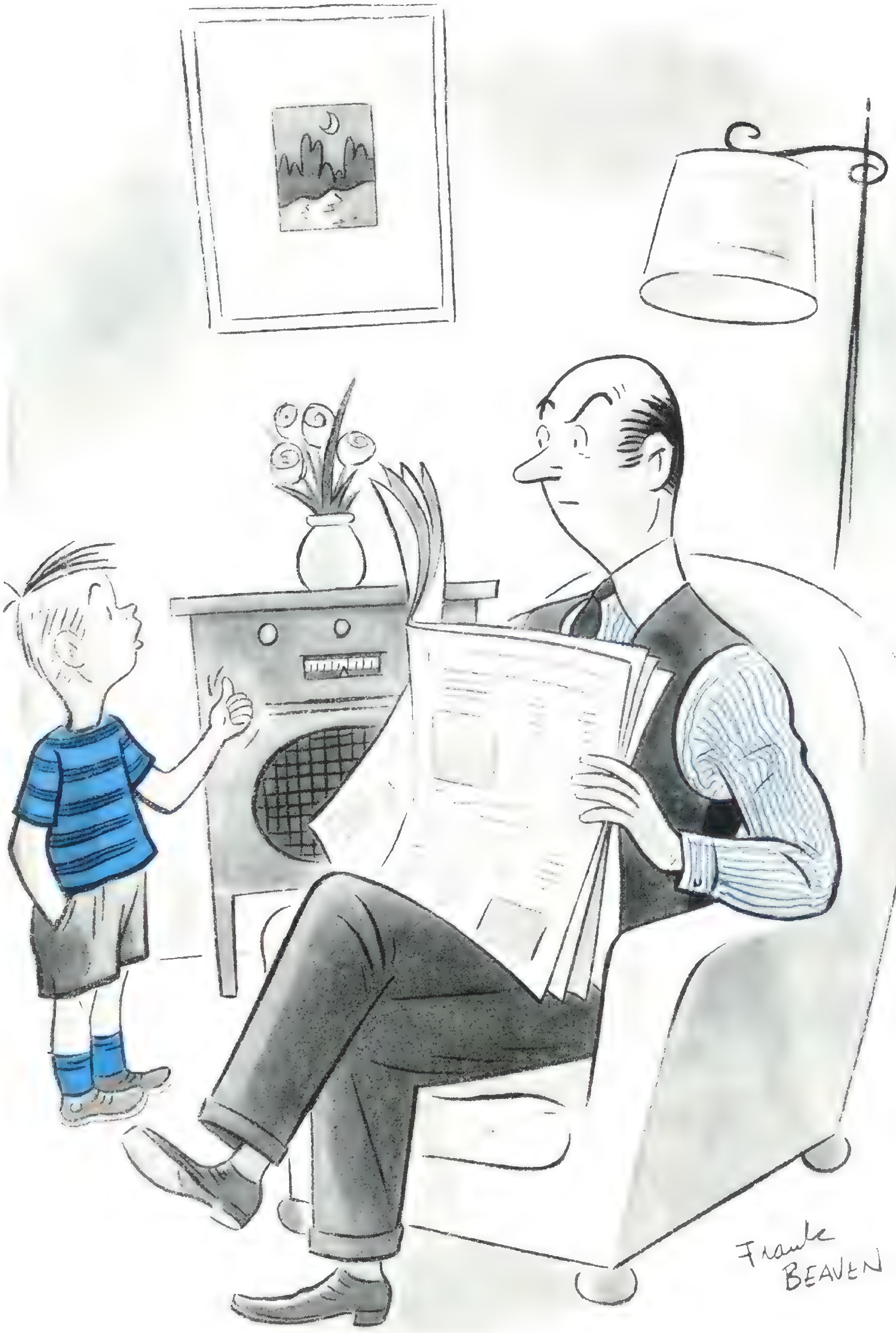
"Nuts," said Smoot. "A guy who has to be tutored through kintergarden is jist a little too much for me."

Ortwingle had a pertinent thought. "Maybe," he said, "maybe while we're at this ole dame's house sometime durin' the afternoon we kin sneak up and take a bath in the bathtub. I ain't had a bath in a bathtub since a girl I used to know's father invited me to stay over the weekend at his auto camp."

"It's jist," sighed Smoot, "that for some reason which excapes me we never have no luck. Instead of goin' overseas with our outfit to be heroes we are made to stay back and train recruits into soldiers. Instead of bein' tried for some serious offense and bein' gave a nice vacation in the guardhouse, they assign us to tutor a dope. Sometimes," he added unhappily, "I almost wish the Japs would start an invasion so at lease while off duty I could sneak out and strangle one or two of 'em for fun while nobody wasn't lookin'."

"I doubt," said Hyler, who had recovered from his trying experience with Fortesque's bayonet and whose good humor had apparently returned, "I doubt if any such amusements are in store for us. The medals we earn will unquestionably be merely the knowledge in our hearts that we have fought the good, but the unpublicized, fight. We are war's unsung heroes, I'm afraid, my friend. War's unsung heroes."

"Not me," said Ortwingle. "A song which awys makes me sentimental keeps flowin' through my head. You know the one." He loosened up his vocal chords, then sang plaintively: " 'Although some people say he's just a crazy guy, to me he means a million other things, for he's the one who taught this happy heart of mine to fly—he wears a pair of silver wings.' " #


Frank BEAVEN

"Don't you think, Pop, heredity helped put these Quiz Kids across?"

Black Pirates From a Snow Blind

There's all-winter wing shooting at hand for the asking in that sharp-eyed, canny cosmopolitan, the crow

by BEN EAST

• SPORTS •

If you're a bird hunter the chances are October is the red-letter month of the year for you, maybe with November running a close second.

October is the time when the woodcock flight comes down through New England, and the foliage begins to thin out in the grouse woods of Wisconsin. It's the season when local ducks pull out of the marshes and the first mallards and bluebills of the fall flight come tumbling in from the northern breeding grounds, heralded by a day or a night of wild and windy weather. It's also the month that sees the ringneck pheasant at his best, alike in the valleys around Philadelphia and on the green rain slopes of the Cascades, and all the way across the continent between. There's even some topnotch quail shooting in the northern half of the bobwhite range at that same time of year.

The air is full of feathers in October, both in the marshes and the uplands, and in most sections the shooting hangs on into November and stays pretty fair until Thanksgiving or a little later. Then there's a lull. Of course, if you're one of the favored, you'll likely plan to run down to Georgia or Mississippi for quail in February. But the big majority of bird hunters who live north of the Mason-Dixon figure to put their guns away and lock the cases sometime before Christmas. The law says no dice on pheasants and grouse by that time. The fun is over on northern quail and the rest of the upland list. The last woodcock and jacksnipe went through weeks earlier and only a few of the hardier ducks are left, rafting far out on big water, sticking it in the face of cold storms and the first snow, hard to decoy and hard to kill. The curtain is down. Bird shooting is done for the year. Until October paints her red and tawny murals in the uplands again there's little for the wingshot to do save sit by the fire and dream.

To most bird hunters it never occurs that all-winter wing shooting is at hand for the asking. Wing shooting calls for a feathered target, big and canny and fast enough to be worth bothering with, and one that the law will let you take. But the bulk of the birds have gone now and on those that do remain the season is closed.

All save one. There's one that stays north all winter, that flies fast enough to test your trigger eye even if you break twenty at skeet, that's got as many brains as a wild goose or a pheasant—and that's plenty—one whose neck the law has no wish to save. He's the crow.

If you live in crow country winter wing shooting is no harder to get than October wing shooting. It's good, lively, you-give-the-odds hunting, too. And at the moment it will interest more than one scattergun addict to know that this brand of winter bird hunting can be had without raising any questions of tires or gasoline or other problems of transport.

The crow is a cosmopolitan devil. He's equally at home in the dark evergreen forests, the open woodlots and the plowed farmlands. He has lived with man too long to be afraid of him. He feeds in the outskirts of village and city. He flies, cawing, high above your home in the still hours of early morning even though traffic may make a loud thunder there at noon. In cleared country his roosts are rarely beyond sight of the evening lamplight in a farmhouse or two. If you live where a sportsman should, not too far from open fields and a patch of woods, crow shooting is probably within walking distance of your door from November to March.

One point I should like to settle here and now. This is no call for volunteers in a war of extinction against the crow clan. Some of his ways are good, more are bad. For the moment we are not concerned with his character, save for that part of it which has to do with his behavior in front of a well-camouflaged blind. If you are one who favors his annihilation by any and all methods, if you clamor for a crow bounty and organized community crow hunts, read no further. This piece is not for you. You will find here no blueprint for blasting crow rookeries with dynamite hung high in the trees. Rather you will find directions for having good fun with this black devil at a season when a bird hunter's life is a dull round of vacant days.

The crow is a pirate and no one denies it. The law allows him no sanctuary and he deserves about what he gets. But there are better uses for him than stopping a dynamite blast, better and more sporting. If you're a shotgun fan he can fill a big place in the scheme of your leisure hours. Treat him as a game bird that's legal the year around and he'll give you a full eight bits' worth of sport for every dollar you throw his way in chilled sixes.

He's not so fast as a ruffed grouse or a bluewing teal. I needn't tell you that. But he's not exactly a freight train on wings when he comes stooping in before your blind, either. He hasn't the ways of a true game bird.

He'll never take the place of woodcock or snipe in your affections but he's a feathered target and you can hunt him at times when his betters are either unavailable or illegal.

In one respect he doesn't have to take a back seat for anything that travels on wings. When it comes to brains he has no peers. An old cock ringneck that has lived a long time in heavily hunted country isn't exactly a moron. Even a ruffed grouse can learn a neat bag of tricks if he has to. The wild turkey is

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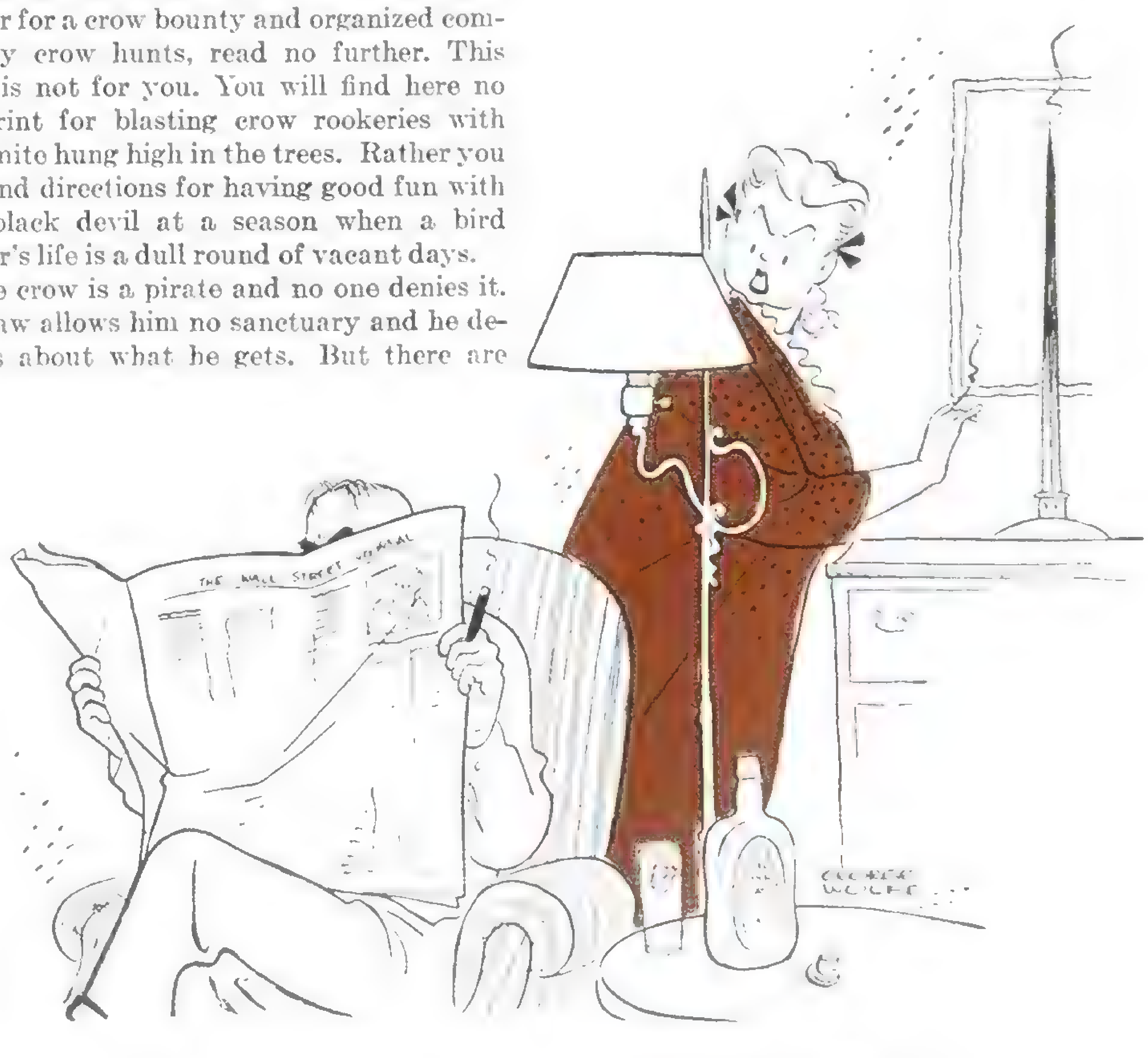


"The way you're been ignoring me you'd think I'd bought a new hat or something!"

The Case of the Missing Corpuscle

Granted that Holvin was a genius in the field of science, a layman could hardly give credence to his discovery

by FRANK VELOZ

• FICTION •

I WAS glad my work was finished as it was beginning to get quite cold in Alaska. My original intention had been to remain four or five days. But the delay caused by the intricacies of delivery of the war materials from our factory extended my stay to two weeks.

I was fortunate in finding a New York newspaper and, upon scanning the dateline, found it to be only a week old. Wearily, I glanced at the headlines, all of which were about the war and tire rationing. Turning the page, my gaze was caught by the picture of a familiar face. Beneath it, the meaning of the two words in bold type suddenly burst in my brain. Died today, it read. Melvin F. Holvin, the world famous surgeon and scientist, was dead.

Melvin and I went to school together and I believe I was his best friend. We first met at grammar school and even then he definitely indicated having superior intelligence. I remember how some of his questions not only puzzled the class but also the teacher. His fondness for me grew from my taking his part, physically, against a bullying classmate. Melvin never forgot that for as we grew older, he made it a point to continue our friendship and I was flattered. But in his presence a feeling of awe overcame me as I marveled at the scope of his magnificent mind.

At eighteen, Melvin graduated from college. My recollection of his age is accurate for I was a few months older and I recall both of us graduating together. Of course, my graduation was from high school.

After college Melvin continued his study of chemistry and medicine. His parents were rather well to do and it was a never-ending source of wonder to me to see the countless books tightly packed in the shelves which rose from the floor to the ceiling. Melvin was quiet, soft spoken with an odd sense of humor.

Sometimes, he would seriously peer at me for minutes. Suddenly, his face would brighten into a smile and he'd say:

"Paul, you're so forceful, factual—materialistically. I know you have attained great success in that manner. But, don't you know the greatest materialistic success is infinitely a failure?"

I'd murmur in agreement although I actually never knew exactly what he meant.

Almost everyone has read and benefited from Melvin F. Holvin's amazing discoveries both in surgery and chemistry. One of the first brain pruning operations was performed by his hands. And many of our innovational compounds found perfection in the Holvin laboratories.

About a month ago, Melvin phoned asking me to visit with him. I went to his house and found him in a state of keen excitement.

"Paul," he said, "I sincerely believe I have discovered the secret of physical life itself."

My glance must have indicated anxiety, for he quickly continued.

"No, no, my friend. I'm not crazy. I have been experimenting for almost twenty years and it now appears the truth is finally mine."

A succession of disturbing thoughts flashed through my mind as he went on.

"I can't tell you about it until I'm absolutely certain. But if what I believe to be a fact is a fact, well—However, my recent tests have proved exceedingly successful and I'm about to make the epic experiment. I'm convinced it will succeed and I want you to be here when it takes place."

I nodded warily.

Not having heard from Melvin for a week, I phoned and asked how everything was coming along. He assured me everything was fine and not to worry. Then the war material delivery tangle made it necessary for me to fly immediately to Alaska. Upon my arrival the press of business held my attention and I momentarily forgot about Melvin.

The account of his sudden death related that the maid, having found him in bed, quickly summoned the doctor, who pronounced him dead of heart failure. I thought it a pity he hadn't had the opportunity to prove to himself the fallacy of his fantastic theory.

Upon my return from Alaska, a thick registered letter on my desk caught my glance. I hurriedly took it up as I instantly recognized the precise handwriting on the envelope. It was in Melvin's writing and the entire contents are as follows:

My dear Paul,

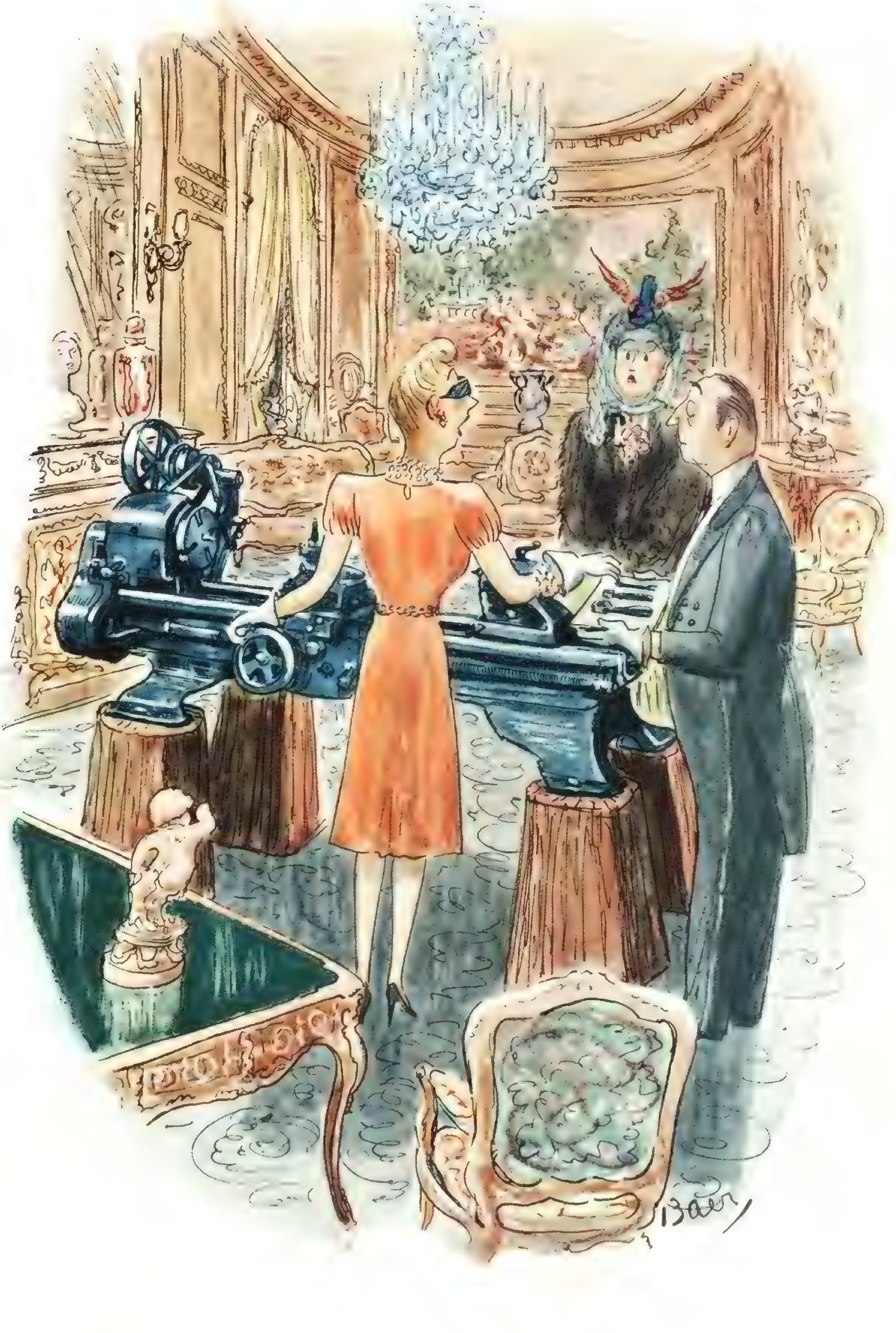
I have carefully guarded the results of my experiments with green corpuscles knowing the havoc which might be caused if they fell into inexperienced hands. Green corpuscles will sound fantastic to you, I know. But Paul, I am deadly serious when I state they have always existed.

Twenty years ago, when I first found a flaw in the mathematical balance between red and white corpuscles, I accidentally discovered the existence of another type necessary for the continuation of life. Without delving into detail, let me relate some of the progress before the final attainment of the present positive conclusion.

It was necessary to develop a microscope two hundred times more powerful than any now in use and five years elapsed before this was accomplished. Accomplished only through the special use—I won't bore you with the intimate particulars. Anyway, with the use of what I call the Hydramicroscope, it was possible to study this new corpuscle which cast a greenish hue. It is infinitely smaller than the other two and by far the most important as it is the governing factor of all

Continued on page 150

"Hurry before it's rationed"

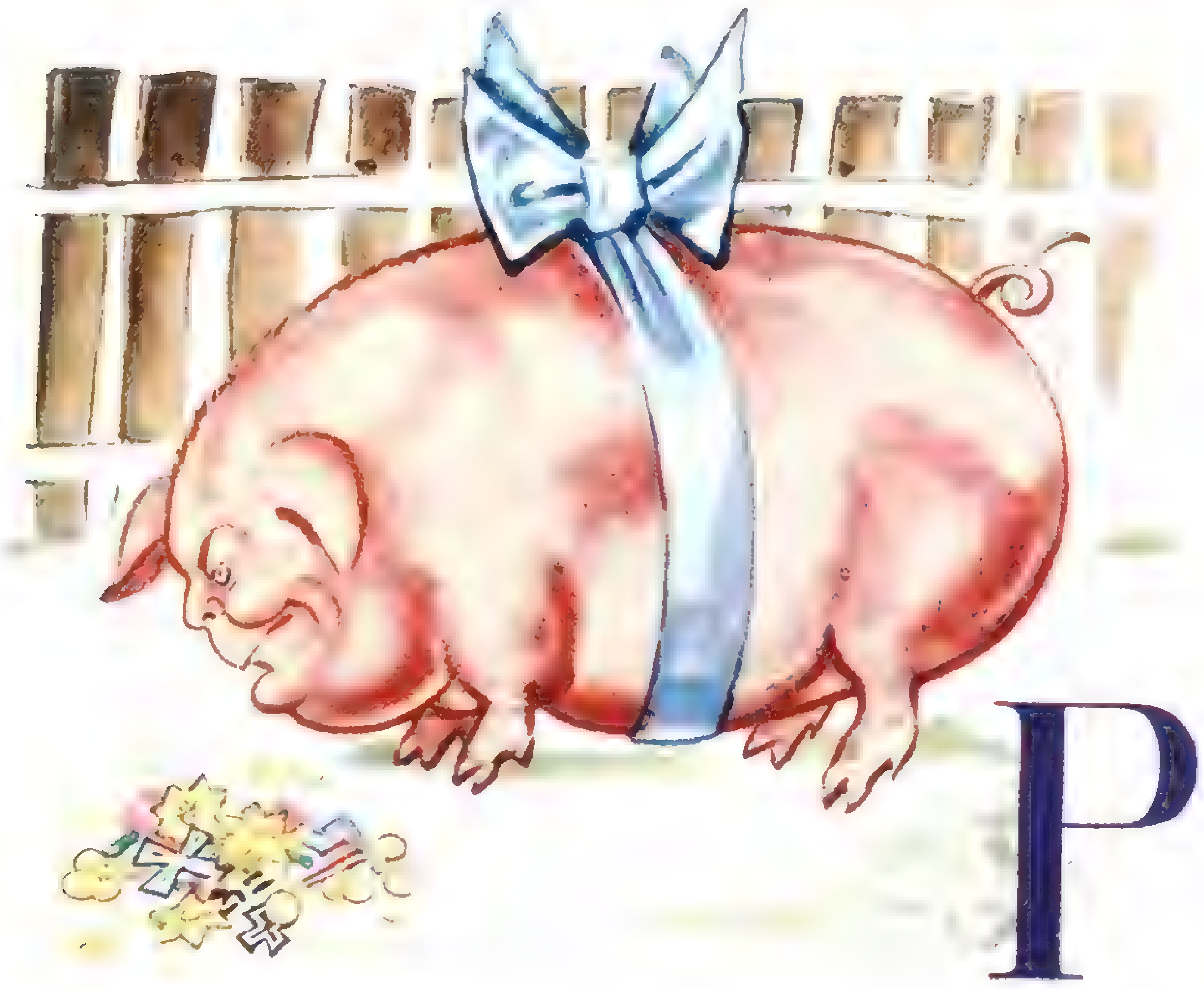


"One does what one can"

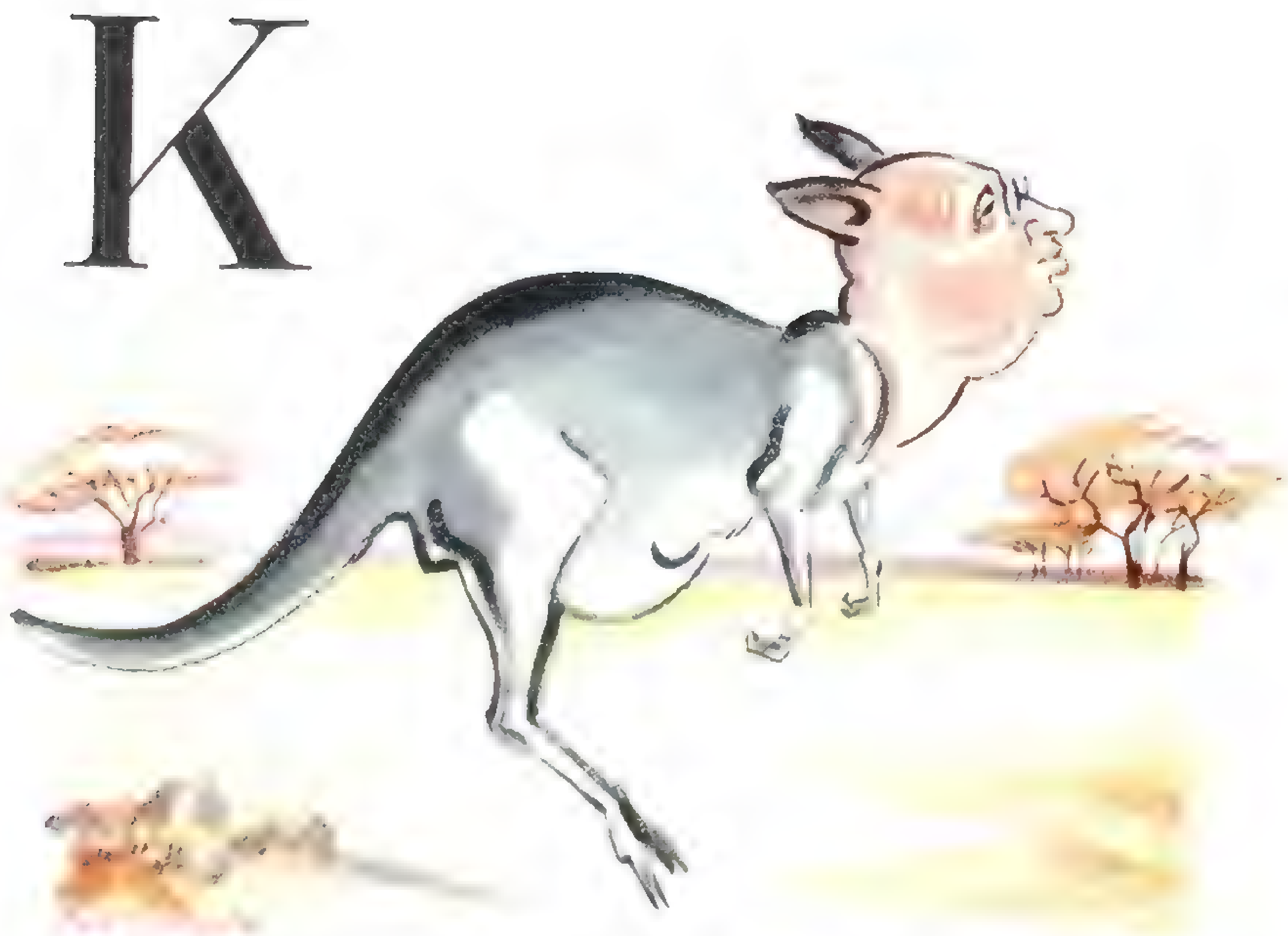
Our Dumb Friends

A Lesson in Natural History

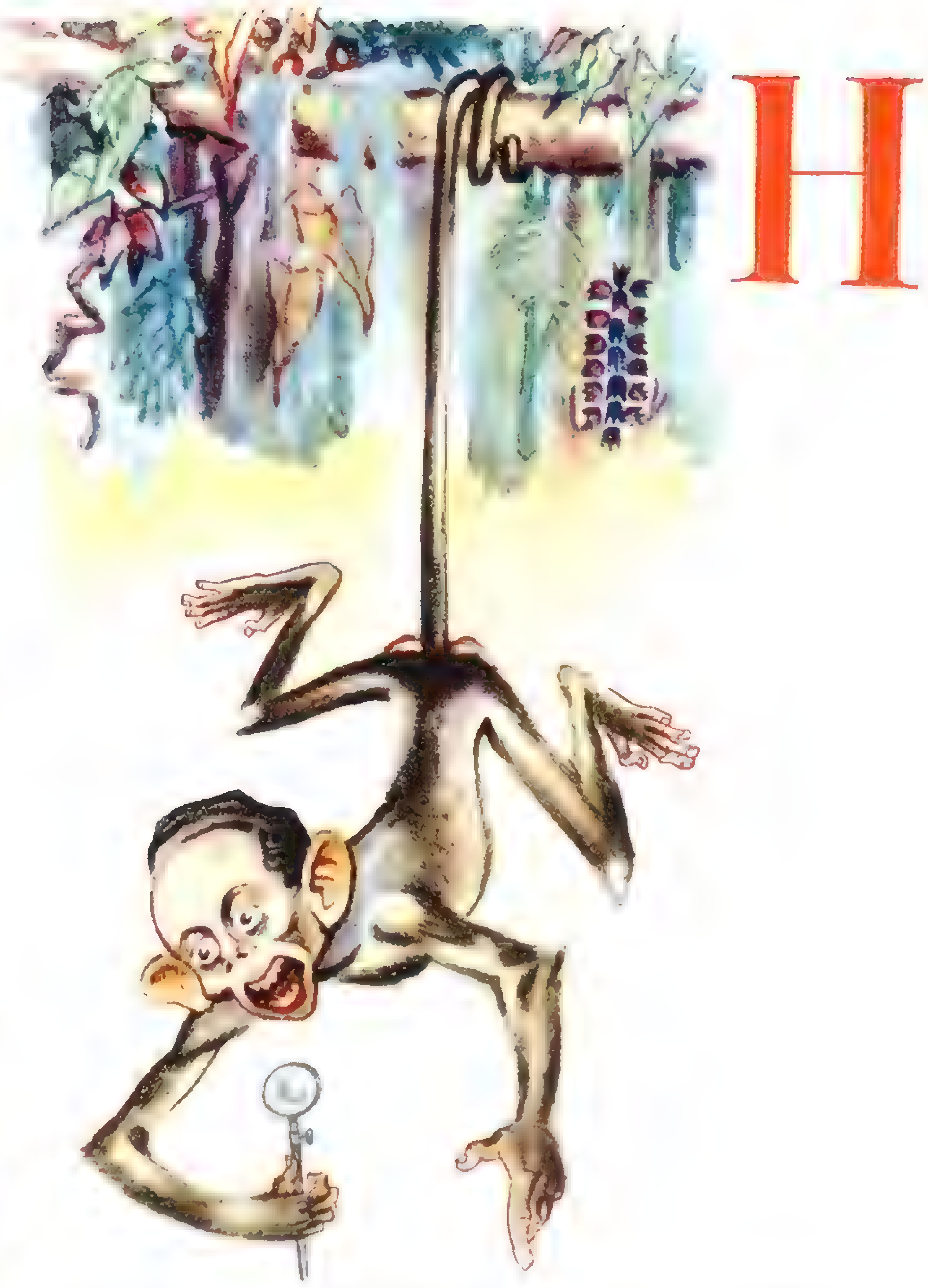
by DERSO *and* KELEN



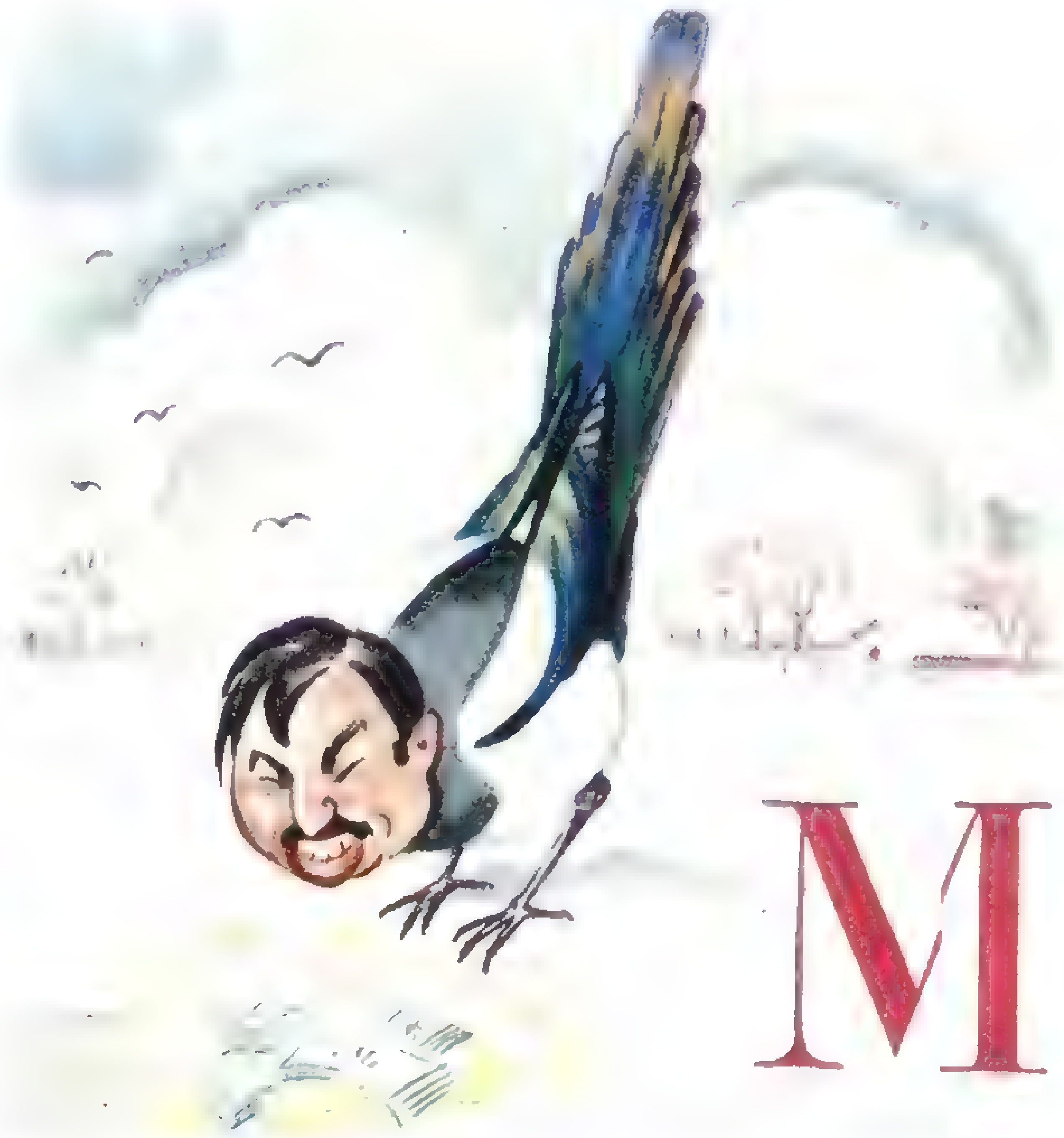
MARSHAL GOERING—*The Prize Pig (Porcus superbus). Useless, while alive.*



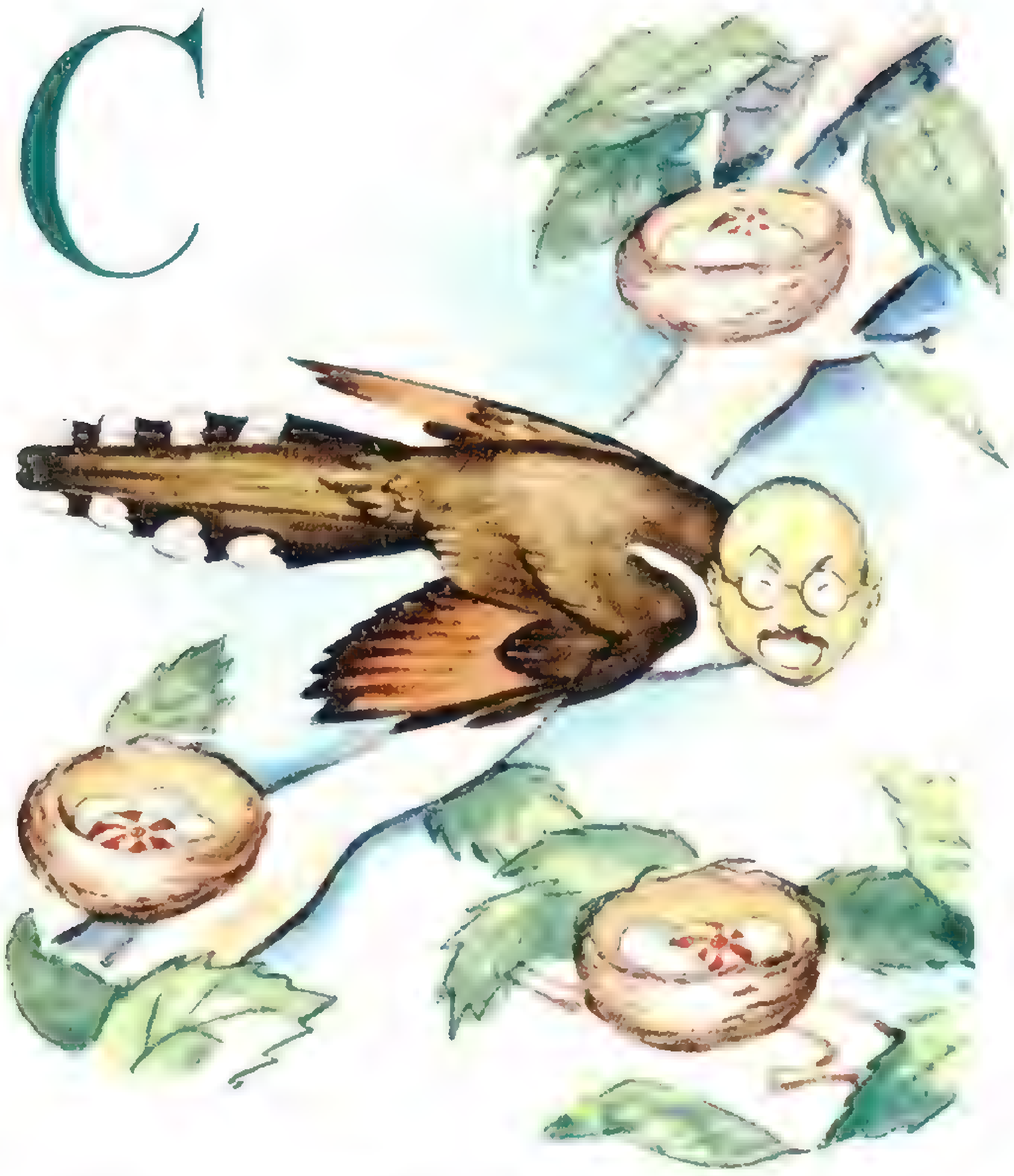
NAZI MINISTER OF ECONOMY FUNK—*The Kangaroo (Marsupius bankruptus). He makes big jumps with empty pockets.*



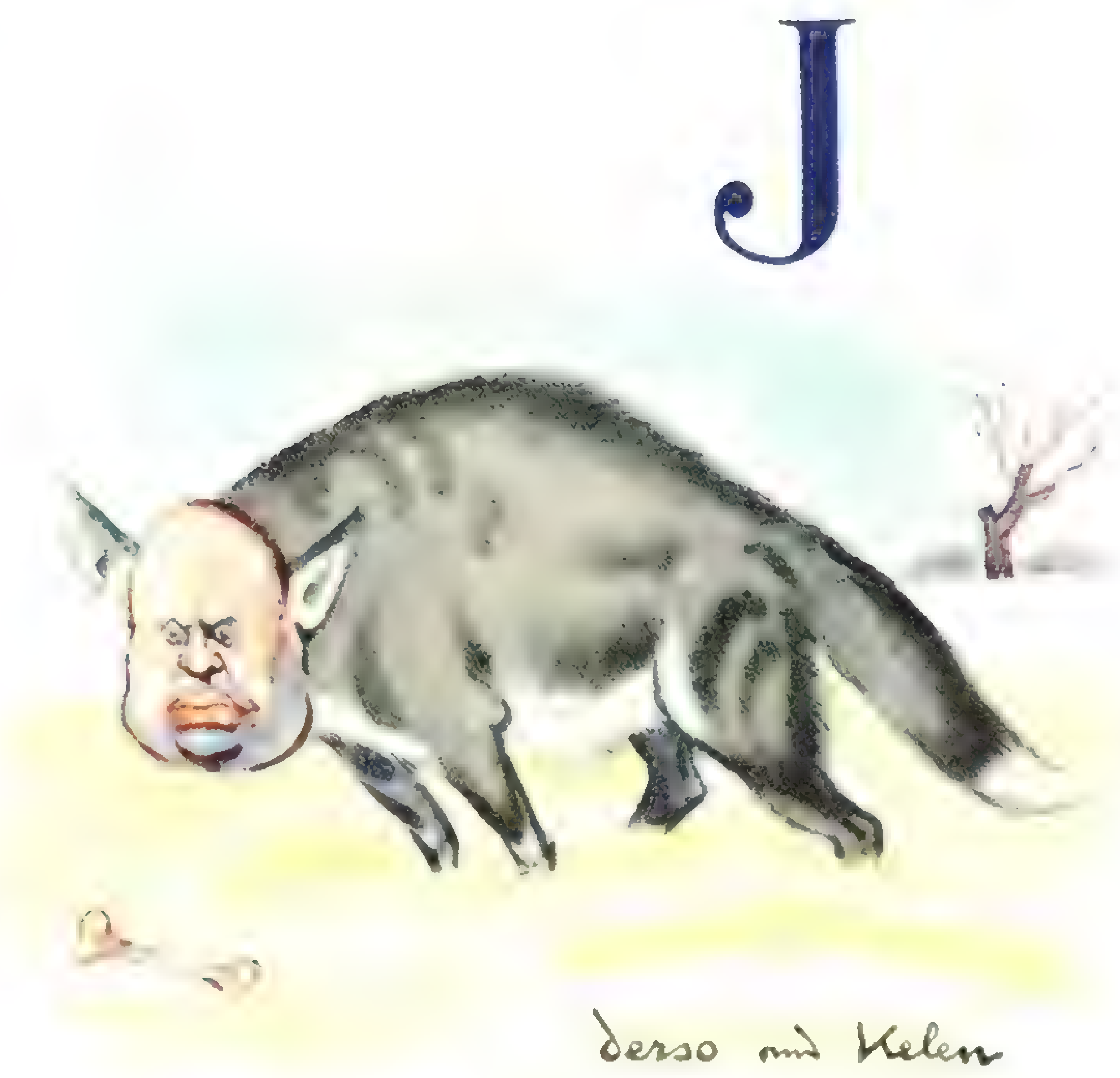
DR. GOEBBELS—*The Howler Monkey (Simius confusor). It looks like a man, but is a monky.*



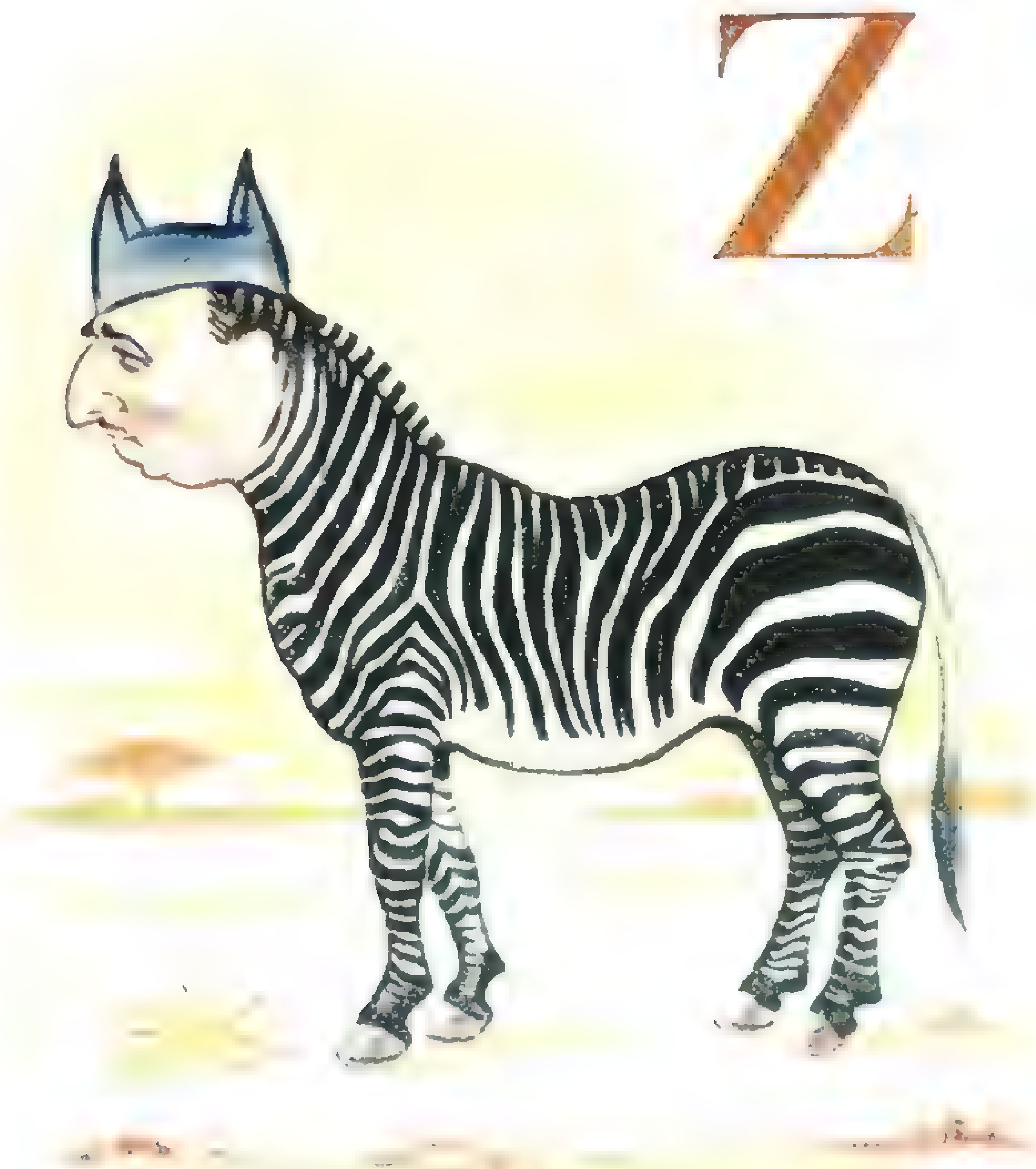
PIERRE LAVAL—*The Magpie (Pica sneaka). Steals everything that shine.*



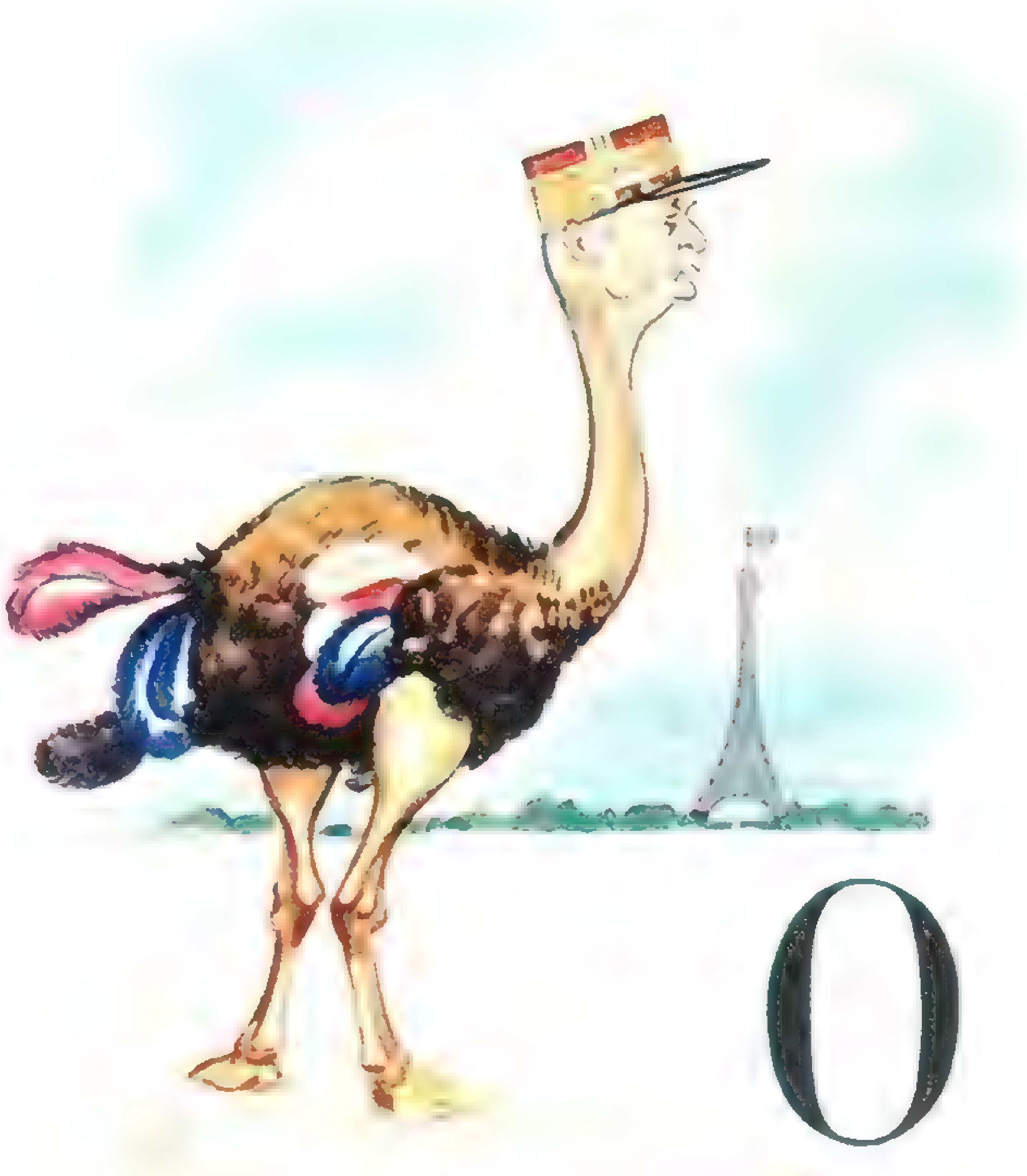
JAP PREMIER TOJO—*The Cuckoo (Cucullus infamis). Puts his eggs in other people's nests.*



MUSSOLINI—*The Jackal (Canis miscalculator). Gets the bones.*



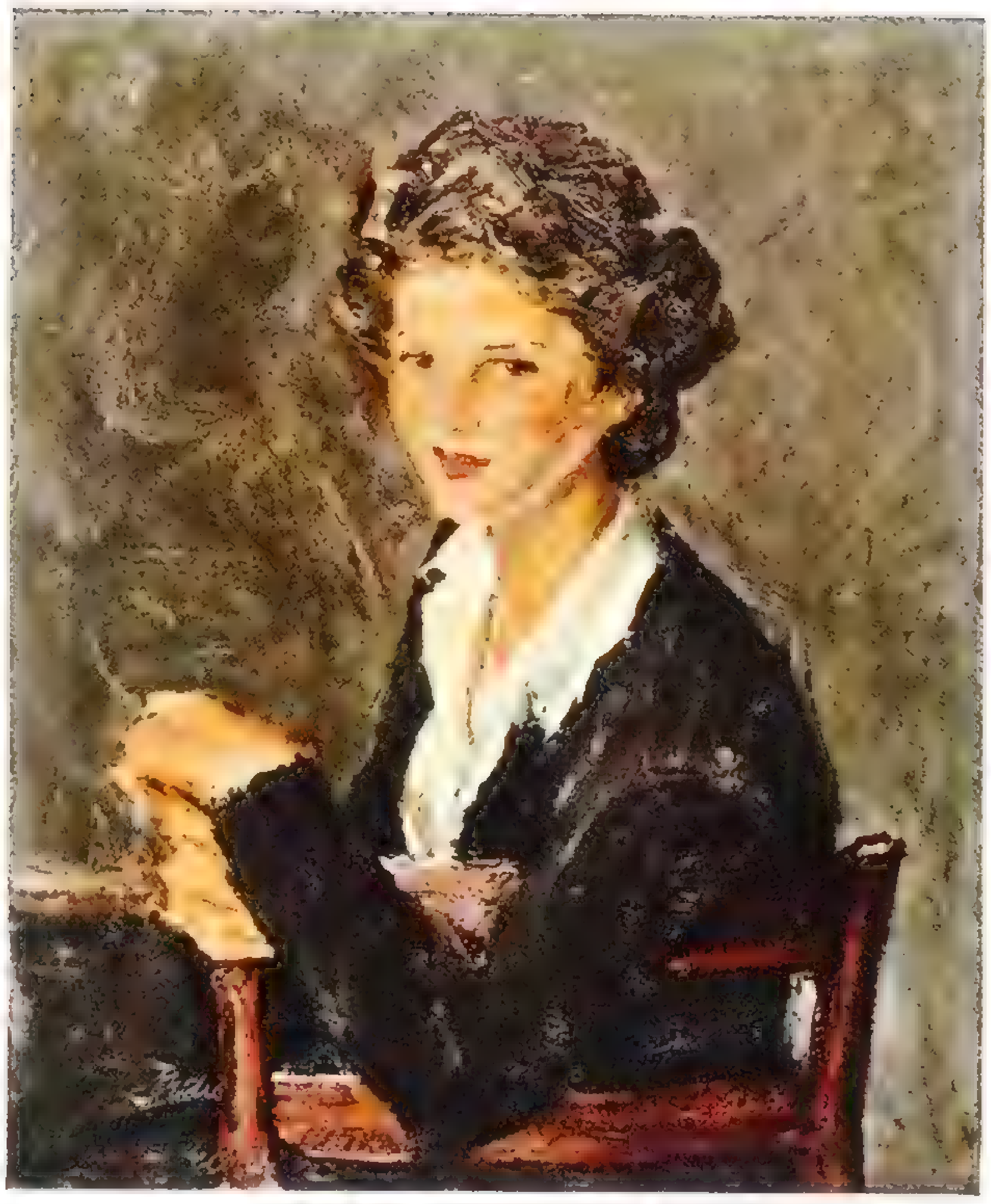
CAUDILLO FRANCO—*The Zebra (Hippotigris mugwump). You can't tell whether he's a dark horse with white stripes or a white horse with dark stripes.*



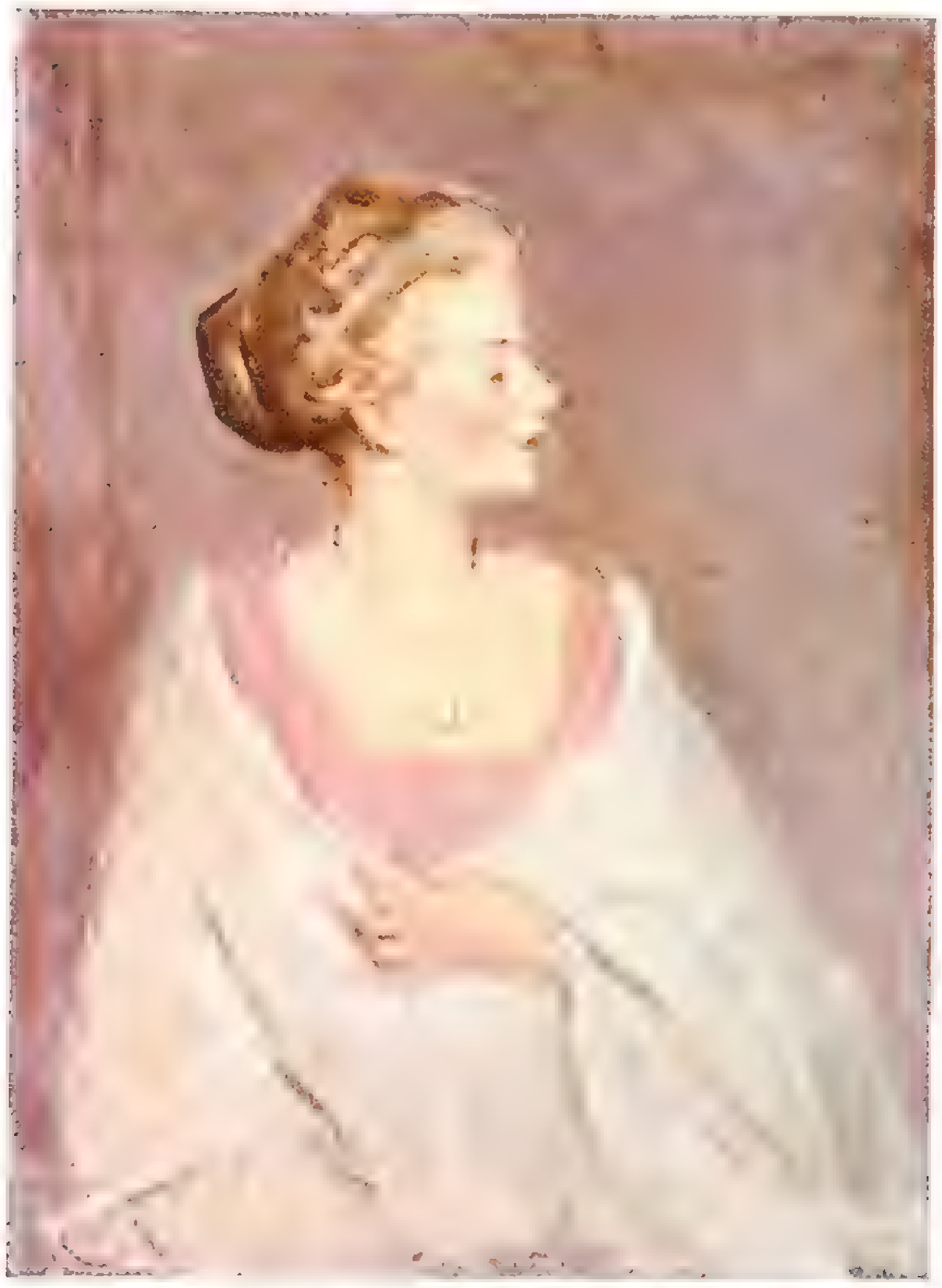
MARSHAL PETAIN—*The Ostrich (Struthio collaborator). He can swallow anything.*

A Retrospective Selection of Paintings and Drawings

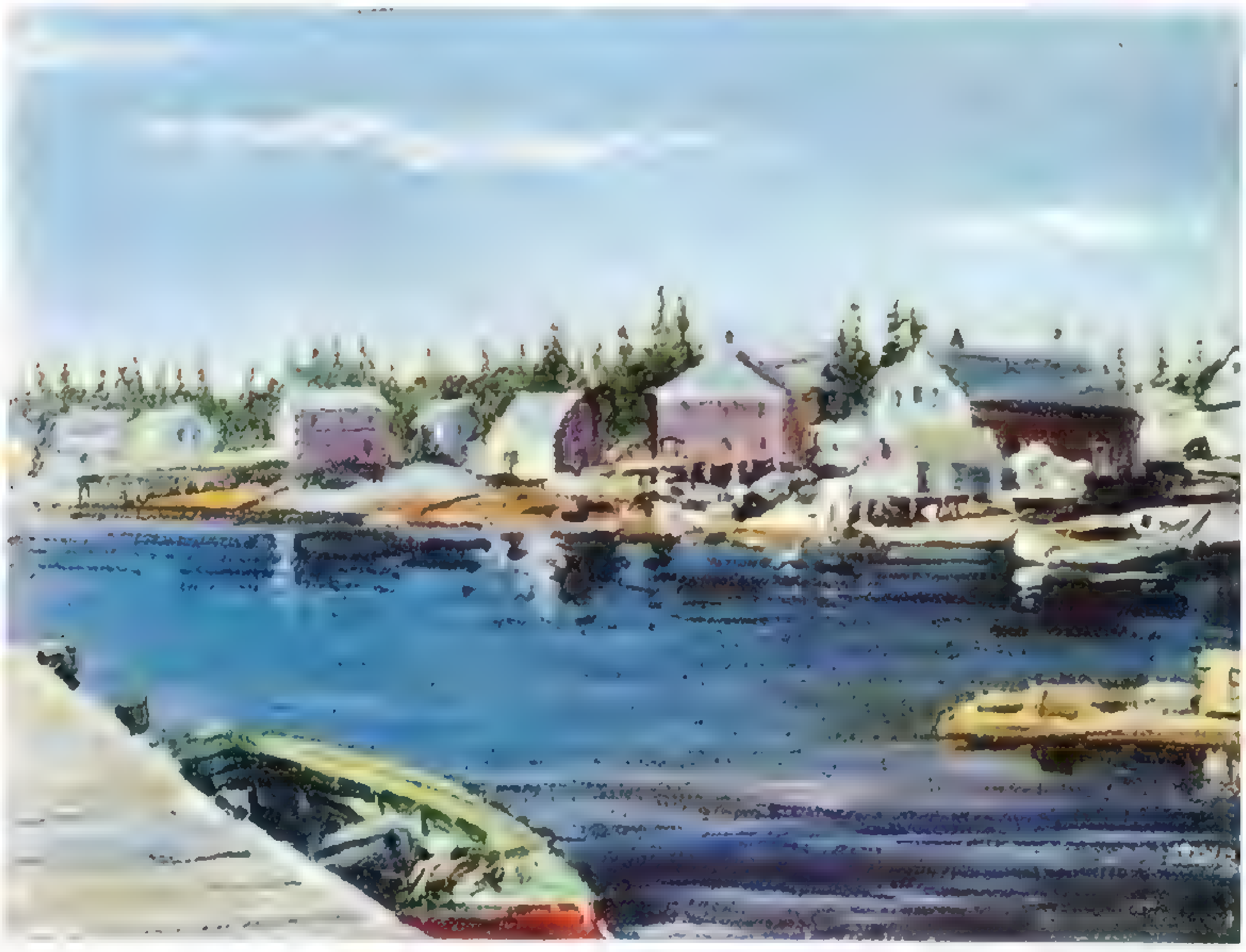
by CHARLES DANA GIBSON



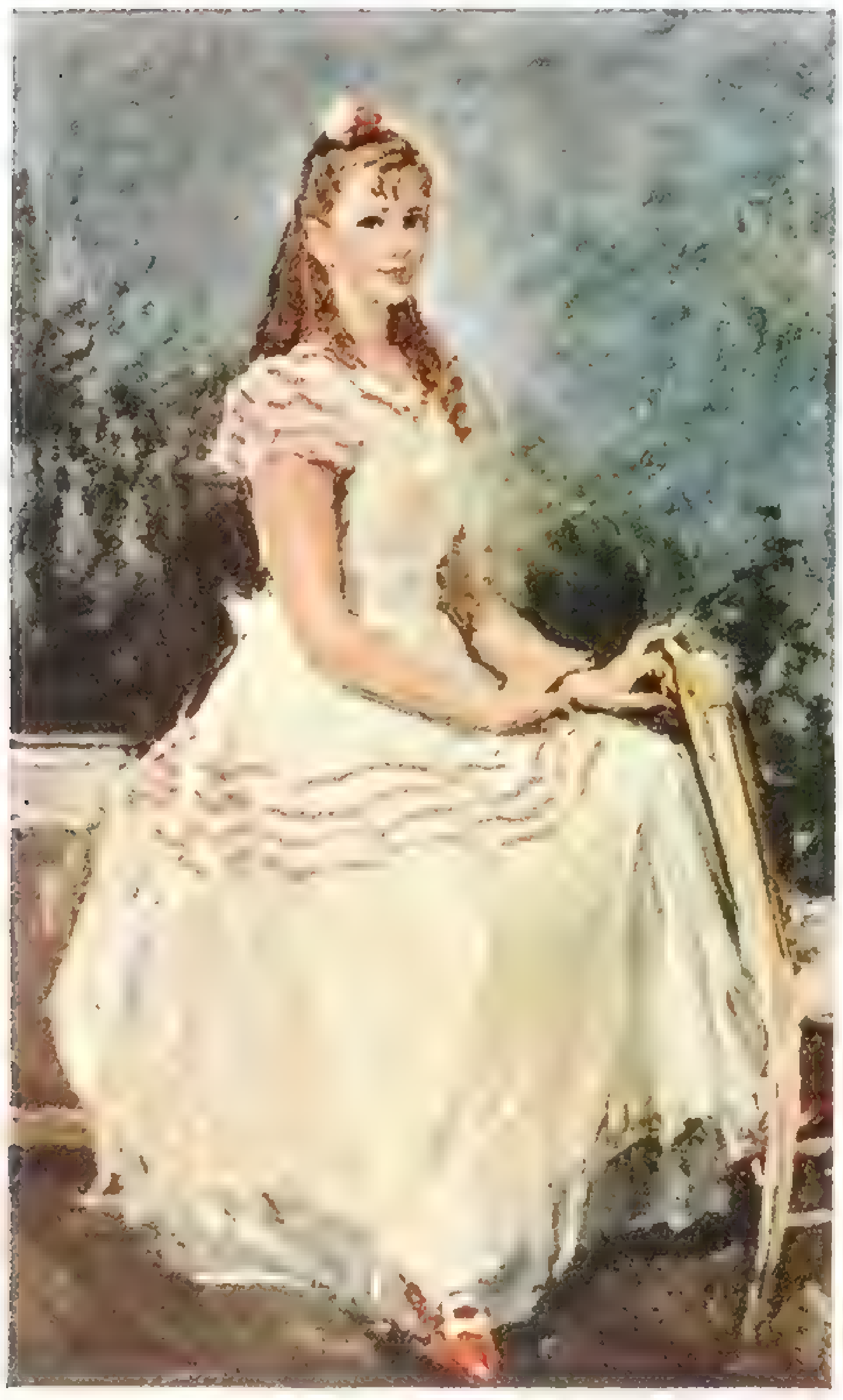
DADIE (JOSEPHINE KNOWLTON), 1941



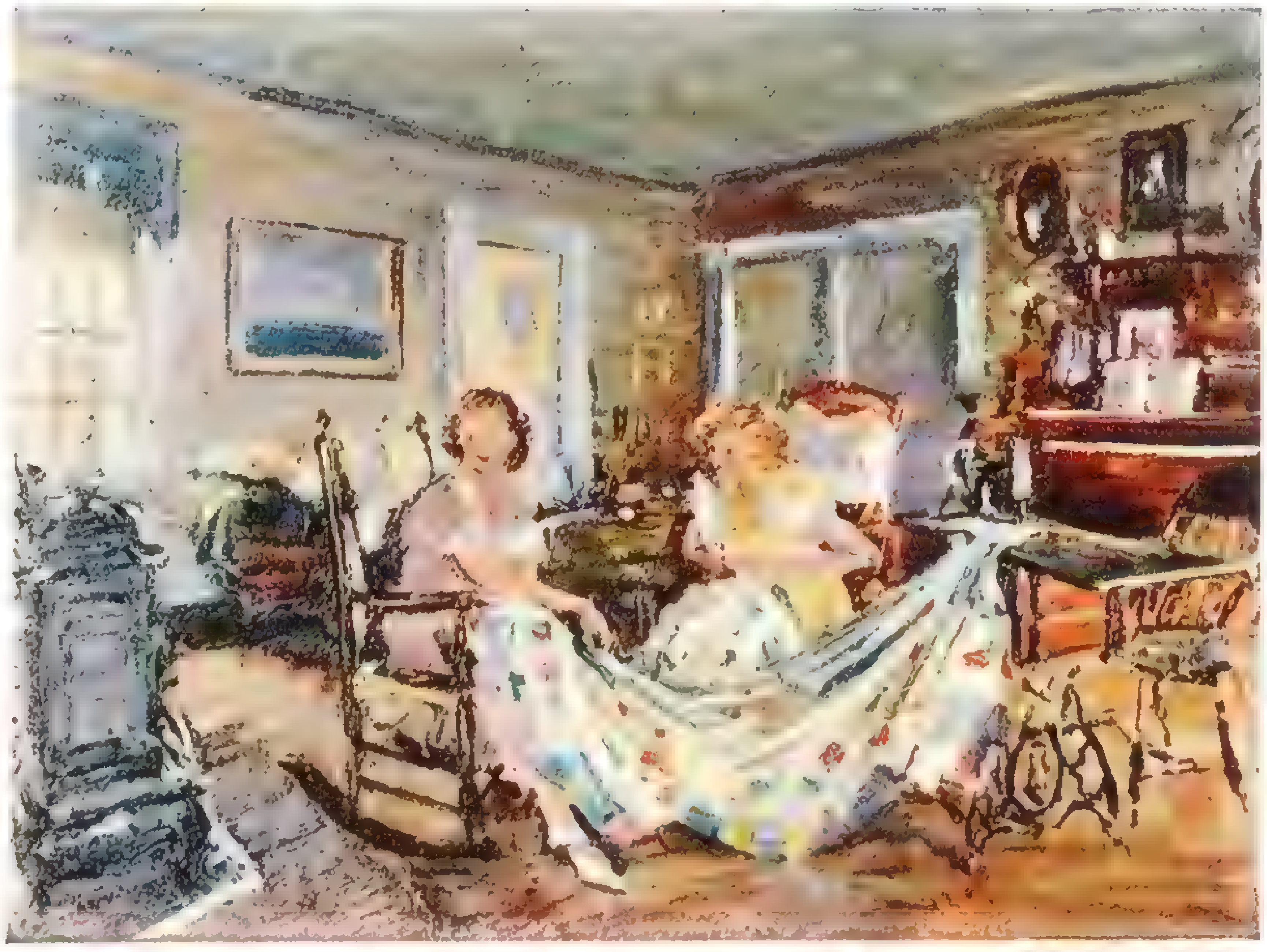
AT THE TURN OF THE CENTURY, 1898



CAPTAIN YOUNG'S BOAT SHOP, 193



IRENE EMERY, 1940



ROBERTA COLCORD AND ELYSA BECKER, 1936

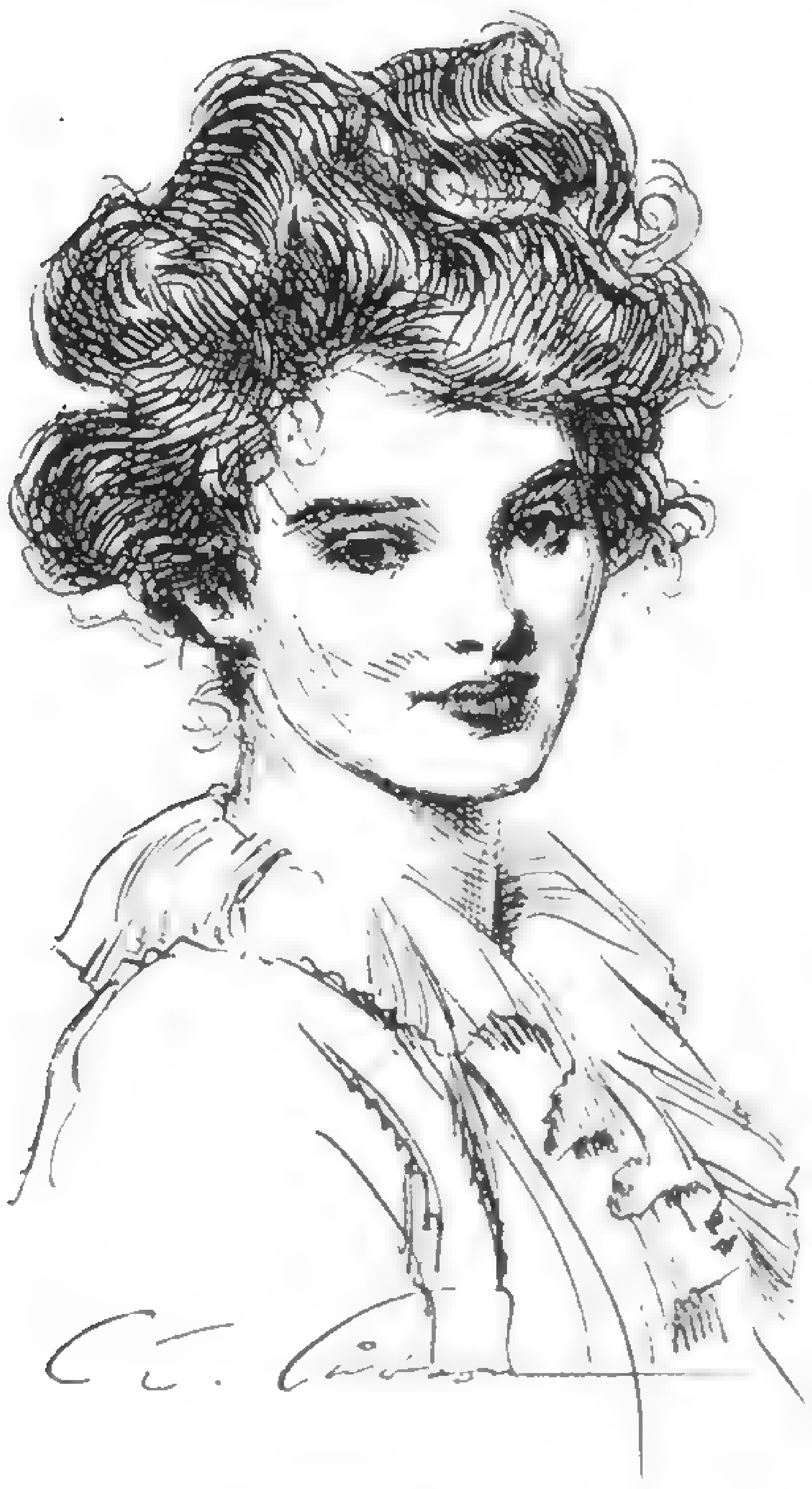
Reproduced through the courtesy
of the Cincinnati Art Museum

Nice Nellie, the Gibson Girl

"More lady than female," Charles Dana Gibson's wasp-waisted queen ruled over America during the inhibited nineties

by HARRY SALPETER

• ARTICLE •



STUDY, 1910

Remember the Gibson Girl?

She was the toast of the town, the belle of the ball, the cynosure of all eyes, the young man's dream and the old man's darling. She was both fashion plate and inspiration. Men sighed for her and, when they were most fortunate, courted her. Women copied her, suffering in diet and stays, to achieve her slim and stately figure, emulating her in dress, in walk, in coiffure, but chiefly in modesty and gentility. Long before the advent of the moving picture, the Gibson Girl was worshipped in jungle hut and Arctic cabin as the American entry in the dream of fair women.

The Gibson Girl commanded the world's recognition as the American Beauty. Students knew no other model for their pencil and crayon. The Gibson Girl adorned calendars and wallpapers and was burned into myriads of leather pillows and on chair backs and table tops. She was etched on plates and spoons. Her discreet and genteel adventures were enacted in amateur theatricals. Gibson Girls walked with straight back and dignified mien through countless illustrations for stories in the "better" magazines, for authors and artists knew no other kind of correct femininity.

She came out in the season of 1890, somewhat gawkily, reached her peach-blown maturity around 1895 and held the center of the stage until some time around 1910, when she retired to the generation of her grandmothers, to be succeeded shortly after the first World War by John Held's most distinctly unladylike flappers, those angular, underdressed and short-haired hoydens.

Fairfax Downey, in his *Portrait of an Era*, describes the Gibson Girl as "a tall, radiant being, her gaze clear, fearless and direct, her nose slightly and piquantly uptilted. Her lips fine-modeled and alluring. Her soft hair crowning a serene brow and caught up into a dainty *chignon*. The graceful column of her neck rising from the décolletage that barely concealed her delicately rounded bosom. Her slim waist emphasized by the bodice cut of her gowns, gowns still with the vestige of a bustle and with full, smoothly

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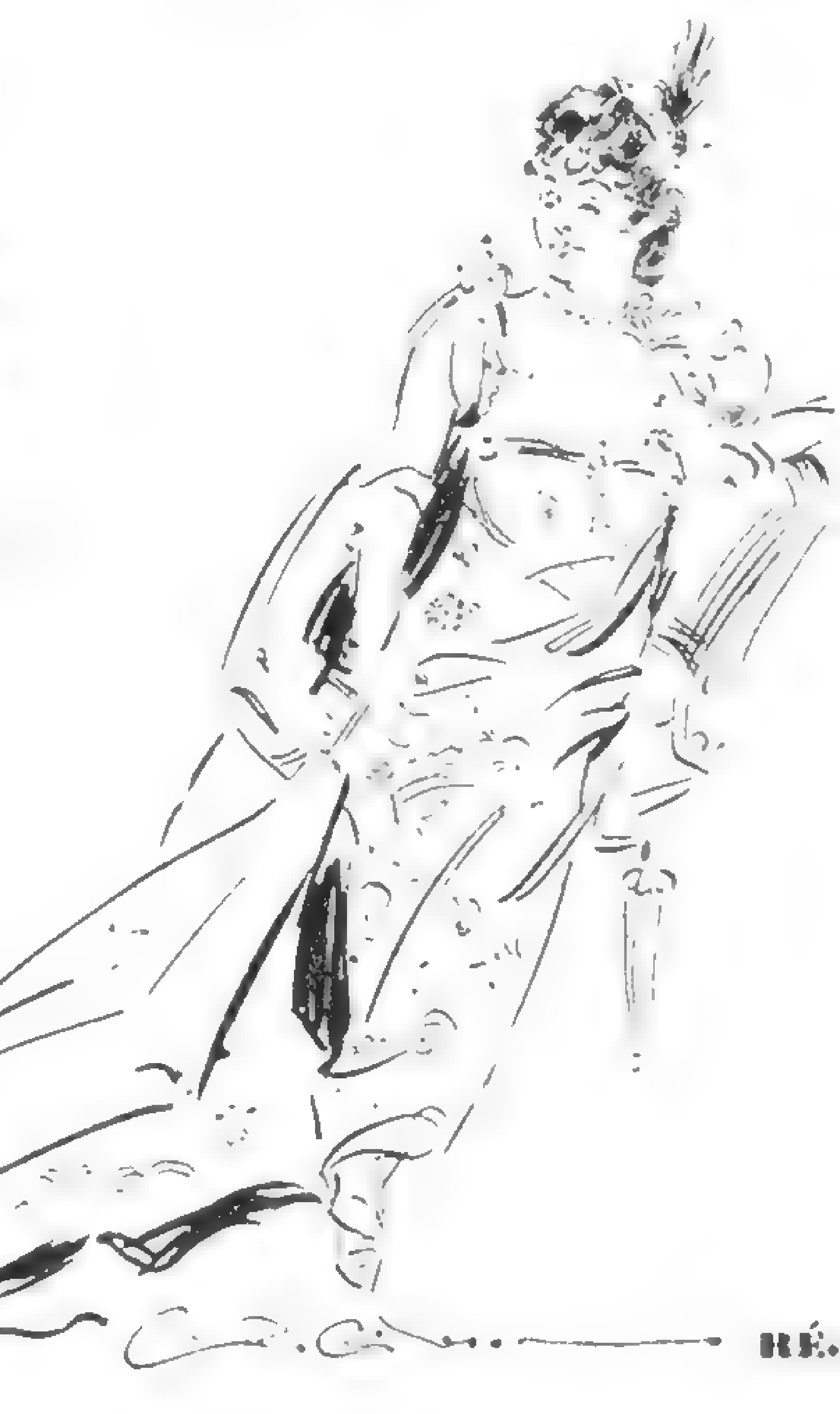
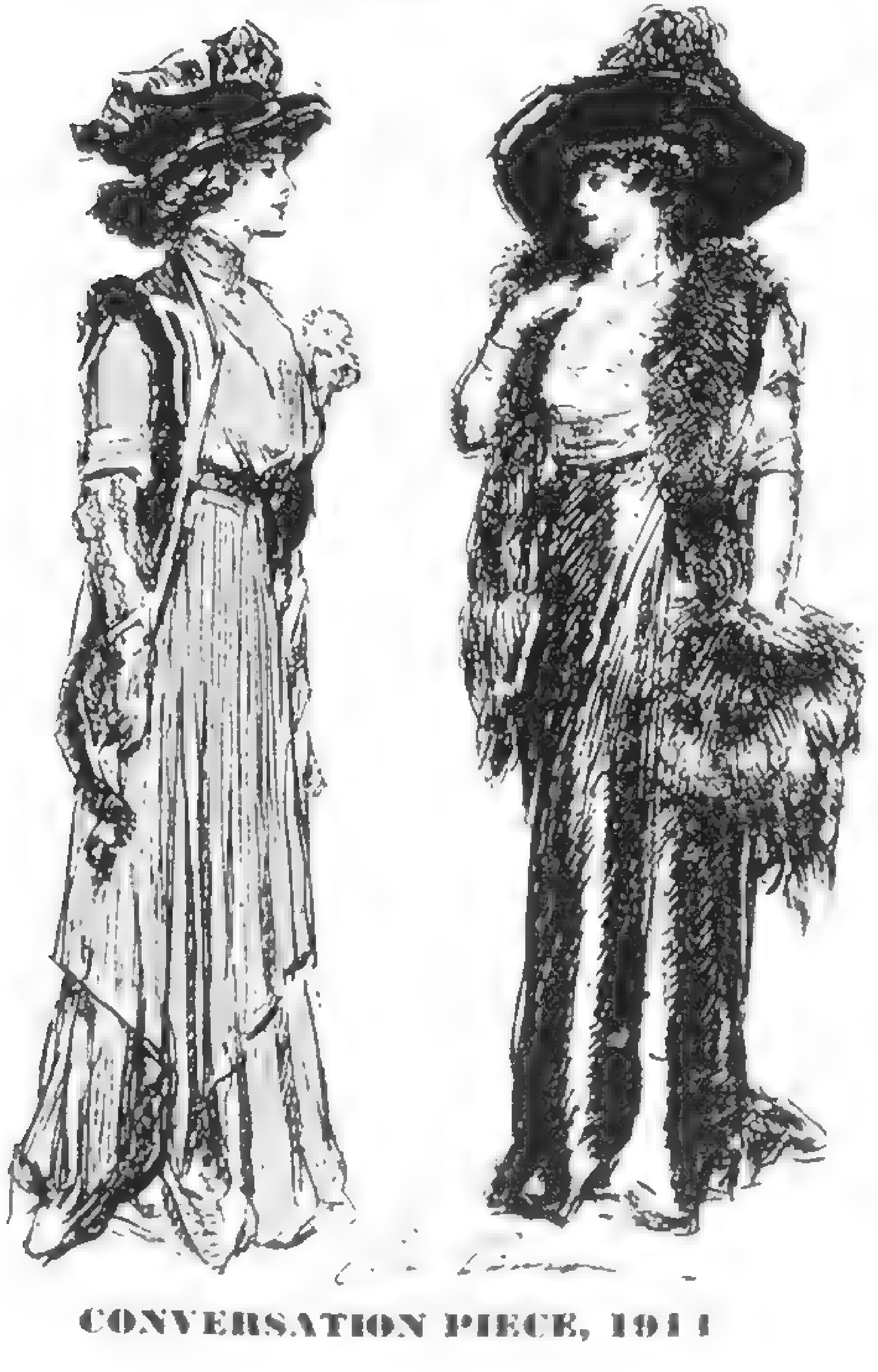
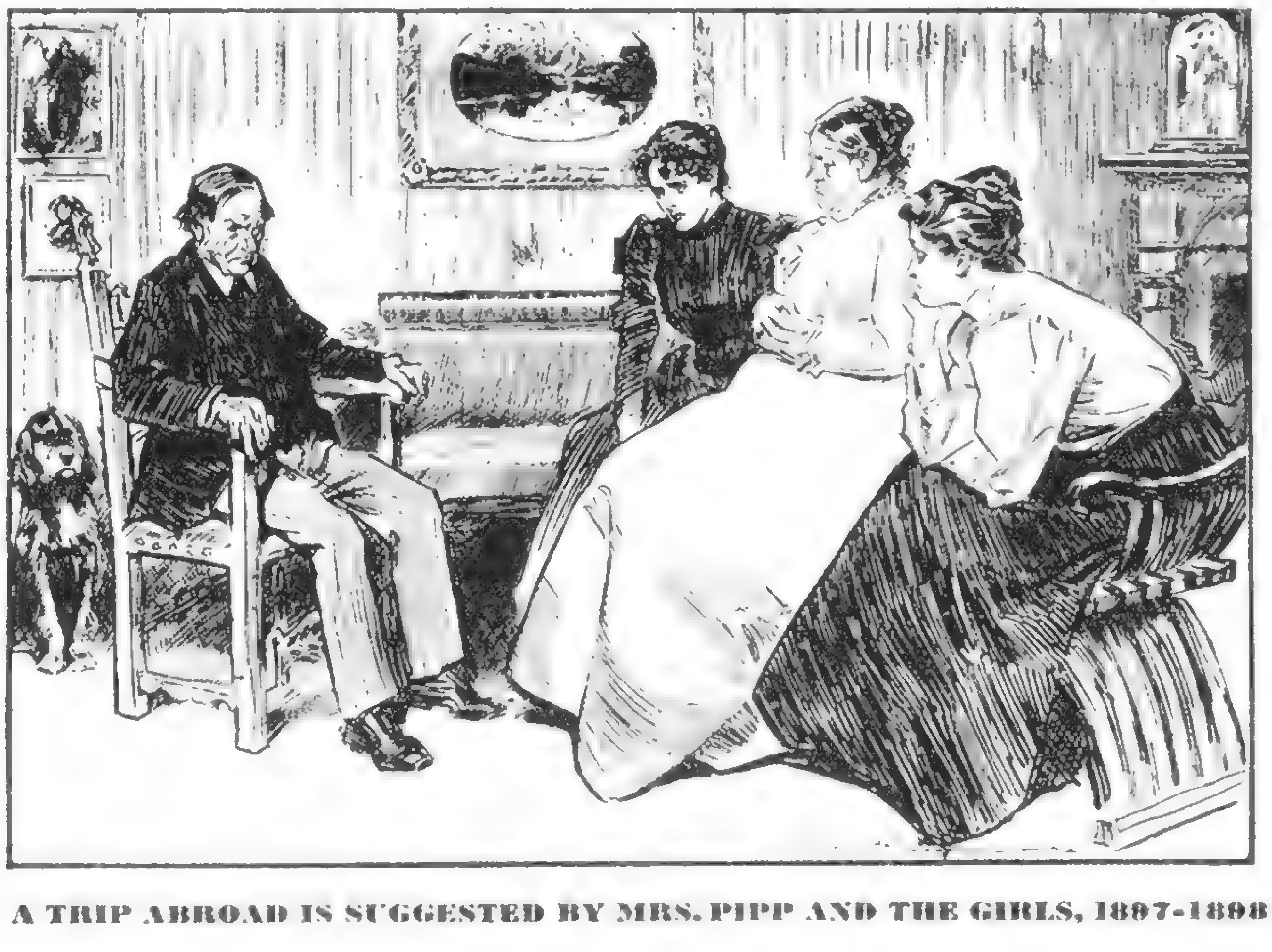


RÉJANE, 1893



CONVERSATION PIECE, 1911



A TRIP ABROAD IS SUGGESTED BY MRS. PIPP AND THE GIRLS, 1897-1898 fluent skirts." Even if the critical found her somewhat monotonous, there were worshippers who detected variations in her—the Beauty, the Flirt, the Athlete, the Sentimental and the Ambitious—which intensified her charms.

The Gibson Girl was born in two dimensions, in black and white, on the sketch sheets of an artist who possessed, among other qualities, that rare and profitable ability (for his time) of drawing not merely a young woman, but a lady. She was born at a time when the photo-engraving process was succeeding the wood engraving as a means for magazine illustration, but long before the color processes made possible the reproduction on magazine pages of seductive hussies in their natural (and more or less unclothed) hues. Gibson's American Girl was a close cousin to Du Maurier's young Englishwoman and was, like her, more lady than female.

But this creature born out of a pen dipped in an ink bottle validated Oscar Wilde's wisecrack about Nature imitating Art, for soon there were living Gibson Girls who were using the artist's drawings not only as fashion plates but as posture and deportment plates. "Gibson drawings . . . were accused of competing with Butterick fashions," Mr. Downey tells us, and quotes Julian Ralph, who wrote that from Gibson's drawings a generation of women learned to stand, sit, walk, shake hands, enter vehicles, dine and whatever else young women do in public.

For a generation Gibson served not only as artist and illustrator, but as the arbiter elegantarium of the better classes. He was more the social arbiter than even Ward McAllister. For example, he established modes for hair-dos simply by drawing women with the coiffures he preferred, moving from Psyche knots, to pompadour, to Bath buns and to side waves, and abolishing the bang by failing to indicate its existence on his women's foreheads. In a less explicit way he established the specifications for the Gibson Man, for the Gibson Man was the logical preference of the Gibson Girl. The Gibsonian morality was shiningly simple, summed up by Mr. Downey, thus: "Youth and beauty. Honor and decency and dignity. Love conquers all. Money isn't everything."

His generation rewarded and honored Charles Dana Gibson out of all proportion to his talents, but not to his industry. His drawings dated the period as did no other single man's product or achievement. The generation belonged not to a song writer, not to an actor, not to a novelist, not to a statesman, not to a clergyman, but to an illustrator. The generation was his, his was the vogue. He was the first illustrator to create a mass following, and his art was everywhere. Only the movies and the comic strip syndicates could have made his art more ubiquitous.

Artists now in their fifties who were students in Gibson's heyday have told me that they used to copy Gibson Girls because no other art was available. Gibson had to serve as a combination of Cézanne, Renoir, Manet, Degas, Toulouse-Lautrec and Van Gogh for the art students who had yet to learn of their existence. Until the rise of Gibson's star, even an artist who worked regularly illustrating for magazines could hope to earn no more than 5,000 dollars a year. Gibson was probably the only artist around whose drawings alone magazines built their appeal and success. Wood-engraving was dead, and photography was still in diapers when magazine editors clambered aboard the Gibson band-wagon. The success of *Life*, during its best years as a semi-humorous magazine, was directly traceable to the appeal of Gibson's drawings. When life moved away from the Gibsonian morality and draughtsmanship, then *Life* collapsed, until its recent reincarnation under a program and in a form which more truly interpreted its title.

Charles Dana Gibson was the beneficiary of an accident, not at first the architect or manager of his own vogue, or the explorer who charted his own course. As a susceptible young man, he drew young women as swans, seeing no geese among them. The women he saw in magazines were not so beautiful as he would like them to be, or as he thought they were. Photography was yet incapable of doing them justice. The line drawing reproduced through the emerging process of photo-engraving was the medium through which he could, and did, capture and glorify the fair sex. It was his good fortune that he was "typed" early and because he was well paid for his service, he remained faithful to the Gibson Girl, as well as for other reasons. In the artist's own words, things just happened; there was no intention to create a type. Who was Charles Dana Gibson to refuse 25,000 dollars a year from one magazine (*Collier's*) and 20,000 dollars from another (*Life*), not to mention royalties from books and other sources? After so many years it becomes harder not to meet a magazine deadline than to meet one.

This artist is not a complicated mechanism and his whole career may be summed up in the phrase that he gave the public what it wanted. I don't believe that he could see very far beyond the next drawing, or the next contract and was always content to leave to others the task of extracting social significances from the current scene, provided he was permitted to extract a safe percentage from the investment of his surplusages.

But the career of Gibson and his Girl, in the perspective of the years, does have a moral. Gibson was the artist who profited most from the dedication of American periodical literature to the ideal of Genteel Womanhood. He was Mrs. Grundy's most potent male ally, whether he knew it or not. He gave to the effeminization of American fiction form, if not substance. His Gibson Girl was the answer to the prayer of the trousered Nice Nellies who edited the quality magazines at the end of the last and the beginning of this century. The Gibson Girl was Nice Nellie-ism rampant. It was the false Gibsonian conception of womanhood that increased the difficulties of honest novelists like Theodore Dreiser. The Gibson Girl stands as the symbol of the dishonest romanticism and sentimentality against which some of the finest writers and critics—the late Thomas Beer, among others—raised their voices and their pens. The Gibson Girl and Nice Nellie, if not the same person, may stand together as equal symbols of that mental attitude in American periodical literature against which such magazines as this one were founded in reaction and revolt. Fortunately the Gibson Girl is dead and any effort to revive her by claiming that she is akin to the Glamor Girl of today is doomed, for the Glamor Girl has properties and qualities which the Gibson Girl, lady to the death, did her best to suppress and conceal.

The Gibson Girl is dead, but her creator has taken a new lease on life in his capacity as painter.

Charles Dana Gibson was seventy-five years old last September, which event the Cincinnati Art Museum celebrated with a retrospective exhibition of Gibson, the black and white draughtsman, and Gibson, the painter. The Museum exhibited forty-one drawings, the earliest dated 1888; the latest, 1929, and sixty paintings, the first of which

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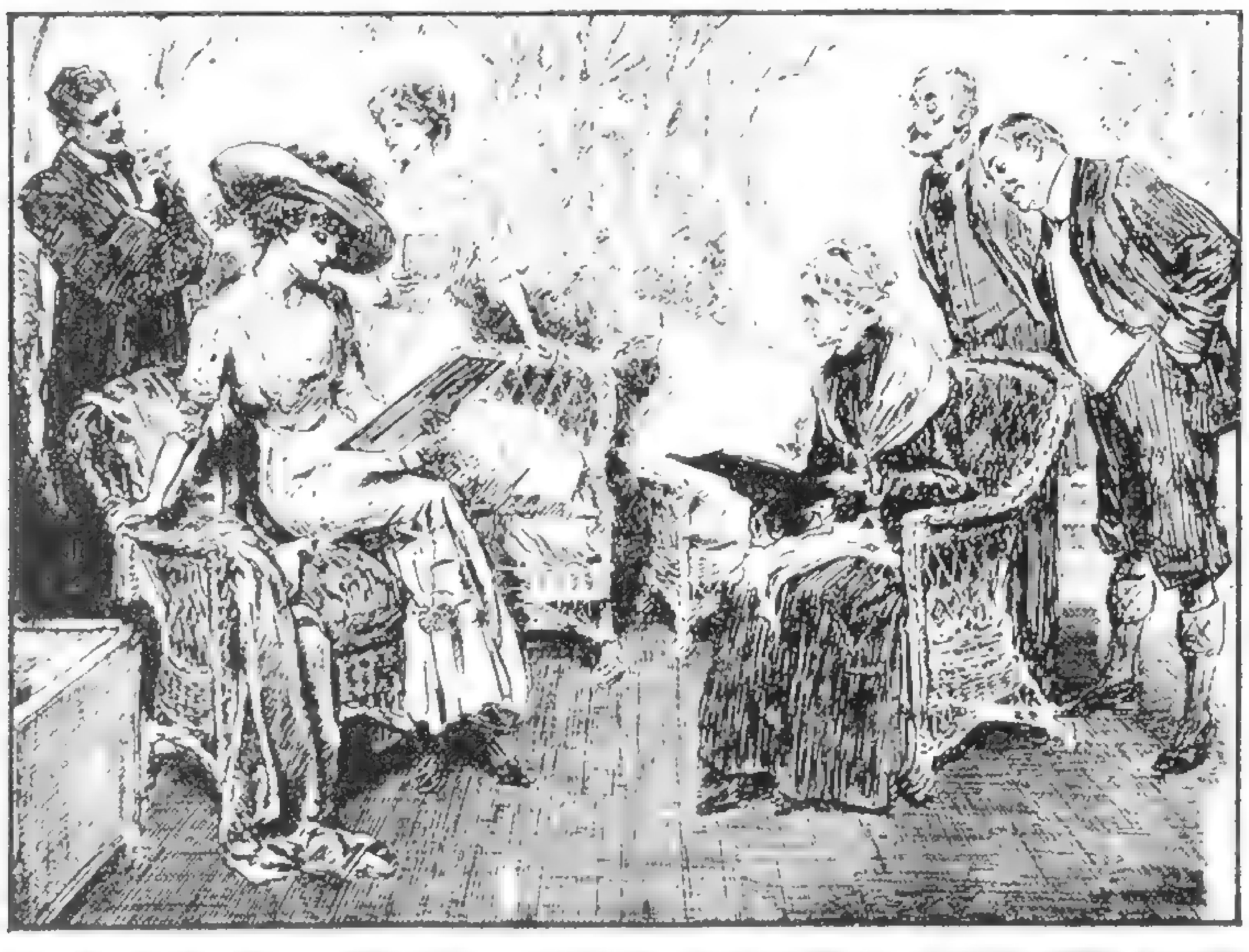
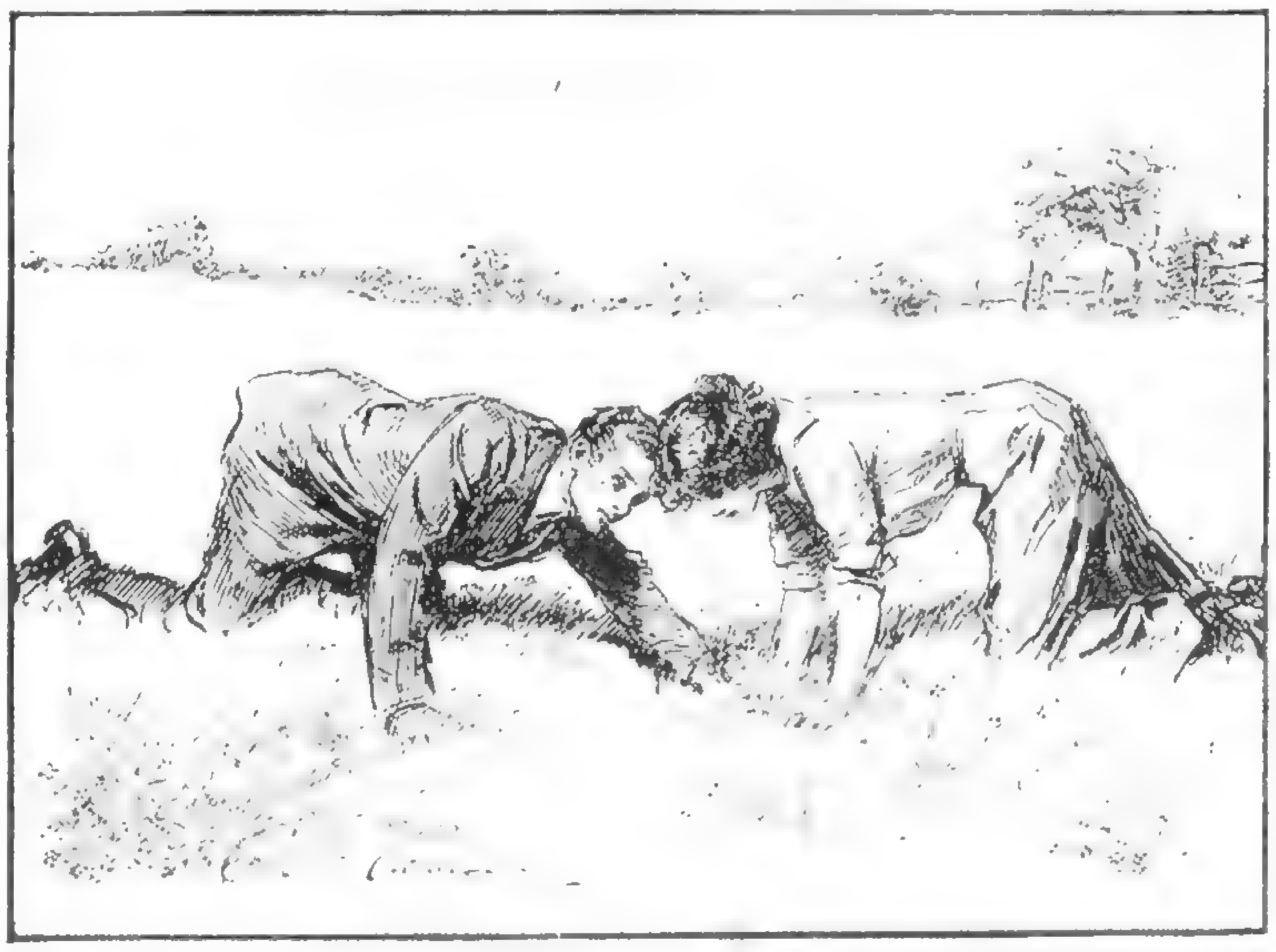


GENTLE CRITICISM, 1923



FOUR LEAF CLOVERS, 1910

The Gibson Girl for Me

In this harsh day of women in uniform her trailing skirts, her ivory-towered beauty have a quaint and special charm

by GILBERT SELDES

• THE LIVELY ARTS •

One thing you could have been sure about for a long time was the rediscovery of Remington, the painter of the Theodore Roosevelt West; it is a little more surprising that Charles Dana Gibson, whose work became a fad, almost in the proportions of the Shirley Temple doll, should also be celebrating not only a birthday, but a little renaissance. Remington comes back as part of a wave of Americana which runs along with the less familiar enthusiasm for our Allies; Gibson's work is not pure escape for those who look beyond the Gibson Girl, and recent reproductions have emphasized the satirical side, making us suddenly aware of the social questions of the early nineteen hundreds. What's more, Gibson makes it clear that social reform was not an invention of the New Deal, no matter what the New Deal or the Republican or Westbrook Pegler says. *Life* (the humorous magazine) was a bit of a crusader and some of Gibson's double-page spreads indicated that the magazine was worried about something more significant than ticket-scalping; and the succession of dumpy dowagers, fatted businessmen, and young girls marrying for money, were pointing straight to Edith Wharton, Sinclair Lewis, and maybe Upton Sinclair. The postwar cynicism of the lost generation was taking its time being born—before the war.

Remington worked in the more noble forms; his work was reproduced in magazines, but you felt they were conceived as oil paintings, not as spreads; he was an illustrator with his left hand, so to speak, while his major work somehow had a kind of grandeur; there was a moral size to him; and the fact that his pictures told romantic stories (which is held against painters just as much as story is held against composers) and that he was last in the line of Cooper and the glorifiers of the Redman—that hardly matters. He had a passion for the men and animals of the Western ranges; for the ranges and the scrub and the waterholes; for the fantastic movement and color of the desert. Georgia O'Keefe once said that the prairie was to her what the sea was to others: ever-moving, ever-changing; and so it must be to every painter. So it is if you have the luck to motor through it or go fast enough by train; then you can really see the prairie or the desert with the eye of God; if you walk through it, or drive slowly, of course you miss its beauty.

It is odd that people should ask the same, rather irrelevant question about Gibson and Remington: whether their work is "realistic." Was there an original Gibson Girl? Modern journalism answers Yes; but any original Gibson Girl couldn't have looked like Gibson's drawing, which was made for pyrography, not life. Were Remington's renderings of the West and the Western men true to the form and appearance of the scene? Did he enhance and prettify? A singular thing is that the question really conceals another: were the stories Remington told true stories? Anyone can truthfully draw a buffalo or an elk; the *Monarch of the Glen* may be the most careful presentation of antlers, hocks, sides, and shoulders, but the picture is pure and true romanticism because the thunder and the magnificence of the background are composed as an aureole, to give a man-made royalty, making a Scottish stag into a British King. And Remington's fidelity to nature doesn't matter as much as his attitude toward the herd of bison, the lonely cowboy, the vanishing redman. As to that, it is possible he was romantic (not realistic) in his time and that we will come back to his view after a long detour. This often happens. You can see it in other fields where an original picture is turned upsidedown by radical critics and then is replaced, giving us a sense of freshness and super- (but not sur-) realism. The other day I ran across an example in the most controversial of subjects: big business. You may remember the "captains of industry" stage where every big private was hailed as a hero; you cannot have forgotten the next, debunking stage which lumped great men like James J. Hill with connivers like Fisk and Gould, and which made the constructors of America into ganged-up thieves; and now I find quite respectable historians (which means, these days, historians with the liberal-radical tendencies derived from Charles Beard)—find them saying that the men of the nineteenth century were first of all producers, visionaries of the greatness of America—and money came after. In music, too, there was the time when Bach was "dry" and now there's the time when Bach is what he seemed first to be, God; and William Dean Howells may be returning to favor as a corrective to too much respect for business in the 1880's; and some day we may have illustrated books again (Wenzell and Steele and the superb Keller, who illustrated *The Right of Way*).

So the chances are that Remington and Gibson will both enjoy critical esteem—not identical of course—because we are, as a nation, eager to look back to easier times, to the period after our great and glorious first adventure into European war when we knocked hell out of the Spaniards (without knowing that they had knocked themselves

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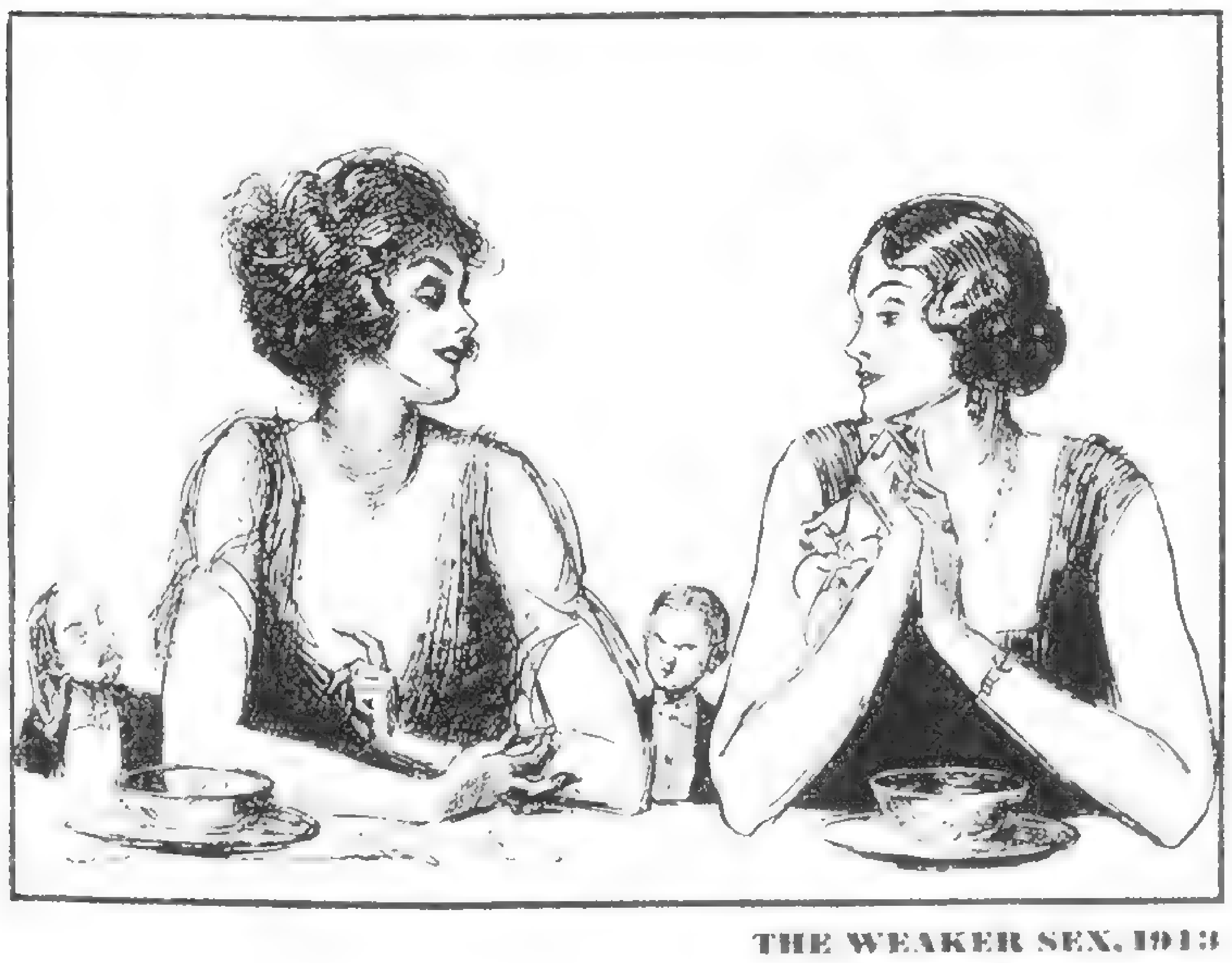
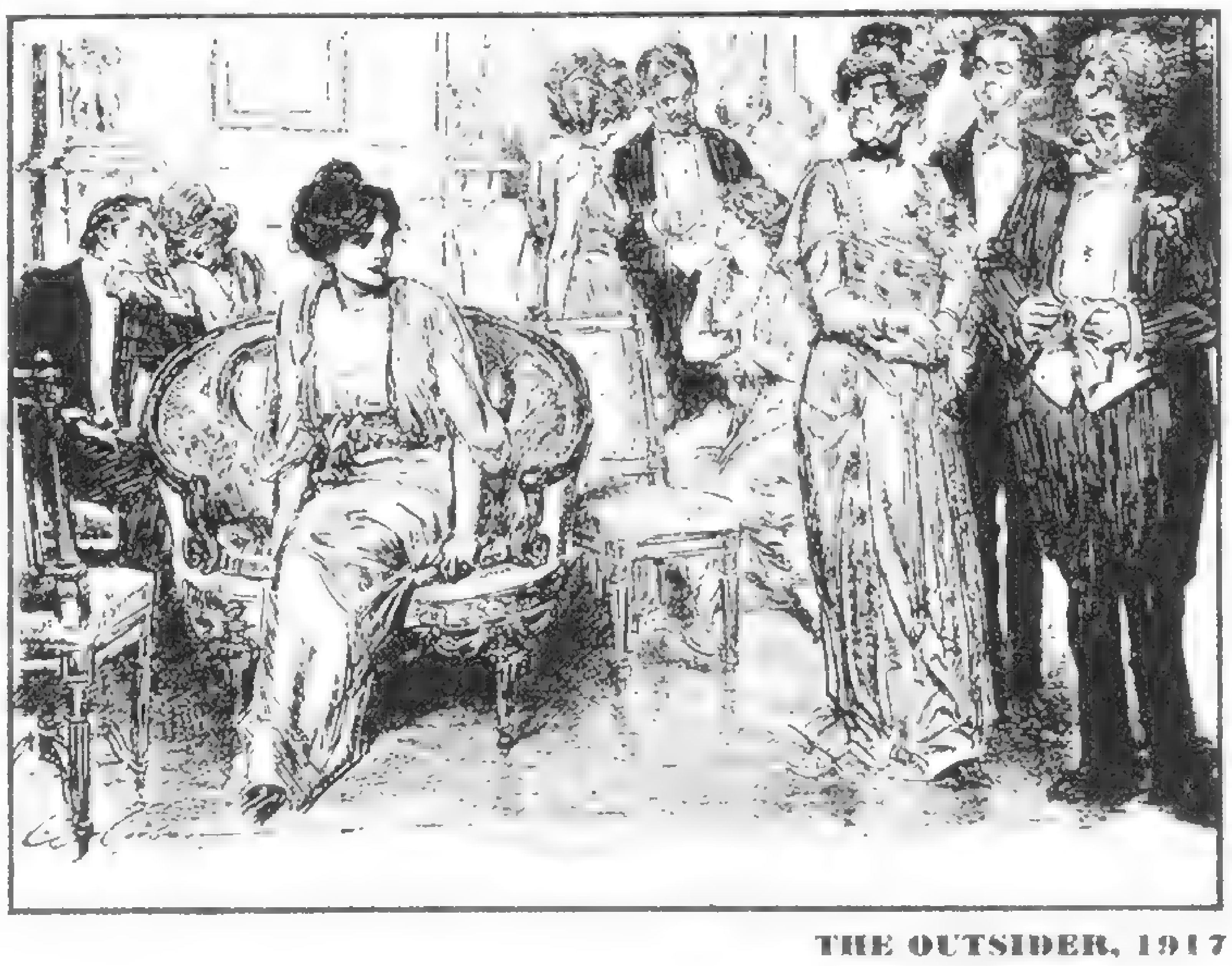


THE WEAKER SEX, 1913



THE OUTSIDER, 1917

The Limited Turn of the Worm

Before leaving to join up he planned to wipe out years of humiliation by a final chat with the personnel manager

by JOSEPH SILVERMAN

FICTION

He had planned this for a long time. As he ate breakfast in the hotel grille, he remembered that day, six years ago, when he had gone to the Powers Company looking for work. He still remembered Mr. Fulton, the personnel manager, Mr. Fulton of the chiselled features and the faultless haberdashery, who looked with contempt at a man showing the bad taste to be without a job. Somehow Mr. Fulton summed them all up, the gentry in the employment offices who probed and searched and explored, who found all your hidden weaknesses, your sore spots, and then said blandly they'd let you know.

Only Mr. Fulton still interfered with his sleep. After six years, he still woke up in panic occasionally because he'd dreamed he had to see Mr. Fulton about a job. The Navy wouldn't like that. It wouldn't help him to become an ensign if his sleep was bothered by Mr. Fulton. A man needed his sleep in the Navy.

That was what he had planned to do this last day before he began training. He would repeat the dismal pilgrimage of six years ago. Only now conditions were reversed. Now these places needed men badly. The Powers Company had taken almost half a column in the paper to advertise their need for trained machinists. He would demand impossible wages, ridiculous working conditions.

It was too bad, he reflected as he rode out on the bus, that he couldn't sock Mr. Fulton, Mr. Fulton who looked down his long thin nose and spoke with a Harvard accent. Did Mr. Fulton dream of him? If only he could make Mr. Fulton dream of him. The Navy wouldn't like it if he socked Mr. Fulton. The Commandant wouldn't understand if he said, "I socked this long nosed bastard to get him out of my dreams." They'd think he was impulsive, not good material for an officer. No restraint. He'd have to be subtle. Would Mr. Fulton understand subtlety? Would he understand anything except a poke in the jaw?

His teeth grated and he was surprised to realize that he had been grinding them. He'd have to relax to deal with a guy like Fulton, toy with him, cat and mouse game.

As he walked up the dingy steps to the door marked "Personnel," he realized he hadn't planned what he was going to say to Mr. Fulton. Maybe that was best. He'd improvise.

The girl, young, dark, neat, at the desk marked "Information" was new—that is, new in the past six years. He remembered the grim, iron-jawed woman who'd sat there, who had softened him before Mr. Fulton pulverized him. He realized he remembered everything else in this room, the peeling walls, a dirty brown halfway up, then a dingy cream to the ceiling, the wooden stand with ink well and rusty pens, the battered wooden desk. An old man, his face wrinkled in worried concentration, sat at the desk spasmodically scratching at a piece of paper.

He felt suddenly empty. What if Mr. Fulton were no longer there? "I'd like to see Mr. Fulton," he said.

The girl looked at him impersonally. "Was it about work here?"

Inspiration came, as he'd hoped it would. "Tell him that I can get him all the experienced machinists he needs."

She came to life and smiled warmly. "Just a moment, please. I think he'll see you right away." She slipped through a door marked "Manager," and was out a second later. "Please go right in."

No, Mr. Fulton hadn't changed. There he was, just as in his dreams, well tailored dark suit, brown hair shot with gray, the same lean contemptuous face, the same thin long nose. A break in that nose, now, which left a hump, would be a decided improvement. The same furniture, too, mahogany desk with a black onyx fountain pen set, the gray rug, blinds on the dusty windows.

He didn't experience the panic or lethargy he had feared. He felt marvelously alert, master of himself. This was going to be good.

Mr. Fulton smiled, a bleak smile that did not include his eyes. "I'm sorry, but the girl didn't get your name."

"Jarvis."

"Mr. Jarvis. She's inexperienced, but with help the way it is, we have to take what we can get." He ran his fingers through his hair. "I don't find my job very pleasant, these days."

Of course not. He had to give work to some of the poor devils he saw.

"Sit down, won't you. She said something about your supplying us with machinists."

He became brisk, businesslike. "How many do you need?"

"We can use six die cutters, eight lathe workers, and at least a dozen others for various jobs."

"Swamped with orders, are you?"

"A dozen of our best men have left in the past month. Right now, we're two weeks behind delivery."

He pretended to think, while he watched Mr. Fulton's fingers drumming on the desk. "I can get 'em for you."

Petulant lines creased Mr. Fulton's forehead. "You'll excuse my asking—I've tried all over the country, practically, and haven't been able to dig up a single man. Lots of kids from school, but we want men with ten to twelve years' experience."

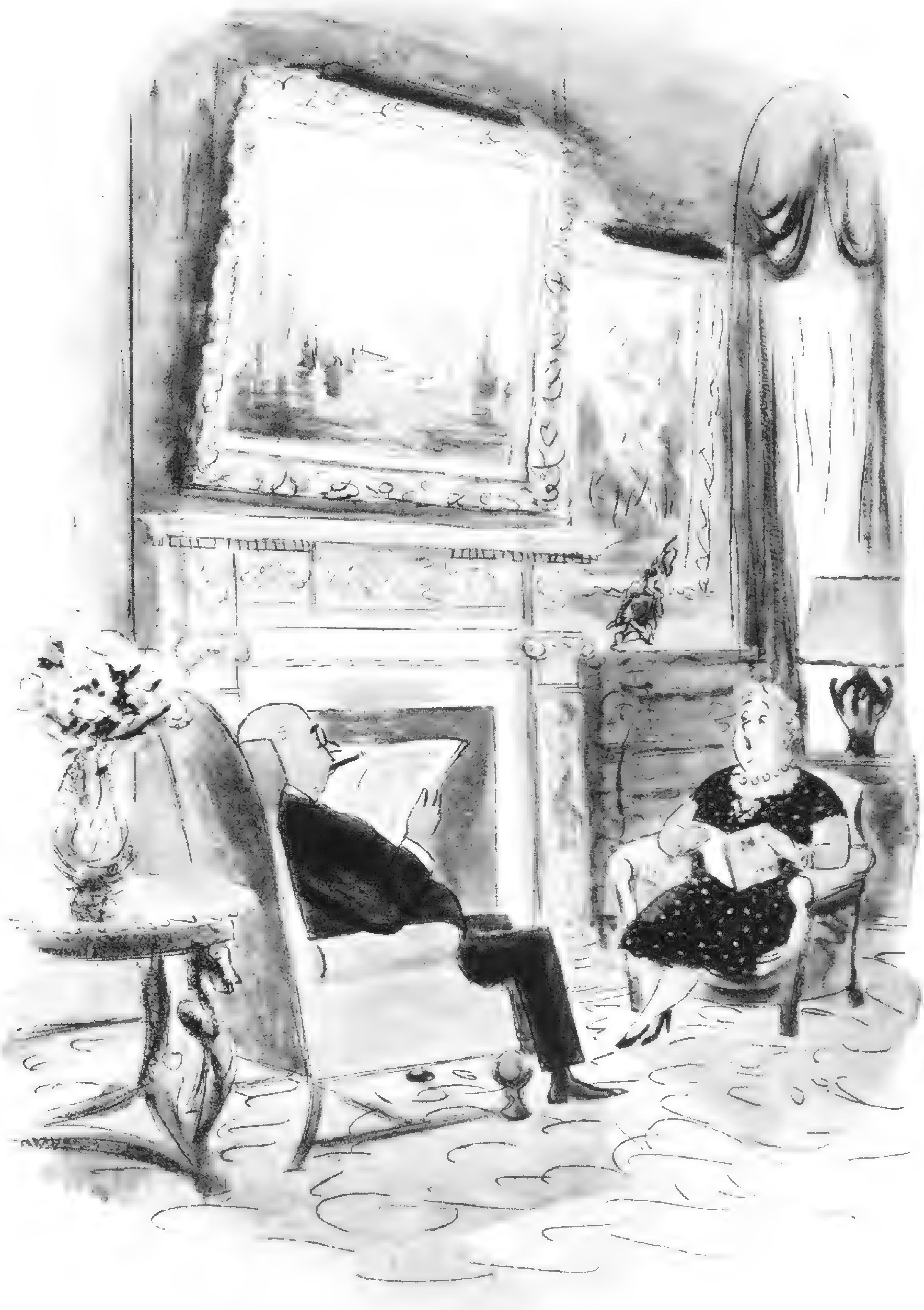
"That's the kind I've got."

A gleam appeared in Mr. Fulton's eyes. "That's what I don't understand—where did you get them? Every plant around here is frantic—we're all in the same boat."

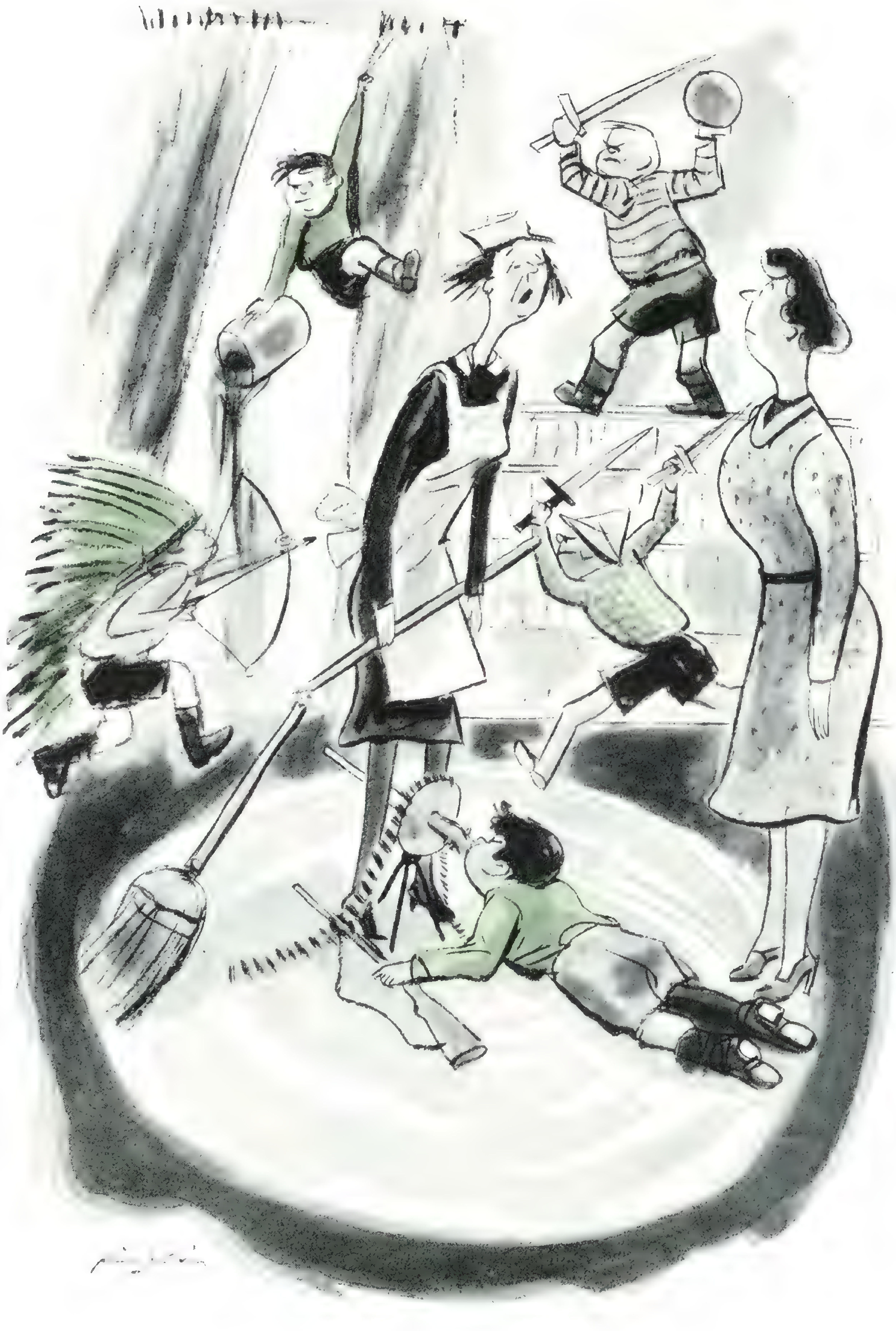
"I operate by my own methods. My office

Continued on page 143

"Look! He wants to play!"



"Do you suppose Junior's been drafted? I haven't seen him around for months"



"I've decided to take a job in the munitions factory, ma'am, where it won't be so dangerous"

He's Rupp and Ready

Happy to be the most hated basketball coach in Dixie, "The Baron" publicizes Kentucky's team with help of hecklers

by JIMMY JONES

SPORTS

As Adolph Frederick Rupp, the man in the brown suit, and Rear Admiral John Downes of Great Lakes were riding in a taxicab to the Kentucky-Great Lakes basketball game at Louisville last winter, "The Baron," as he is known to his friends, remarked: "My boys are just a lot of pore li'l mountain boys, Admiral, and I just hope your boys won't treat 'em too rough, or they might get rough, too."

That illustrates as well as any incident I know of him, Rupp's knack of making a combat out of basketball, and of grating up a profitable feud with his adversaries. Since coming out of Kansas twelve years ago he has won a large and enthusiastic following of enemies who call him "The Human Loud Speaker." During this time, his mountain boys have piled up 195 victories against 49 losses while meeting the best competition available from all over the country. They have won six Southeastern conference titles in the last ten years, and were the first team from the South to play in Madison Square Garden. Three times they have represented the South in the North-South Sugar Bowl game, and last March they trimmed Illinois' Big Ten champions in the Eastern NCAA play-offs at New Orleans.

On finishing his career as guard on the University of Kansas team, which was undefeated in 1923, Rupp told his coach, Dr. "Phog" Allen, that he planned to follow coaching as a career. "The Midwest is full of good coaches, Adolph," Dr. Allen told him. "Why don't you go down South? There's some real missionary work to be done down there. If you talk basketball day and night and win your share of games you'll make a name for yourself."

The Baron has made good on all three counts. He has talked basketball incessantly; he has won his full share of victories; and he has made a name for himself. Most of Rupp's crowd-building strategy is based on the idea of getting people to talk basketball. When The Baron, an imposing and dignified figure, enters the gym there is always a chorus of boos from his renowned "heckling society." People with a grating, rasping disposition always attract much attention to themselves, command response in crowds; and regardless of whether this is Rupp's natural characteristic or whether he puts it on as a profitable stage presence, he always has to "take it" on the cage floor. But he is willing to take the barbs since it stimulates enthusiasm for his game. To the basketball fans of the South, Rupp is a sort of active human volcano going around spouting irritating verbiage, and naturally they simply have to leave their firesides on cold winter nights to go out and boo him.

In the past, the teams simply came and filled their engagements with each other; the papers dutifully carried an advance story and perhaps a one-column cut. The coaches exchanged perfunctory greetings and that was about all. But the man in the brown suit changed all that. Now when The Baron brings his boys to town, there is no mistaking that something prodigious is in the offing. The papers for weeks have been writing about him, and the fans and village urchins have been thinking up choice invectives to hurl.

The Baron's technique for creating these situations is simple enough. His medium is the newspapers. Rupp has one standing rule about newspapermen: "The office door is always open." His theory is this: "Some coaches blame the failures of their teams on the sports writers. This is entirely unfair. A sports writer is simply after news. If one boy stands out in the game it's natural that he should get the headlines. The winner of a horse race makes the news, not the others."

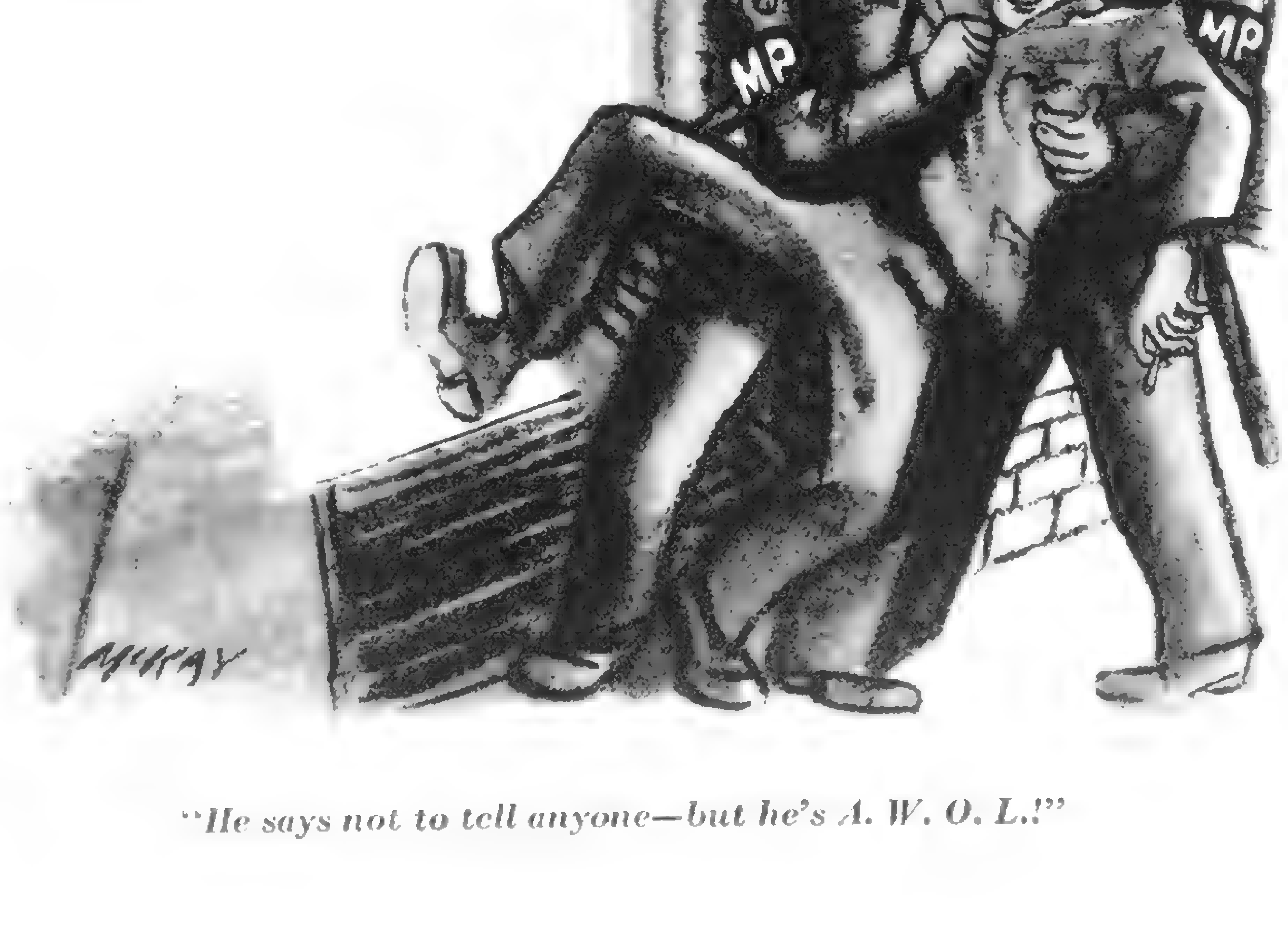
Such a man, of course, is good copy. Somehow he always manages to turn every game played by his Wildcats into a vendetta that smacks of a mountain feud. He engineers a special kind of feud for each team. Naturally he likes to go for Indiana, the seedbed of basketball. "Tomorrow," he will say, "the Philistines cross the River Jordan (the Ohio) and pass into the Holy Land." Indiana is the "Holy Land" of basketball to The Baron because of the State's proud basketball boasts, and he likes to irritate the Hoosiers.

He has a promising little mountain feud coming along with West Virginia because he made the claim that the Mountaineers dimmed the lights at his end of the court when his boys were shooting that way the year before last. "And when they got the ball and started up the floor, the lights came on as bright as a saloon on Saturday night!"

Rupp also professes to hate Roy Mundorff of Georgia Tech, whose team rarely beats his, but there is invariably a big crowd when the Engineers come to Lexington or the Cats go to Atlanta. Mundorff is a small, waspish, highly technical chap who has been a big shot on the national basketball rules committee for years. He and Rupp always have it hot and heavy over the officials, and this is always just about the last item of business disposed of before the teams take the floor for a hitch. The only time Rupp failed to get a pre-game squabble out of Mundorff was the time the Wildcats went to dedicate Tech's new gym a few years back and The Baron got himself locked up in one of those new-fangled automatic johnnies! He didn't get out to the floor until the game was nearly half over!

Students and newspapermen are reminded of a mastiff and a terrier when the burly Rupp and the midget Mundorff get going, but Mundorff isn't the only stooge for one of Rupp's profitable rows. Last year the Ken-

Continued on page 136



"He says not to tell anyone—but he's A. W. O. L.!"

Geo-Gods and Little Fishes

Debunking that phony science of the Nazis called Geopolitik and offering a solution for permanent world peace

by MARK ASHLEY

▪ ARTICLE ▪

It is not easy to understand Nazi war strategy without knowing something about *Geopolitik;* and Geopolitik is an inseparable from Major General Professor Doktor Karl Haushofer, father of G-P and mother of Hitler. *Mein Kampf* was based, in a large measure, on the pseudo-erudition of the Major General Professor Doktor; and the attack on Russia was a direct attempt to gain control of what Haushofer calls the "Heartland."

More recently, however, Geopolitik, in modified form, has entered our own thinking. We talk of a "global" war. We think of a front stretching from the Solomon Islands around the world to the Solomon Islands; and we are beginning to think of a post-war world in the same terms.

As a result, geographic phrases have crept into our lexicon, and geographic theories have arisen to pile a perplexing Pelion on a chaotic Ossa.

The latest contribution to this school of cantrap is a proposal by Professor George T. Renner, of Teachers College, Columbia University, outlining new boundaries for old peoples, and holding that whether we win or lose the peace will depend on the kind of map we are prepared to draw at the coming Versailles.

But the full significance of such geomancy is not to be had until Haushofer is scrutinized, his predecessors unearthed, and all geopontiffs taken at their map value.

Suppose we start with Haushofer. This erudite Nazi, who once served as artillery instructor to the Japanese army, is an almost legendary figure in present-day German life. The right hand of Hitler, the teacher of Hess, and a man speaking Chinese, Japanese, Korean, English, French, and Russian, he adapted the earlier pseudo-science of the geographers Ratzel and Kjéllen to the time-worn Teutonic dream of world conquest.

The chief principle of Haushofer's thinking is that the state must be regarded as a living organism—like a man or, more aptly, like a colony of termites. As such, the state has a biological existence. It breathes, lives, grows—and dies. Further, it acts in response to clearly discernible "biological" laws which can be isolated, studied, and used in power politics.

The law of *Lebensraum,* originally defined by Herr Doktor Friedrich Ratzel, one-time professor of geography at the University of Munich, is the first of such items. *Lebensraum* holds that the development of a state is limited by the borders of the space it occupies, and that as a state expands in culture, its borders must be stretched to provide "living room." Actually, this was nothing more than sugar-coating for a statement previously made by the historian, von Treitschke: "War is the only remedy for ailing nations."

Haushofer calls this primary axiom of Ratzel's "the state biological rule of life put in classic form." In other words, East is East, West is West . . . and big fish eat little fish and poor fish.

In typical German fashion, Herr Ratzel had to develop a "system." He took this one phrase, repeated it seven times in different wording, and produced, presto, "Ratzel's Seven Laws of Expansionism." The upshot of his lucubrations was the argument that nature itself requires big states to swallow up smaller, and that such meals automatically and retroactively increase the big states' appetite. Or as one popcorn manufacturer put it so succinctly, "The more you eat, the more you want."

It is clear that the good Herr Doktor cut his cloth to fit Mr. Bismarck's suit. This is even more apparent when you read in a commentary of Ratzel's that "There is on this small planet sufficient room for only one great state." It is hardly to be wondered at that Herr Ratzel is Herr Adolf Hitler's favorite geographer.

The mantle of Ratzel was taken up by Rudolf Kjéllen, professor of history and government at Upsala and later at Göteborg University in Sweden. Kjéllen gave Geopolitik a definition, calling it "the science which conceives the state as a geographic organism or as a phenomenon in space."

"Vitally strong states," he argued, "possessing only limited space owe it to themselves to enlarge their states by colonization, amalgamation, or conquest . . . as clearly a case, not of the lust for conquest, but of

Continued in center of page 138

THE ANTHEM OF THE CHETNIKS

"Spremte se, spremte"—"Get ready." The password of the Chetnik-guerrillas went round in Serbia in the summer of 1914. The patriots took down their rifles. Bands of guerrillas were organized. Although they were no part of the regular army and had a task all their own—to go into action behind the enemy lines—Chetniks and regular army collaborated according to a fixed plan. When Vojvoda Vuk Popovich, one of the Chetnik leaders, was discussing the plan of campaign with a general of the regular armed forces of Serbia, he brought up the question of food supplies.

"How shall we scratch up the food for the Chetniks?" Popovich asked.

The general thought for a moment; then he said grimly: "Eat wolves!"

And that's what happened. The Chetniks ate wolves, they lived on grass, roots and berries. But Popovich's fighters successfully resisted the Austrian soldiers in the snowy mountains of Bosnia during the Winter of 1914-15, and in 1917 the Chetniks started an uprising in Central Serbia, threw the Germans, Austrians, Bulgarians back, cleared entire districts of Serbia of the enemy and even conquered an edge of Bulgaria. Thus they continued the tradition of the Balkan War, for it was the Chetniks who had won one of the most important battles of this war, at Vuksan in 1913.

They have become part of the history of the southern Slavs, flesh and blood of a nation and even part of its colorful folklore—with their Serbian national costumes, brown coats, brown embroidered breeches, leather sandals and black caps from which grins the badge of the Chetniks—the skull and crossbones.

These fighters for freedom were a formidable power as far back as the seventeenth century. They did not yet call themselves Chetniks at that time. They were the *Hajduks,* local bands who struggled against the Turkish tyrant. But their democratic feelings were genuine and deeply rooted, above all in the *zadruga,* the peasant cooperative which established the common use of tools and seeds. The Hajduks were the militia of this rural democracy. At the beginning of the nineteenth century it was they who backed the Serb peasant Kara George who gathered the local Hajduks into "Cetas" or companies. Kara George ("Black George", so called after his martial black moustache), a direct ancestor of the present Yugoslav King, led the Chetniks from one victory to anot until the Turks were obliged to recognize as the ruler of a considerable part of Cent and Northern Serbia.

The Chetniks remained the minute men Serbia, the horror of the tyrants, the pride the free man. They used to spend the Win with their families—the bare woods did offer sufficient protection against their fo But in Spring around St. George's Day, wh the young leaves roofed in the forest once aga the Chetniks returned into the wilderness of forests and mountains and continued the stru gle against the enemies of their liberty.

Yovan Babunski was one of their lead during the Balkan War, a tough warrior w caught people's fancy and caused legend aft legend to spring up. He is the central figure a song that has become the anthem of Chetniks. Who is its composer, who wrote lyrics? Nobody knows. The song climaxes d matically in the traditional password of Serb guerrillas "Spremte se, spremte, Cetnic The Serbian Boy Scouts sang it before the fi World War, and today it sounds over Yug slavia's clandestine radio stations and in mountains of the country where the Chetni play the greatest role in their long, glorio history. Today they are not part of their pe ple. They are a whole fighting nation.

In their song the place of Yovan Babuns is now taken by another—legendary and y overwhelmingly real—figure. It is the you Yugoslav officer who long before the outbre of the war between Yugoslavia and Hitl Germany wanted to start a paper to bring abo closer ties between the army and the peop A short-sighted government in Belgrade, ai ing at Hitler's appeasement, rebuked him. T officer then worked out a strategical plan cording to which the Yugoslav army, in case war with Hitler, should immediately withdr into the interior of the country and engage Nazis in guerrilla warfare. This bold suggesti even led to a disciplinary move of the reactio ary government against the officer. The go ernment, in the course of events, was swe away by the people.

Today the young officer is the leader of Chetniks, the leader of Yugoslavia's contin military resistance against the Axis.

His name is Drazha Mihailovich.

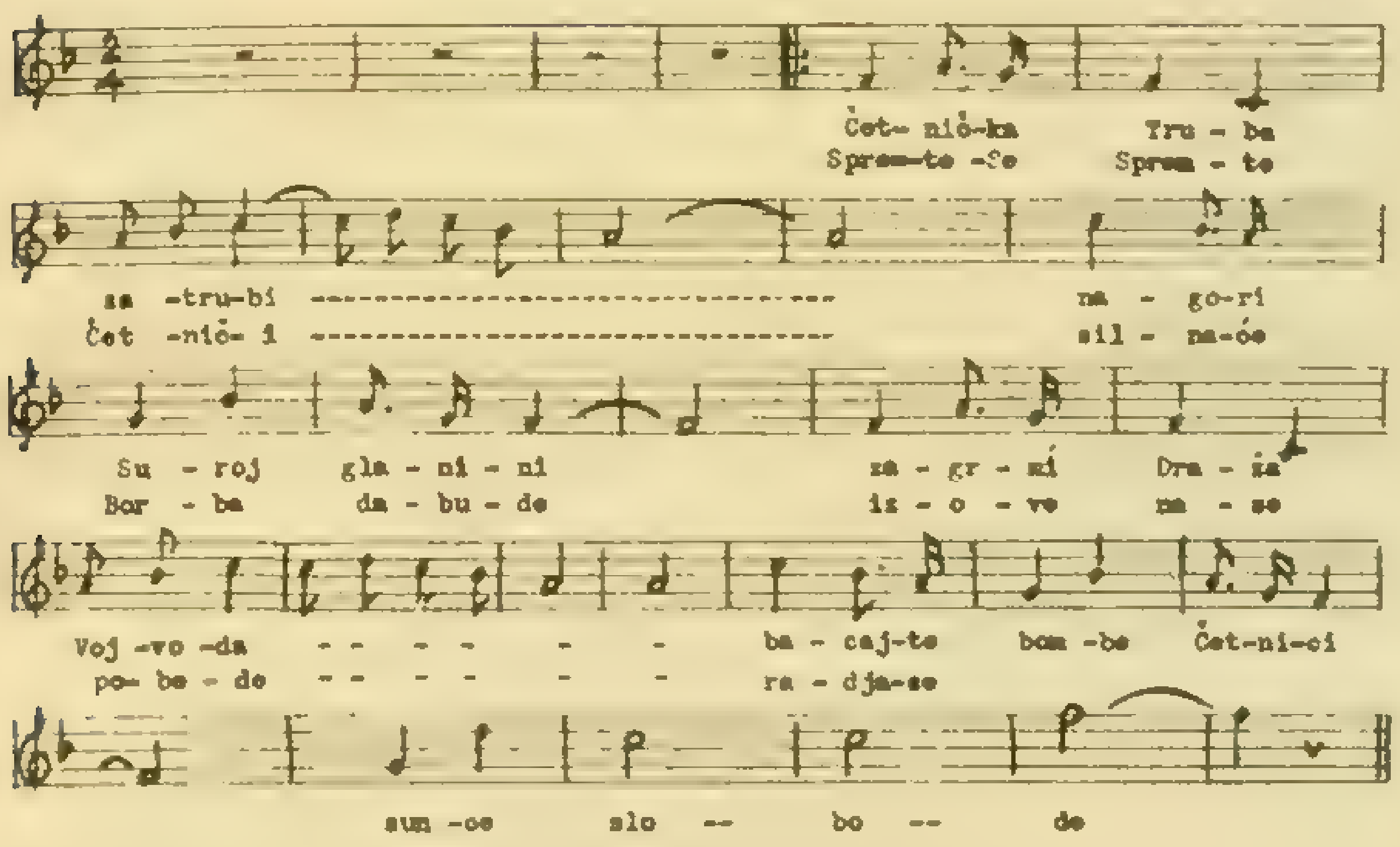
—Will Schab

SPREMTE SE, SPREMTE CETNICI

CHETNIK'S FIGHTING SONG

Music & Lyrics
Arranged by
RASHA & MIRKO

Tempo di Marcha Moderato


Čet- nič-ka Tru - ba
Sprem-te -Se Sprem - te
za -tru-bi na - go-ri
Čet -nič- i sil - na-će
Su - roj gla - ni - ni za - gr - mi Dra - ža
Bor - ba da - bu - de iz - o - ve na - se
Voj -vo -da ba - caj-te bom -be Čet-ni-ci
po- be - de ra - dja-se
sun -ce slo -- bo -- de

Sa Suri nasih planina zbrišimo trage germana

Četnička truba trubaće nemacki logor goraće

KEYNOTE ALBUM RECORDING K 113

CHETNIK SONG

Chetnik bugles resound
All over mountains powerful.
Get ready, ready, Chetniks all!
Terrific struggle is ahead.

*Now thunders Drazha Vojvoda**
Throw your bombs ye Chetniks all!
Out of this our victory
The sun of freedom will be born.

*Drazha Mihailovich

A. Leydenfro

Inventory for a Blitz

Now that we're tardily hep to the need of blasting Hitlerism off the face of the earth, the only question is "when"

by ROBERT W. MARKS

▪ ARTICLE ▪

Bombs are falling on Munich, while these lines are being written. They are not ordinary bombs. They are what the Nazis call *Englische Blockbombe*. They are "block-busters." They weigh four tons each. If one hits Hitler's Brown House, it will also wipe out the whole Koenigsplatz and disinter the bones and ashes of the Nazi Party's elite martyrs.

This is Round No. 2 of a war in new dimensions. It is the introduction to a new kind of knockout uppercut—an uppercut from above. It is aimed not at the enemy's chin, but at his heart.

By now we are all agreed that the most strategic way to cripple the Reich is to bury it in its own rubble. The question in the skittle is no longer "if," nor even "how"—but "when." For bombing blitzes are not matters of bravery, belligerency, or wishful thinking, but mathematics. We have to calculate the extent of the areas to be blasted, the tonnage of explosives required, and the necessary precautions of active and reserve stocks of four-engine, two-engine, and fighter planes available, and the diagrams of team placements for the coming scrimmage.

We have learned, among other things, that at least two planes must be kept in reserve for every plane that is sent into action. We know the striking power of the air force on hand in England, and the supplementary strength which is now available in the United States. We know the technique for knocking out an industrial center—a technique which holds that a saturation bombing on one night is four times as effective as half-saturation bombings on two different occasions. We know the relative accuracy of our bombardiers and the number of tons of explosives required per target acre.

Now with the aid of a competent adding machine, we can sum up some significant figures. We can, in a word, draw up the precise inventory for a blitz.

The data that follow, it should be remembered, have been limited to meet the needs of military censorship and expediency. All figures, consequently, have to be taken with a certain grain of salt. The approximations, however, are these:

Our principal continental targets are Germany's chief industrial cities and their suburbs. These cities, several dozen in number, represent radii from London varying in length from four hundred to nine hundred miles. The closest are those of the Rhineland, particularly Essen, Duisburg, and Cologne. The six-hundred mile radius runs through Berlin and Munich.

There are only two American bombers whose range warrants a round-trip flight from London to Berlin. These are the Flying Fortress, which carries a bomb load of three tons, and the Consolidated B-24, whose capacity is approximately the same. A hush-hush super Fortress is in the offing. Our chief long-range bombers of the medium bomber class are the two-engine Martin B-26, North American B-25, and the Douglas Boston.

The main British long-range bombers are the Stirlings, Lancasters, Halifaxes, Wellingtons, Avro Manchesters, Blenheims, Hampdens and Whitleys. The outstanding differences between our first-line, large bombers and the British are in function and load-carrying capacity.

Our Flying Fortress, as is well known by now, is designed for accurate bombing, in daylight, at heights beyond the range of anti-aircraft fire, and above the ceiling of all but top-flight pursuit planes.

The British Stirlings and Lancasters carry approximately three times the bomb loads of our ships but fly at low altitudes, and operate best at night on the so-called saturation raids. The problem here is to dump as much explosive as possible on a concentrated area, rather than on a pin-point target.

It is held in England that the new Lancaster is the finest plane in the world for night bombing at short range. It is said to be faster than the Halifax, the Stirling, or our Flying Fortress. And it carries the most destructive load of all the bombers now in operation—two 8,000-pound "block-busters," or their equivalent in smaller eggs.

On the other hand, our Flying Fortresses have distinguished themselves in daylight work. Their accuracy at altitudes above 22,000 feet has been something to confound the purblind; and their toughness and defensive fire power—an unmentionable number of .50 caliber machine guns—have made many German attack squadrons of Messerschmitts and Focke-Wulf 190's sheer off without daring to press home a possible attack. No reports relative to the use over the continent of our Consolidated B-24's are yet on hand; but it is probable that when they come in, they will stack up favorably against the Boeings.

It has been rumored that we are prepared, at this time, to put 1,500 big bombers into immediate operation. The British have approximately the same setup. This gives us a potential joint-attack force of 3,000 long-range bombers, or enough to keep 1,000 in the air every night, with a 2:1 reserve ratio.

Breaking down the figures for combined loads, we get a ledger of promising blitz data: A thousand mixed heavy and medium bombers could carry a guesstimated total load of 10,000,000 pounds per night. This figure is obviously rough, as the planes involved will vary in capacity from 2½ to 9 tons; and the precise number on hand of each is something that Herr Goering would very much like

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The B-25, Enemy Number 1 to Jap and German Forces, Strikes Again

Dubbed the Mitchell Bomber in honor of the late Brig. Gen. Billy Mitchell, the B-25 has fittingly honored his name by its world-wide, brilliant pioneering record in the war of the air. First to attack the Japs in the Philippines, and the first U. S. Army plane to sink a U-boat in the Atlantic, it was also first to carry the war to Tokyo in the dramatic flight commanded by Jimmy Doolittle. It outranks all other bombers of its class and won from Lt. Gen. Henry H. Arnold the statement that it can "go farther, faster, and carry more bombs than the best ships of our enemy." Some of its technical details, which the Axis would be pantingly pleased to learn, cannot, of course, be divulged. But it is safe to say that this long-range bomber, built by North American, has two air-cooled engines and a five-seat capacity, is constructed of metal throughout, and consists of five sections. Its wing flaps are operated by hydraulics. And now, to quote a few of its glowing press reports: "B-25 bombers attacked enemy shipping and shore installations in the New Guinea area and also attacked a small enemy convoy of destroyers and transports" . . . "B-25's participated in a shattering attack, unprecedented in MacArthur's territory on Rabaul in the New Britain island. They left the docks, barracks, defense installations and supply depots in ruin." . . . "From June to the end of September, B-25's carried out thirteen missions against Axis concentrations in North Africa." . . . "During an armed reconnaissance flight, B-25's attacked Japanese supply bases in the Wairopi village area on the Buna side of Kokoda and bombed enemy installations at Lae." . . . They "engaged in the tireless aerial offensive against enemy bases in the northeastern zone, where the Japanese were concentrating against the Marines and Army in the Solomons, attacked enemy positions, at Salamaua on the North New Guinea coast" . . . Then this colorful one. "A flight of B-25's led by an airplane dubbed 'Minnie the Moocher,' carried out a series of day and night attacks on Axis forces in the Egyptian desert." With such operations behind it in Egypt, New Guinea, China and Burma the Mitchell Bomber remains a constant threat to enemy convoys and bases. "We did it before and we can do it again," might well be the theme of the Mitchell Bomber.

3 Estraics = 1 Aut (Mex.)

Our beloved baseball has fused a warm bond between this country and shouting *fanaticos* of Central and South America

by MARTIN TORRENCE

• ARTICLE •

I've been looking into the *beisbol* situation among the Good Neighbors. I've been looking into it so long and so hard that when you mention a recent big historical date, all it means to me is a game of ball anywhere between the Rio Grande and the Amazon.

For instance, the day the British and French took notice that the Germans had started the war by invading Poland, I was watching Tlaquepaque beat the *pantalones* off the Guadalajara team. The day the Vichy quitters signed the armistice with Hitler, I was umpiring a very passionate game at Porlamar on the god-forsaken island of Margarita, which belongs to Venezuela. When you say "Pearl Harbor" to me the picture I get is the ball park in Managua, and me catching the warm-up pitches of the *grifo* team's star *zurdo*, or southpaw, using a mitt given by Mayor LaGuardia to Nicaragua's ball-playing President, Anastasio Somoza.

They play a good, loud game of ball in Latin America. Our national pastime is worth a whole team load of Waldo Franks in terms of good will. For example, I was interviewing President Somoza on the state of the nation, sounding him out on the war, the Nazi fifth column, and the price of gold ore, but it wasn't until we happened to touch on Nicaragua's national pastime that Nicaragua's genial dictator warmed up. He's a great *fanatico*.

As I rose to go—the dignified American Minister was showing signs of boredom—the President said: "Go see Beeg Boy of the *Estrella de Nicaragua*. He knows more about the game here than anybody."

But the next day when I mounted the stairs of the *Nicaragua Star* to Big Boy's office on the second floor, it was to find that sports scribe stretched out on a black leather sofa, totally unconscious. The floor was strewn with empty bottles. Big Boy did not know the score. Big Boy was blotto, as dead to the world as General Sandino, the bandit hero who had brought the U. S. Marines, and with them baseball, to this Central American republic.

Naturally the first reaction to the Affair Big Boy was that in Nicaragua as in Hollywood movies, newspapermen are inclined to hit the stuff. But this was unjust. Two days later, at the big annual brawl the national press put on at the Managua Club, I found out that Big Boy's toot was a gesture of pure principle. His sports world had up and K.O.'d him. First, with the girls' basketball championship series (promoted by the reporters' association) facing the country, the conservative Bishop of Granada had forbidden the Sultana team, finalists, to play because shorts were immodest. Then, while Big Boy and every other sports enthusiast was running around in circles trying to get this fixed, the Mayor of Massaya discovered that in the school court where the girls' team practiced, naughty boys had written naughty words on the walls. The Mayor said the girls couldn't practice there any more. As there wasn't another basketball court within miles, that washed out the second-best team, and with it, the series.

This was the point at which Big Boy sent little Chucho, the copy kid, down to the *cantina* for a few bottles, shut himself up in his office, and courted oblivion.

The surprising thing was to find either baseball or basketball being played in a Central American republic famous for its revolutions. We Gringos have our fixed ideas about our Latin cousins, and I'm as slow to learn as anyone.

Two years before, I was in the jungle country between Acapulco and Puerto Angel, in Mexico, where there are no roads, only burro trails. Crossing the dry bed of a stream I stumbled upon the bleached skull of a cow—just like in the desert pictures. As I was about to do a Hamlet-Yorick soliloquy, my guide pointed out an unbelievably exotic object a few yards away. I moved over to it to check my eyes. It was the dented and rusted remains of a catcher's mask!

The *Yanqui* has sowed the Latin American countries, even to the remotest districts, with his favorite games. There is now more sandlot baseball played in Mexico, per capita, than in the U. S., in spite of the high price of equipment and the low living standard. Mexico has, in fact, what is probably the most baseball-mad town in the world—but of Tlaquepaque later. Mexico also plays football. Tennis is everywhere. Several of the governments hire American athletic experts to run the sports show and work out a national program. President Ubico of Guatemala has caused posters to be set up all over his country telling the Indians that sports are the pastime of a virile people. The most widely played game is basketball, probably because it is less difficult to learn and because equipment is not expensive. The odd thing is that *basquet* has taken hold of women even more than men. The girls play it by men's rules before crowds. Newspapers go the limit in publicity, gossip, prognostications, and rehash. The gals play a fine shrieking game, and when it is over the losers break down and cry and the winners comfort them.

The growing sports-mindedness of the Latins, Indians, ladinos, and mestizos is not merely a curio. Games are emancipating a primitive, backward people from their villages, tribes, and swaddling clothes.

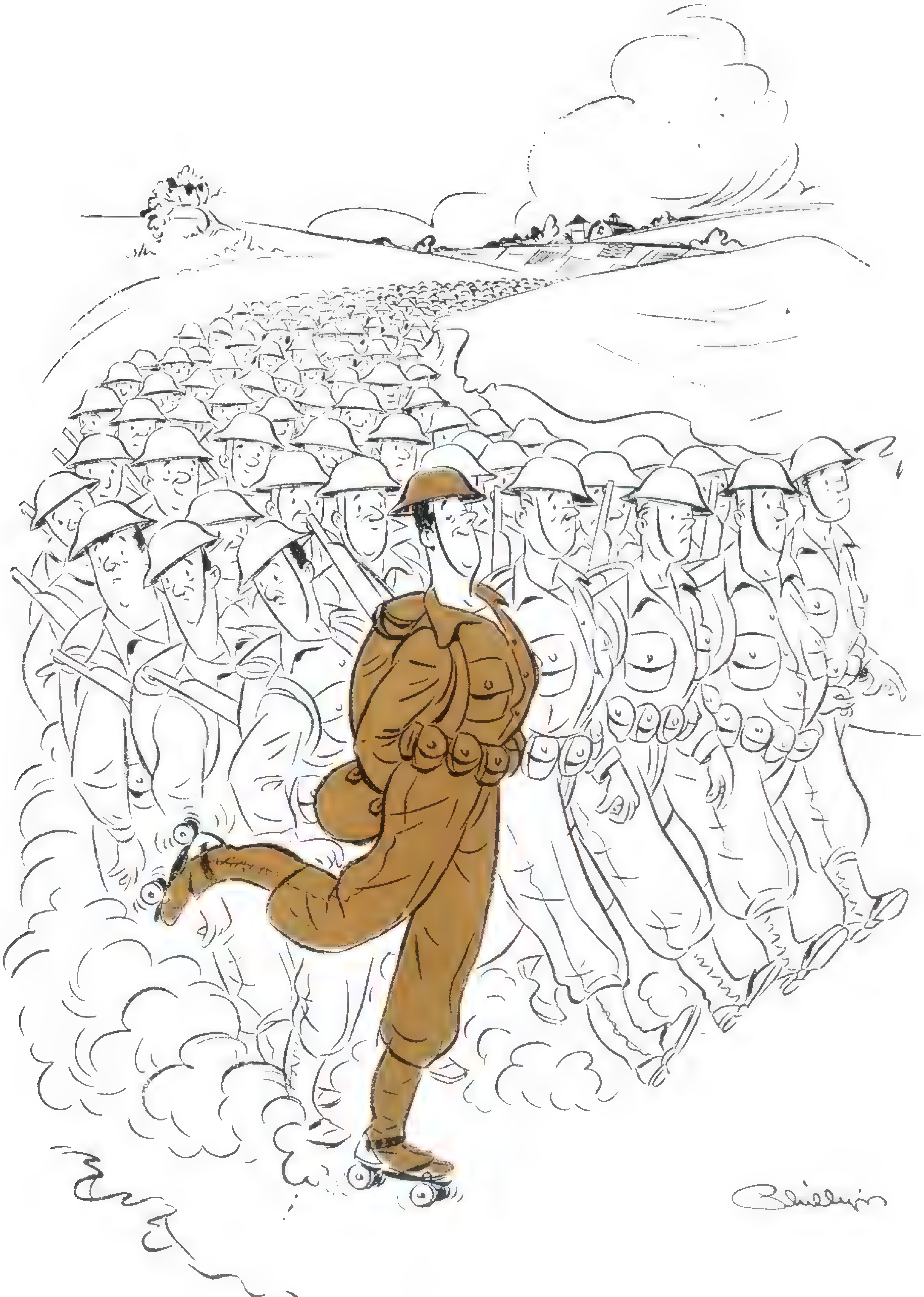
As for *beisbol*, the game has caught on chiefly in Cuba, Panama, Nicaragua, and Mexico—all countries, you notice, which have had the closest tie-up with Uncle Sam.

Cuba was discovered in 1492, liberated in

Continued on page 96

PRIVATE
J. J EVANS
SHOE SHINE
HENRY BOLTINOFF

"I'm Mr. Evans' secretary—what is it you wish to see him about?"


Phillips

A Stall for Uncle Jeff

Nobody could build a better fence nor talk harder about the evil effects of moonshine than Jeff when he was sober

by JESSE STUART

▪ FICTION ▪

"SHAN, I want you to go after Brother Jeff," Mom said. "You'll find him over in Thompson's barn."

"How can I ever get 'im over that mountain, Mom?"

"You'll haf to haul 'im on a sled," she said, wringing her hands. "Get Finn to help you."

"All right," I said.

When I started to harness the mules, Pa walked inside the barn; Finn walked behind him.

"What're you a-goin to do with the mules?" Pa asked.

"Uncle Jeff is over in Thompson's barn," I said. "Mom told me to go after 'im."

"Is she sendin you across the mountain with my mules to get that old sot?" Pa asked, his face getting red as a turkey's snout.

"That's her orders," I said.

"It'll be an awful trip on my mules," Pa said.

"It won't be a feather bed for Uncle Jeff," said Finn.

"That will serve Jeff right," Pa said. "He ain't been to my house but three times in his life. I've been married to his sister thirty-three years. Twice we've had to haul 'im here; once we had to tote 'im. I'd rather have a copperhead in my house as to have your Uncle Jeff."

"But Mom is worried about 'im," I said.

"She's worried about 'im," Pa said, "but he don't think much of her. If he did, he'd come to see her while he's sober."

Finn harnessed Dick; I harnessed Dinah. Pa stood watching us as we hooked the trace-chains to the single trees and fastened the well-worn checklines to the bridle bits. We were ready to bring Uncle Jeff home.

"You'd better take a rope with you," Pa suggested.

"Why?" Finn asked.

"You'll haf to tie Jeff on the sled to keep 'im from rollin like a log."

"Okay," Finn said, laughing. "We can tie Uncle Jeff so he can't roll off."

Finn brought two rope plowlines from the corncrib. I slapped the mules with the checklines. We were off over the mountain to get Uncle Jeff.

"God Almighty, a-bringin that old sot here," Pa grumbled as we drove away.

When we climbed the mountain with the empty sled, we had to let the mules stop to rest. It was so steep that it was all our big mules could do to pull the empty sled up the mountain across the saw-briar clusters, gullies and big rocks. When we reached the ridge-road, it was better for the road was wider. And when we started down the mountain to Thompson's barn, Finn had to tie a rope to the last round in the sled and pull back to keep the sled from running upon the mules' heels. When we reached Thompson's barn, our mules had gobs of foamy lather dripping from their bellies.

"It's hell on mules to pull a empty sled over that mountain," Finn said.

"But what about goin back?" I asked.

"How much does Uncle Jeff weigh?" Finn asked.

"Two hundred and seventy pounds!"

"Goddamit, how'll we get 'im on the sled?"

"Just put skids upon the sled and roll 'im on, like you would a barrel of salt!"

Dick and Dinah were glad to get their wind while we went into the barn after Uncle Jeff. There was a crowd standing around Uncle Jeff's stall looking him over.

"I'm glad ye've come to git 'im, boys," Effie Thompson said. "I can't keep people from comin to this barn to see 'im. It's been full of people ever since he's been here."

"How long's he been here?" Finn asked.

"He's been in that stall a week tomorrow," she said. "I didn't know who he was. Just come here and put up with the cattle. He took one of my cow's stall and I've had to let her stay outside the barn. Soon as I found out he was yer Ma's brother I sent her word."

"God, what a man," Finn said.

"Oh, he's a mountain of a man," Effie Thompson said as she stood there looking at Uncle Jeff.

Uncle Jeff was laying down on a bed of cornstalks; his eyes were closed; his mouth was open, showing two rows of gold front teeth. His hair was gray where it showed beneath his cap. Uncle Jeff had one empty gallon jug beside him. Near his mouth was another gallon jug half full. He had a hollow weed from his mouth to the jug's neck. He'd been sucking moonshine from the jug through a hollow weed since he was too drunk to lift the jug to his mouth. His overall pants were mud-caked and his overall jumper was ragged at the sleeves and messed with cow manure.

"Can you help us get 'im on the sled?" I asked.

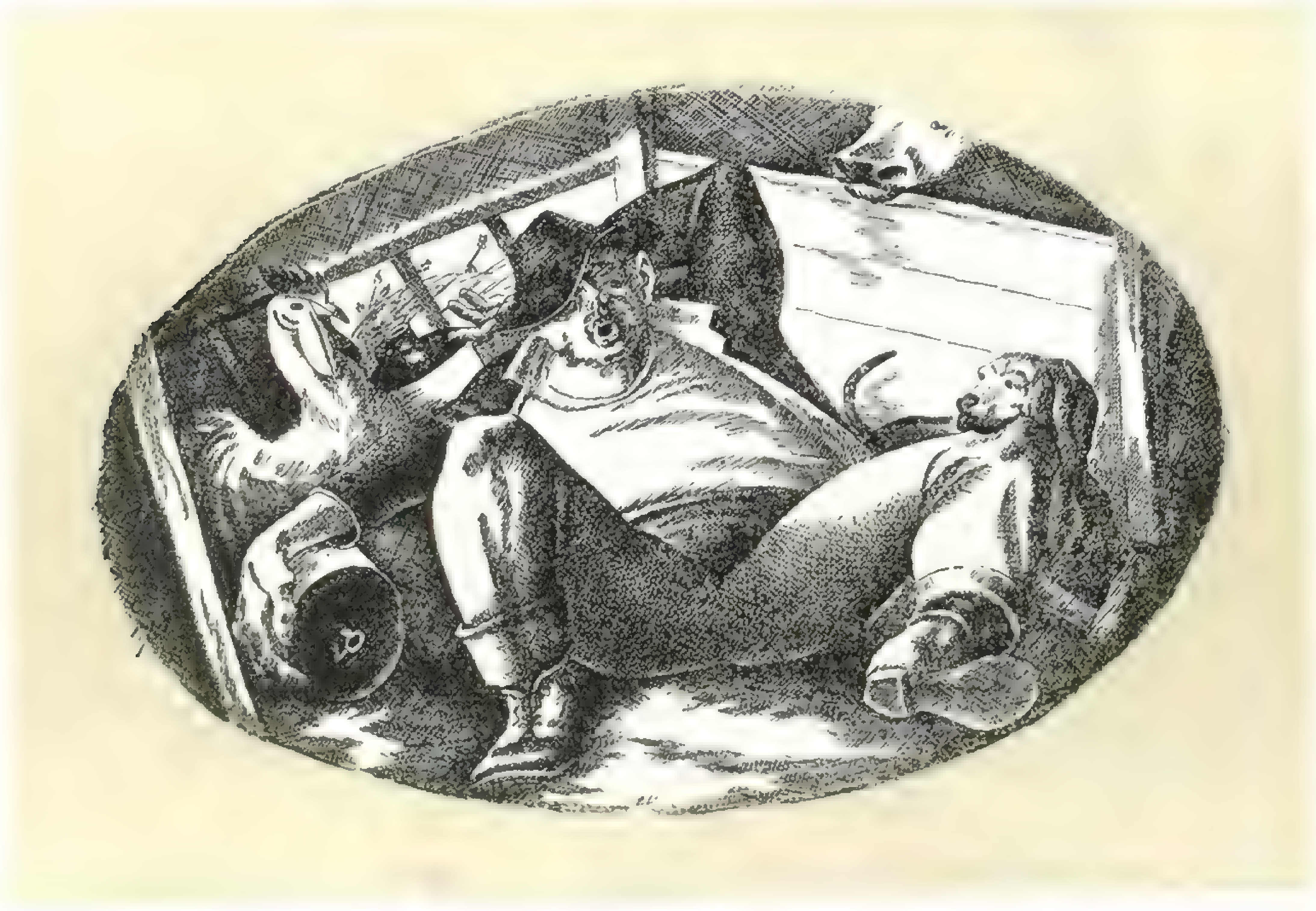
"We certainly can," Effie Thompson said. "I'd be glad to get 'im outen my barn so I can git my cow back to 'er stall."

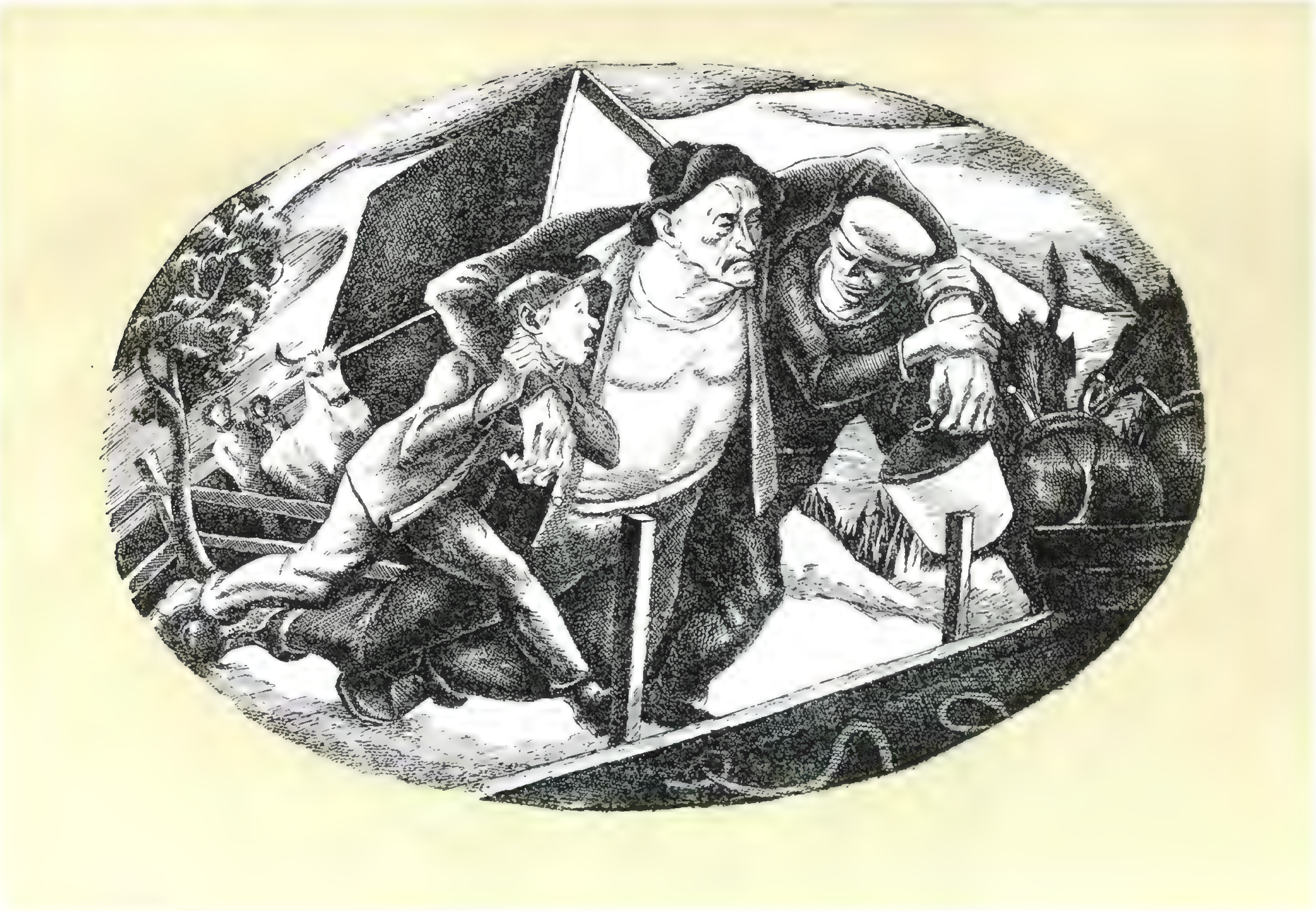
Finn got Uncle Jeff by one arm, I got him by the other. Effie Thompson got him by one leg. Two boys got his other leg—and several small boys lifted along his body. One held his head up for his neck was limber. We carried him through the stall door, out at the barn door—everybody grunting under the strain of the lift; finally we got him onto the sled.

"He'll weigh over two hundred and seventy," Finn said, getting his breath hard and wiping sweat from his red face with a blue bandanna. "He'll weigh over three hundred pounds."

"He's a fine lookin big man," Effie Thompson said. "Hit's sicha shame he drinks!"

Finn tied the half-filled whiskey jug to a sled standard while I wove a spider web of ropes around Uncle Jeff with the plowlines. I tied them to the sled rounds and standards; I fastened him until he couldn't roll—he couldn't move even if we turned the sled over. Uncle Jeff didn't know what was happening to him. He just moaned. Finn took hold of the lines; we started up the mountain.





DRAWINGS BY ERIC LUNDGREN

"Do you reckon it'll hurt Uncle Jeff when the sled stands on its front end and Uncle Jeff's heels are in the air?" I asked Finn.

"Hell no," Finn said. "He's drunk and he don't know anything about it."

Sometimes the sled went over on its side; sometimes it stood on one end and then on the other. Twice it turned over; but the ropes held Uncle Jeff. There was a new moon in the autumn sky that made us enough light to drive by.

When we finally reached home, Mom and Pa were waiting. I think the jolting on the sled had sobered Uncle Jeff a little for soon as we untied the ropes, Ma and Pa helped Uncle Jeff in the house while Finn and I took the mules to the barn. When we came back to the house, Mom was giving Uncle Jeff hot coffee.

"Bad trip from Lennix County," Uncle Jeff said over and over, waving his big hand.

"It must 've been," Pa said. "You ought to 've come sober."

"It's a hell of a ride to rope a man to a sled and haul 'im over a mountain," Uncle Jeff moaned, gesturing with his hands.

"It serves you right," Pa said.

"You don't talk like that atter you've been drunk, Mick," Mom reminded Pa.

"When I get drunk I stay at home," Pa said.

"But Jeff don't have a home," Mom said.

"Whose fault is it but his own?" Pa asked Mom.

Mom didn't say another word. She carried chicken broth to Uncle Jeff that she had made soon as we'd gone over the mountain to get him.

"We're stuck with a copperhead in the house," Pa grumbled as he left to go to bed.

"Your Pa will see Jeff's a worker," Mom said to Finn and me, soon as Pa had gone to bed. "He's jist got one bad fault; it ain't wimmen nor pistol totin. Moonshine's got a hold on 'im."

When Finn blew out wisps of burley tobacco smoke from his pipe, Uncle Jeff fought the clouds of smoke away from his nostrils with his big hand.

"You're a-makin Jeff sick, Finn," Mom said.

"You mean to tell me that terbacker smoke makes 'im sick atter the way he can drink that rot-gut moonshine with gnats and flies in it?" Finn asked Mom.

"That's right," Mom said.

Finn emptied his pipe and went upstairs to bed while I watched Mom feed Uncle Jeff hot chicken broth with a big spoon. Uncle Jeff nodded his head like a sick chicken gulping the broth Mom fed him. I went to bed while she was still feeding him.

When Pa got up at five next morning, Uncle Jeff was up with him. I heard them talking while Mom rattled the pots and pans in the kitchen. Then Pa called Finn and me to get up and wash for breakfast. When we went downstairs, Uncle Jeff was sitting before the fire with Pa, talking about cattle, farm and crops. He didn't look like a man that had ever been drunk. If his face had been shaven, he'd have been taken for a small-town business man.

Uncle Jeff ate a hearty breakfast of a dozen hot biscuits, a half-dozen fried eggs—besides the ham, hot gravy, jelly, butter—and he drank five cups of black coffee. When Finn and I left the table to feed and milk, Uncle Jeff was leaning over the table explaining the harmful effects of alcohol on a man's body. He was explaining to Pa what it did to different parts of a man's body. He talked to Pa as if he were a member of the W. C. T. U.—and from the way he talked, he was warning Pa never to take another drink.

That day when we went to build a fence, Uncle Jeff showed Pa how to do it. "Never put the butt-end of a post in the ground," he told Pa. "It won't shed the water like the tip-end will. That's why your fence posts have been rottin off at the top of the ground." He showed us new ways to brace the fence to keep the wire from getting slack.

"I'll tell you Jeff is a fence builder," I heard Pa tell Mom. "He beats any man I ever saw workin. He can do as much work as three men. I can't hep it if he is sixty years old."

That winter when we cut wood, Uncle Jeff could bury a double-bitted ax to the eye every lick he struck. He could cut as much wood as Finn, Pa and I put together. Then Uncle Jeff shod the mules; that was something none of us could do. Uncle Jeff was a good mule driver too. Pa liked the way he handled our mean mules. They didn't run away with Uncle Jeff. They seemed to like Uncle Jeff. He could go into their stalls the darkest night and they wouldn't kick at him. My dog left me and took up with Uncle Jeff.

"I'll tell you there's no wonder Jeff goes to a barn when he gets drunk," Pa said. "He's got a way with 'im that livestock, mules, horses and dogs like."

Uncle Jeff was glad to get a place to spend the winter. He didn't ask Pa for any money

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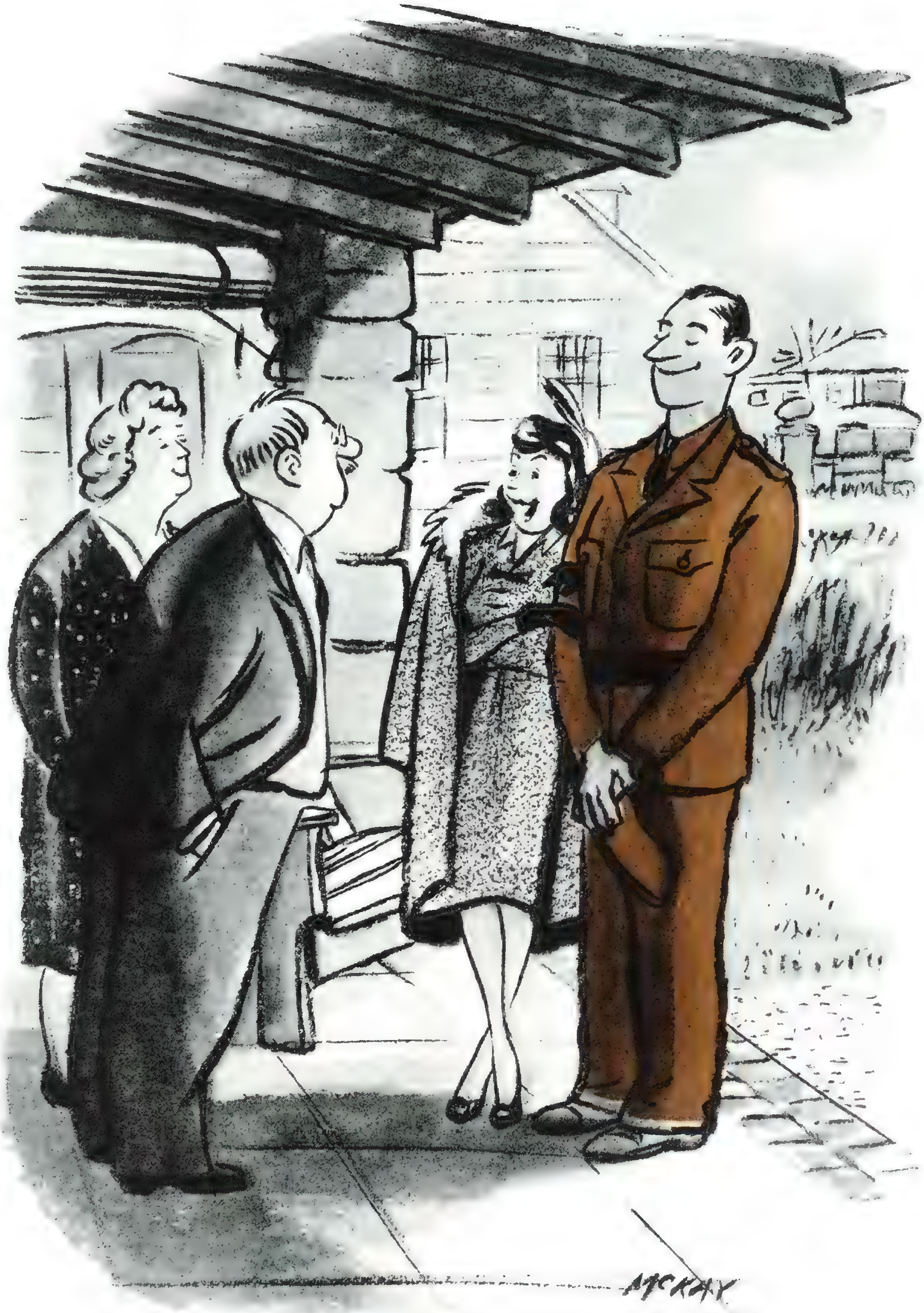

"Isn't it wonderful—he's a private already!"

Afternoon with a T.N.T. Man

Such precautions as metal chutes, gas masks, drowners, powder uniforms and surprise inspections keep him healthy

by FREDERICK C. PAINTON

ARTICLE

"THERE it is," the Army Intelligence officer said proudly. "One of the biggest T.N.T. plants in the world." He stepped to the window and pointed at what had been, only a few months ago, Illinois farmland.

"They're making the high explosive Jimmy Doolittle dropped on Tokyo, the stuff our bombers will be loosing over Berlin one of these days. You're the first writer to get inside and see how we do it."

It would be easier to break into a bank vault than get inside an Army munitions plant without a proper pass.

There are hundreds of guards, with .45 automatics slapping at their thighs as they walk. They patrol the roads on motorcycles and in two-way radio prowl cars. They peer out of overlapping watch towers along the steel fence enclosing the reservation; and they are armed with high-powered rifles and binoculars by day and with powerful searchlights by night. They stand at fixed posts throughout the plant, and compare every worker's face with his photograph, which is always worn in plain sight.

"We haven't had a case of sabotage yet—and we don't intend to have any," the Intelligence officer told me. "Nothing must stop this plant for even ten seconds from producing T.N.T. twenty-four hours a day, seven days a week."

There were no big buildings; only hundreds of small gray houses, oddly spaced, and stretching as far as the eye could see. It was difficult to believe that within view was sufficient high explosive to flatten in one blast a city the size of New York. I had a sudden desire to walk on tiptoe and talk in whispers.

This T.N.T. plant is operated by private management under U. S. Army Ordnance supervision, and the manager has been making T.N.T. since he was graduated from college.

"You'd better understand some of the technical side of making T.N.T.," the manager said, "before you go into the production area. Then you can appreciate what you're seeing."

He explained that in 1841 a French chemist named Deville put toluene—a coal-tar derivative—into a bath of nitric acid. The toluene accepted some of the acid and became what is known as mononitrotoluene. By 1863 a German, Wilbrand, had learned to give toluene a nitric acid bath three times instead of once, and made the first symmetrical T.N.T., which initials are short for trinitrotoluene. By 1891 the Germans had learned how to get T.N.T. into production. They adopted T.N.T. as a military explosive in 1904 and the United States began using it in 1910.

"I've got an old-timer," concluded the manager, "a man who made T.N.T. in the first World War, to escort you along a production line. He'll show you what we've learned since 1914."

T.N.T. Man S-8053 was a tanned, powerful fellow of 50-odd, with a twinkle in his deep-set gray eyes. He asked me if I was carrying matches or anything of steel.

"If you are," he said, "leave it here or the guards will catch it in 'the shakedown.'" He emptied his own pockets as he spoke. "If we're caught with matches, we get fined two weeks' pay."

At the perimeter of the production area four green-garbed guards pounced on our automobile and searched it from front to rear bumper. S-8053 and I stepped down, turned our pockets inside out and submitted to expert patting from neck to ankles.

"Better get a powder uniform for this man," the guard grinned. "He wouldn't want that nice gray suit burned with acid. Put a cap on him, too, or he'll have less hair than he's got now—and that ain't much."

Now, riding among these oddly-spaced gray houses, I learned why they were built so far apart. Rules laid down by the Ordnance Department space each house according to the amount of explosives it contains. If there should be an explosion, the blast does not detonate the explosives in other houses, and only the one unit is destroyed. The houses in this recently built plant are twice as far apart as the Army regulations prescribe.

Noxious-looking orange smoke came from houses in the acid area where the ingredients of T.N.T. are prepared and stored in tanks to be carried later by a maze of overhead piping to the nitrating houses.

At a supervisor's office I donned a powder uniform. First was spotless white coveralls and then powder shoes made without steel nails that might strike a spark. Canvas gloves protected my hands and a white cap fitted snugly over my head. My eyes were guarded by spectacles of shatter-proof glass. Finally, an ointment was rubbed thoroughly over exposed portions of my face.

I quickly learned the reasons for these precautions, when our trip along a T.N.T. production line began at a small gray house, hardly twenty-five feet square. This was the mono-nitrating house where the toluene and the acids are first brought together in a tank called a cooker. Within the cooker a flail turned by steam pressure agitates the oil and acids on the same principle as an electric washing machine. A young worker, swathed in a powder uniform, controls the process chiefly by a large thermometer which he watches alertly. The acids, I was told, generate swift heat but when the temperature reaches 225 degrees Fahrenheit, cold water is admitted to coils surrounding the inside of the cooker. When the temperature falls below

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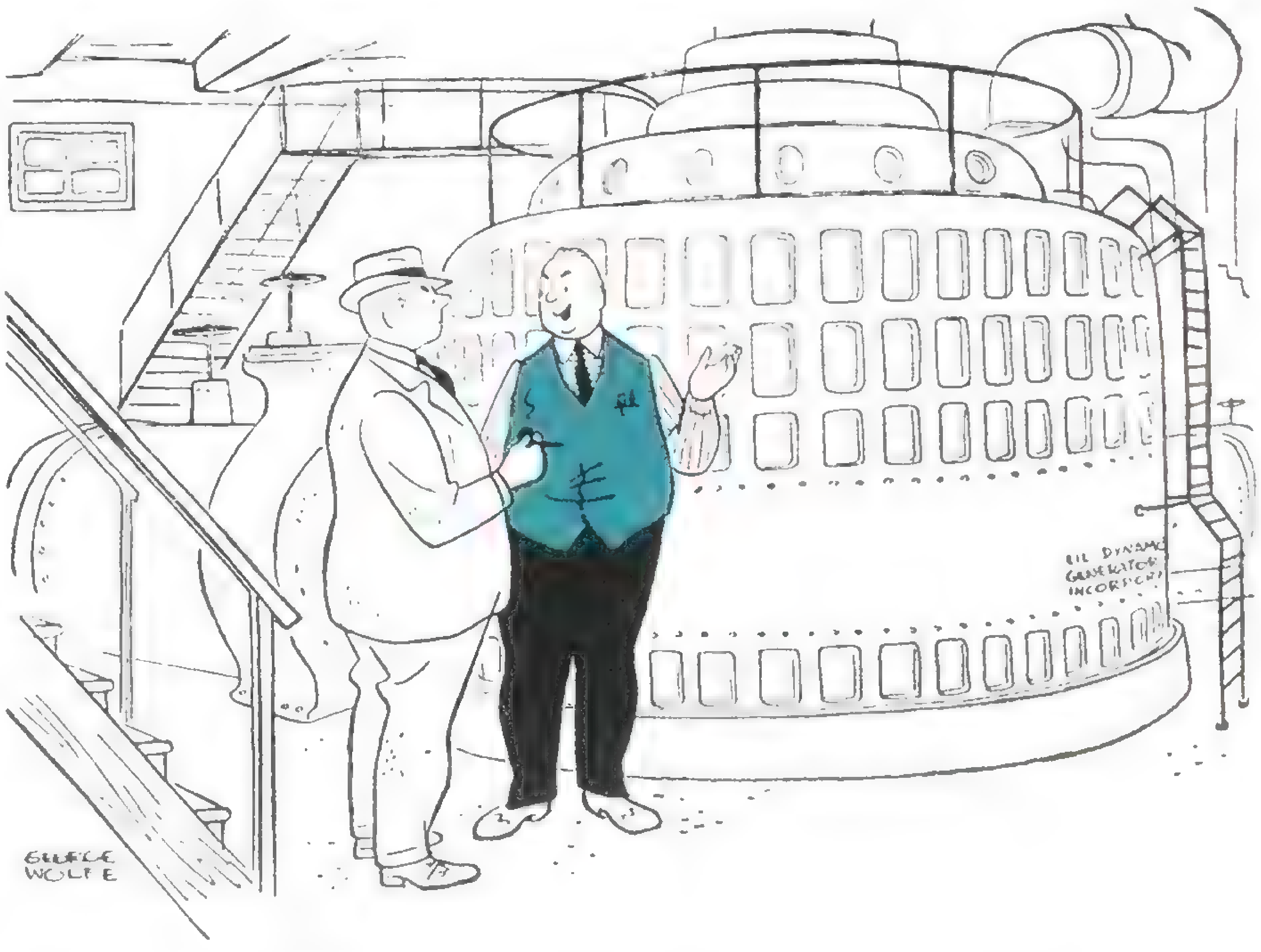

"The electric company laughed at first, but I bet they miss that $3.28 every month!"

Nobody Loves a Fat Boy

After he got lean, vigorous and tough, living on black coffee, he knew blonde Margaret Sanders would no longer laugh

by LOUIS ZARA

• FICTION •

THE youth was chafing himself with a large pink towel, see-sawing across his back and under his legs, when he glanced into the full-length mirror in the bathroom door. He had a plump good-natured face and his wet forelock hung down to the bridge of a pudgy nose. He straightened abruptly and studied his steam-reddened torso. "Fat boy!" he muttered, and proceeded to dress without another look. It was the first time in weeks that he had not studied his upper lip for the sprouting hairs that would at last permit him to begin to shave.

"Earl Young: fat boy!" he grumbled. He could make it sound more reproachful than it had sounded yesterday when Margaret Sanders had flung it at him outside Elman's Fodder Inn. "Fat boy!" For he did not like himself; not even a little bit. How could he like himself? He carried enough flesh on him to do two high school freshies. No wonder she tossed her yellow head and laughed when he tried to talk to her.

Dressed and in his shoes, he stepped upon the scales: "161." Hastily he kicked off the shoes: "159." But it was an old scale and perhaps the heat in the room had expanded the springs. Figure three pounds off for clothes and he would still weigh 156. "Earl Young: fat boy!"

He drew a deep breath. There was only one way out of it. Hands on hips, he bent his trunk forward, backward and to each side. *One*, two, three, four; *one*, two, three, four. Muscles he had been ignoring winced and joints creaked at his efforts. *One*, two—he exercised six times around and paused. That was a good beginning. If he did it three times a day and lost only one pound a week he would be down to one-forty-five in ten weeks or so. An extra strenuous workout on arising and another before going to bed would help to bring him down to 135 in less time than you could say "Douglas MacArthur."

He would try for 125, he decided. But he could afford to compromise at 130, which would be only about ten pounds heavy for fourteen years old. He flexed his back muscles and shadow-boxed.

Margaret Sanders, who was so little and cute and blonde with a dancer's grace and arrogance, would not dare to call him "fat boy" then. She failed to realize that he was not only fat but strong, too. If anyone so much as dared to molest her he could strike the man down with a single blow. His heart shrank when he thought that he might, hardly knowing his own strength, kill a man with a single paralyzing punch. In one swift vision he saw the wretch dead, then the courtroom with himself on the witness stand, not pleading for his life, simply explaining to twelve good men and women that he had only done his duty.

"I'll have black coffee, Ma."

Mrs. Young pulled her dressing-gown tighter and squinted at her son. He had fine blue eyes and a small mouth, but he *was* chubby for his age—like his father's family. "Your orange is all squeezed. Are you feeling well?"

"I'm o.k. Not hungry."

"No eggs? Toast? There's a fresh pecan-roll if your sister hasn't already made away with it. Cornflakes and peaches?"

"He's reducing, mother!" Grace chuckled. She was a senior and very sophisticated with a collection of sweaters for every occasion and a new beau for most.

"Earl doesn't have to think about reducing," his mother snapped to his defense. "You're a growing boy, Earl." She shrugged as he mumbled something and buried his nose in the morning paper.

He read the sports page first and then the comics, but he could not help noticing that Grace consumed two soft-boiled eggs, three pieces of toast, butter and marmalade and two cups of Boston coffee. He loved Grace, but it was irritating to see her burrowing through so much toast. And it never showed on her. It wasn't right, he thought, absently adding a little cream to mellow the black coffee. It wasn't right. He was hungrier now than when he had sat down and he felt so cross that he rustled the paper again and again to drown out the sound of the crunching toast.

"Don't eat so loud!"

"Jealous!"

"Children!"

Grace was all right but she was naturally skinny, and even if she got fat there were always those garments that squeezed girls thin again. He pecked at his mother's cheek and stalked from the house, his algebra under his arm. She peered after him out of the window and then sighed and went to pick up the clothes in his room.

He strolled past a white-tiled lunchroom. The odors of bacon and pancakes issued like a welcoming committee. Earl's stomach curled in on itself but he only sniffed in disgust. It was incredible that the men and women sitting at the counters should follow the same voracious routine morning after morning: bacon, pancakes, syrup, sweet rolls, coffee, six days a week and fifty-two weeks a year. How many surplus pounds of flesh were thus shaped and made shapeless each week and each year! It was awful to think of. The roots of his tongue ached from hunger, and his gullet and esophagus screamed with empty anger.

He was tempted to rush inside and gulp down a Breakfast Special. He had enough allowance left and no one would ever know. But he fought it off. Or a candy-bar at least? Not for breakfast. He should have

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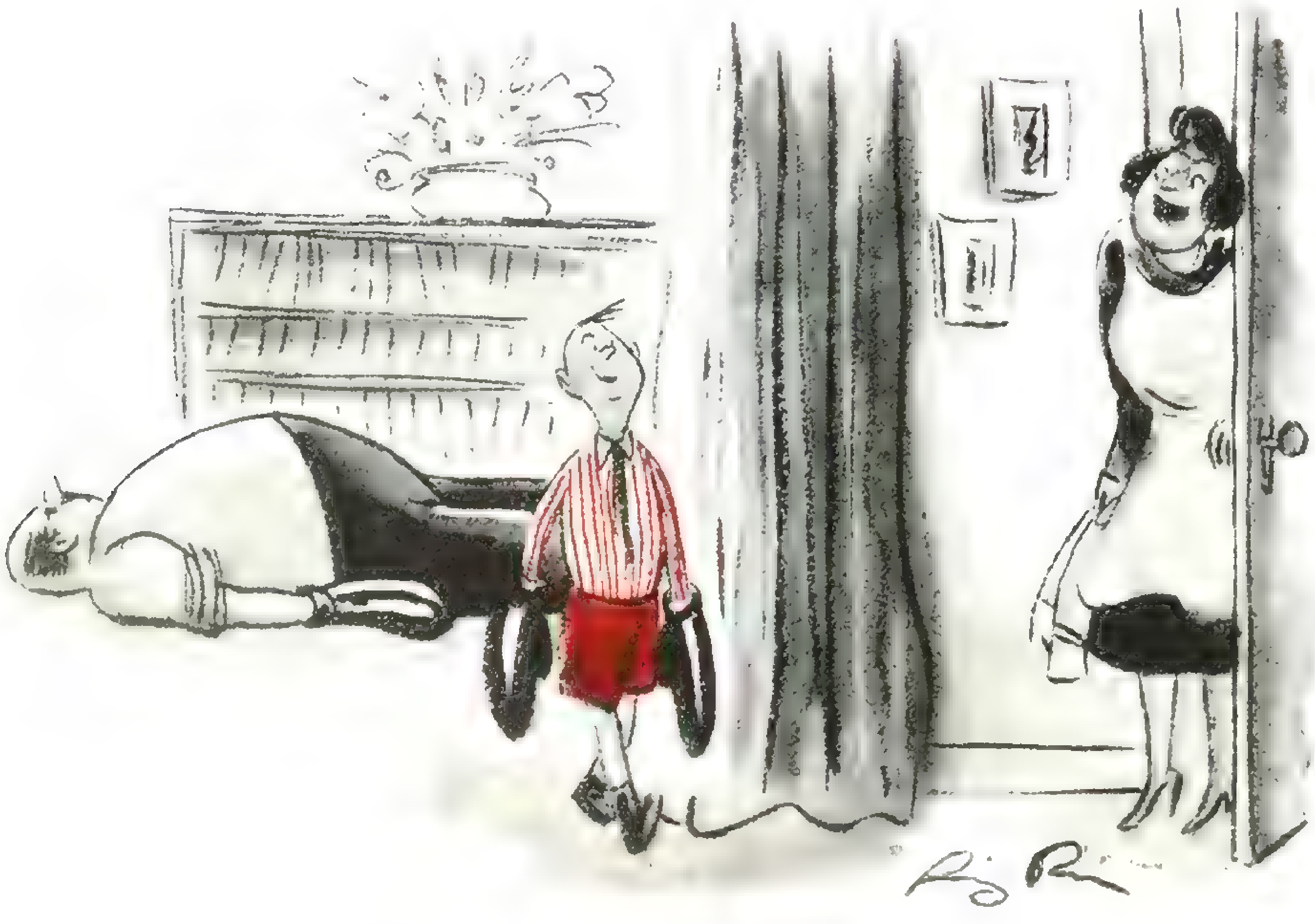
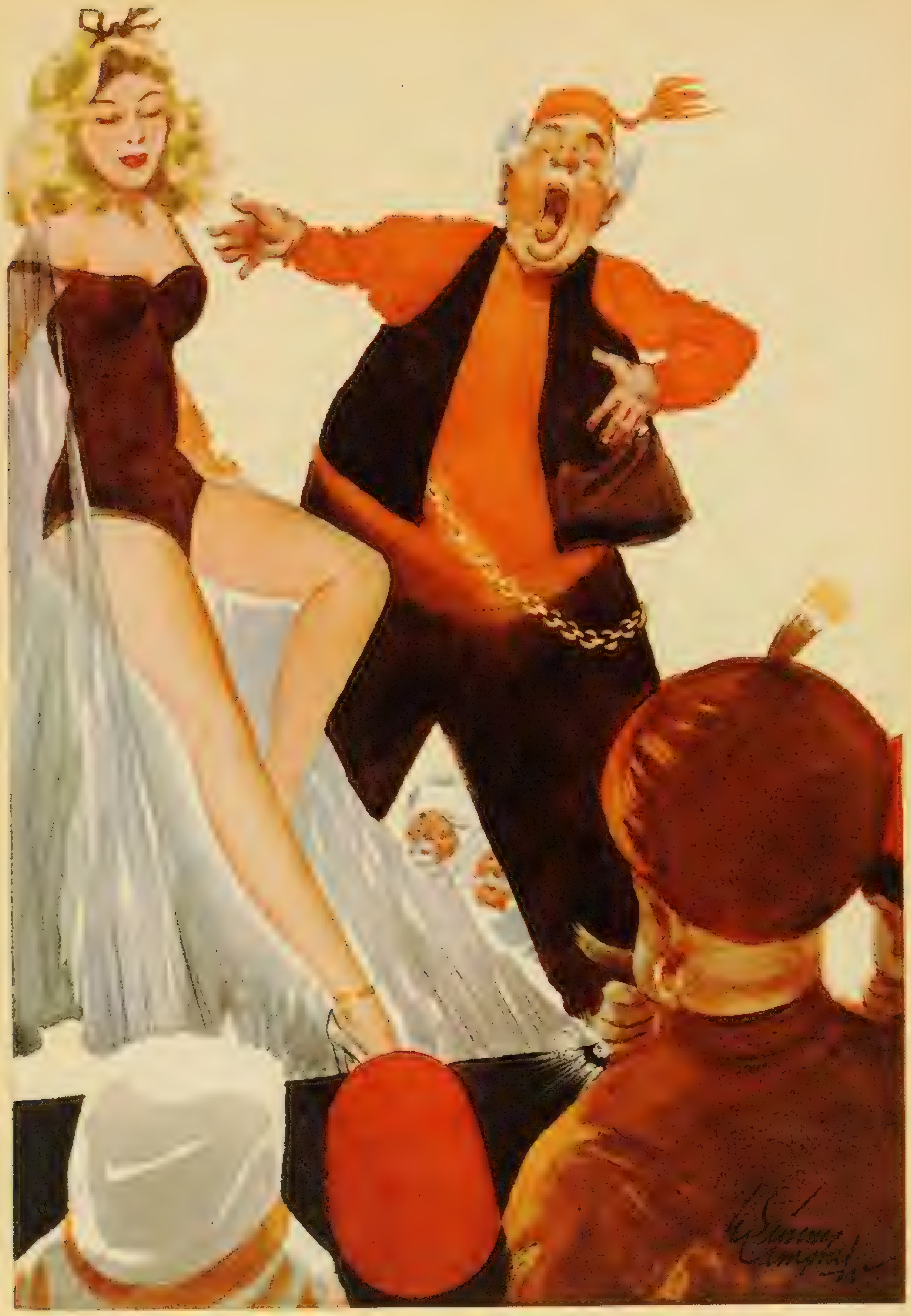
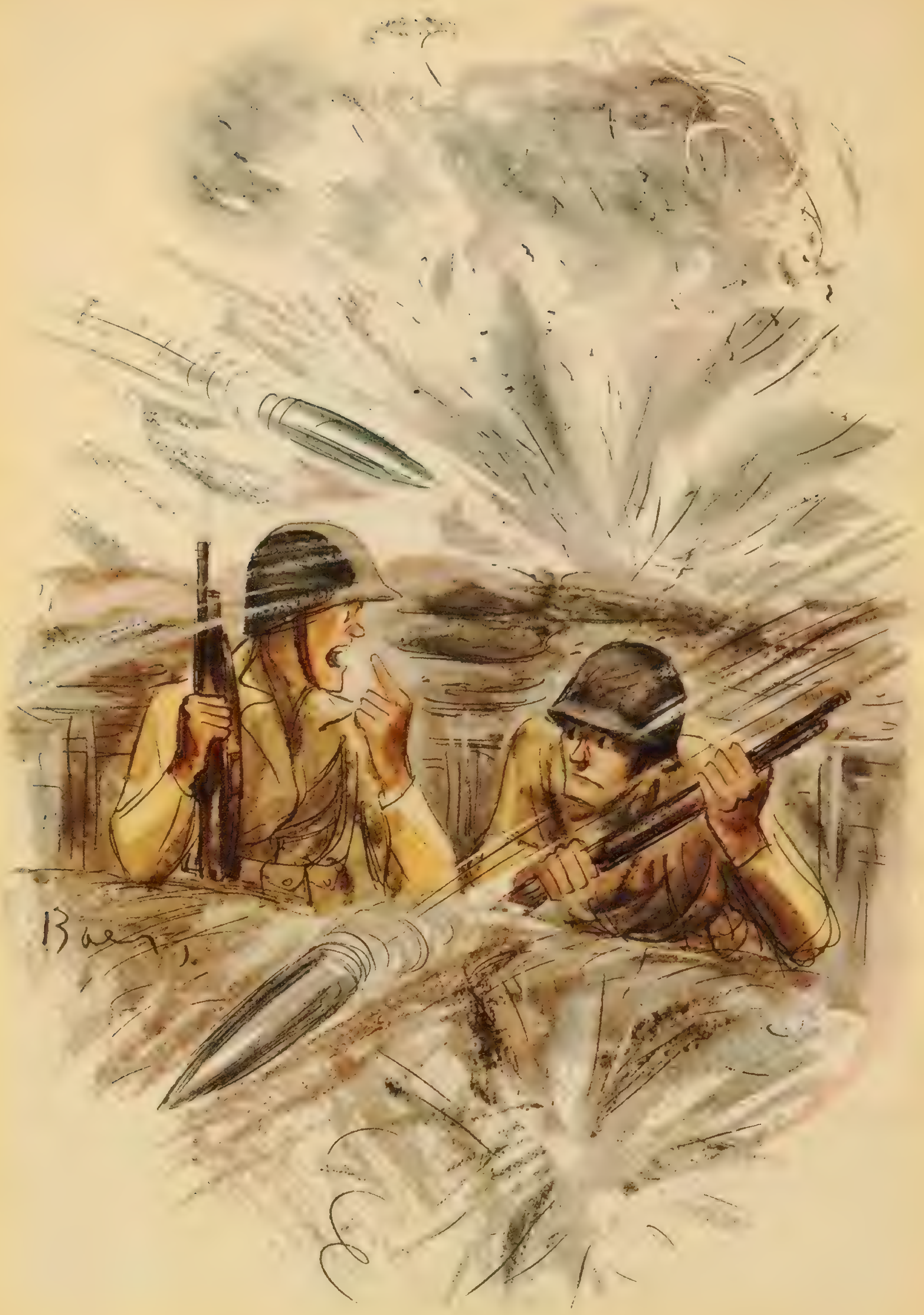


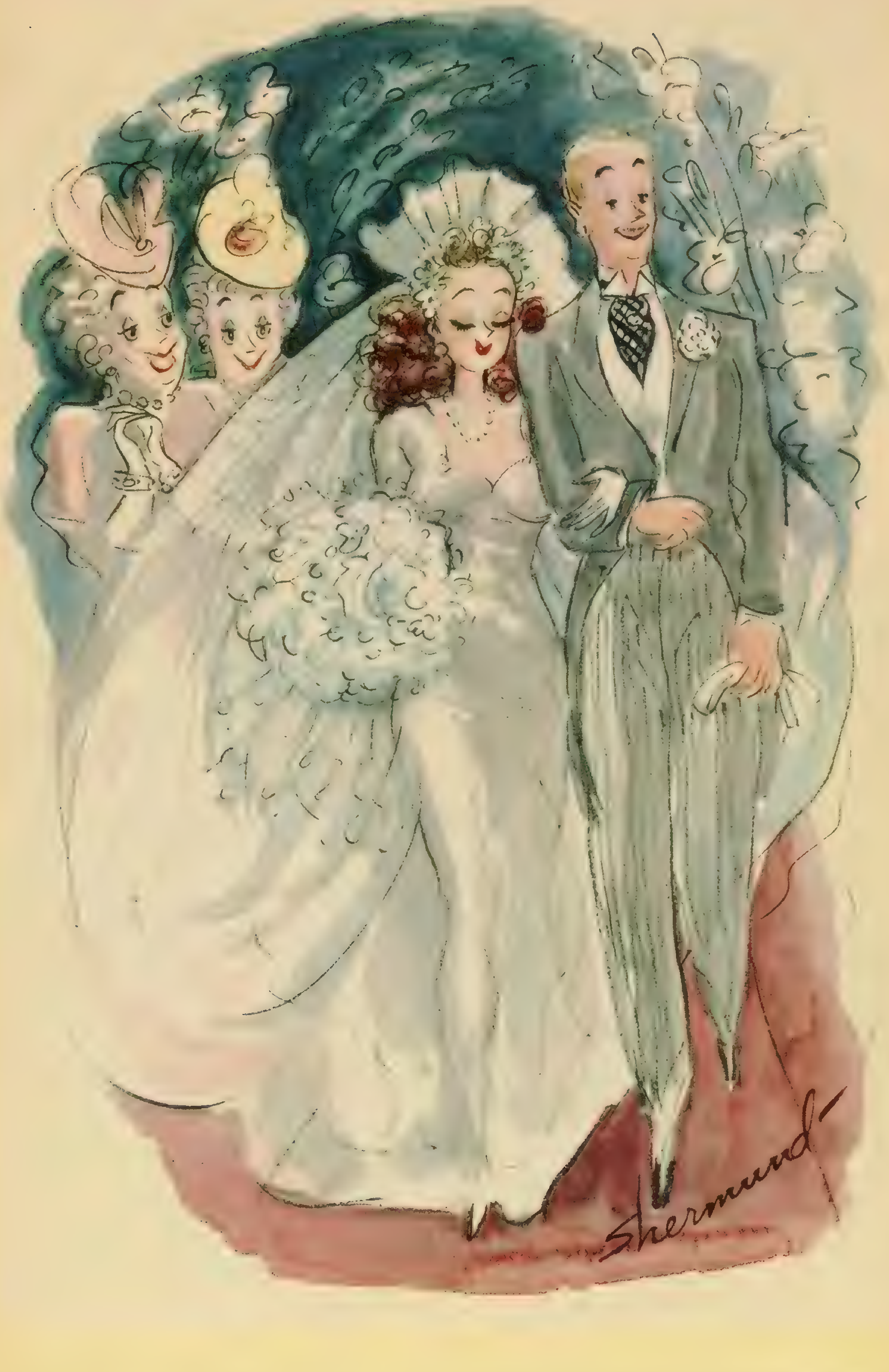
"Dinner's ready, Bobby—where's your father?"



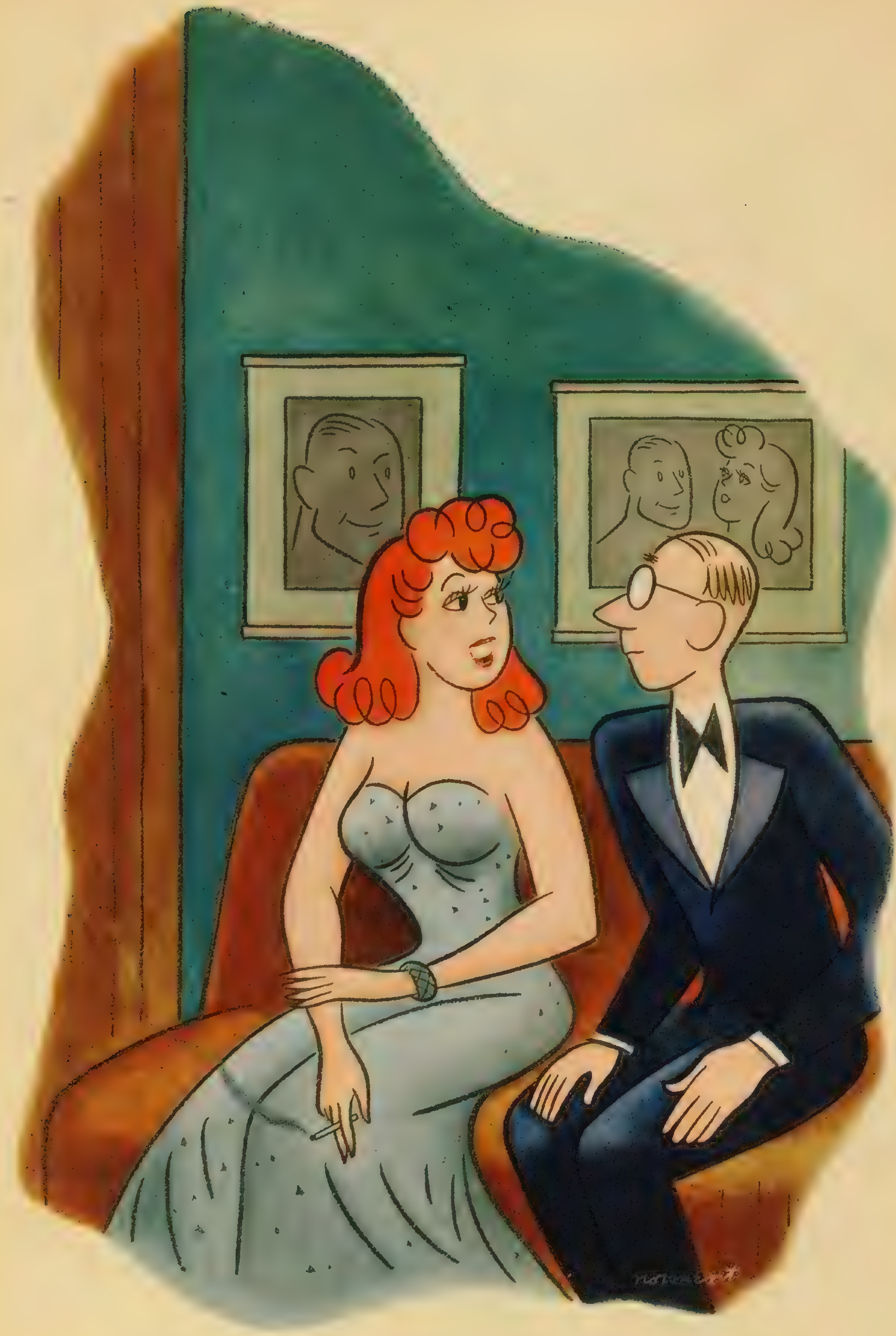
"What am I bid for this 100 lbs. of sugar?"



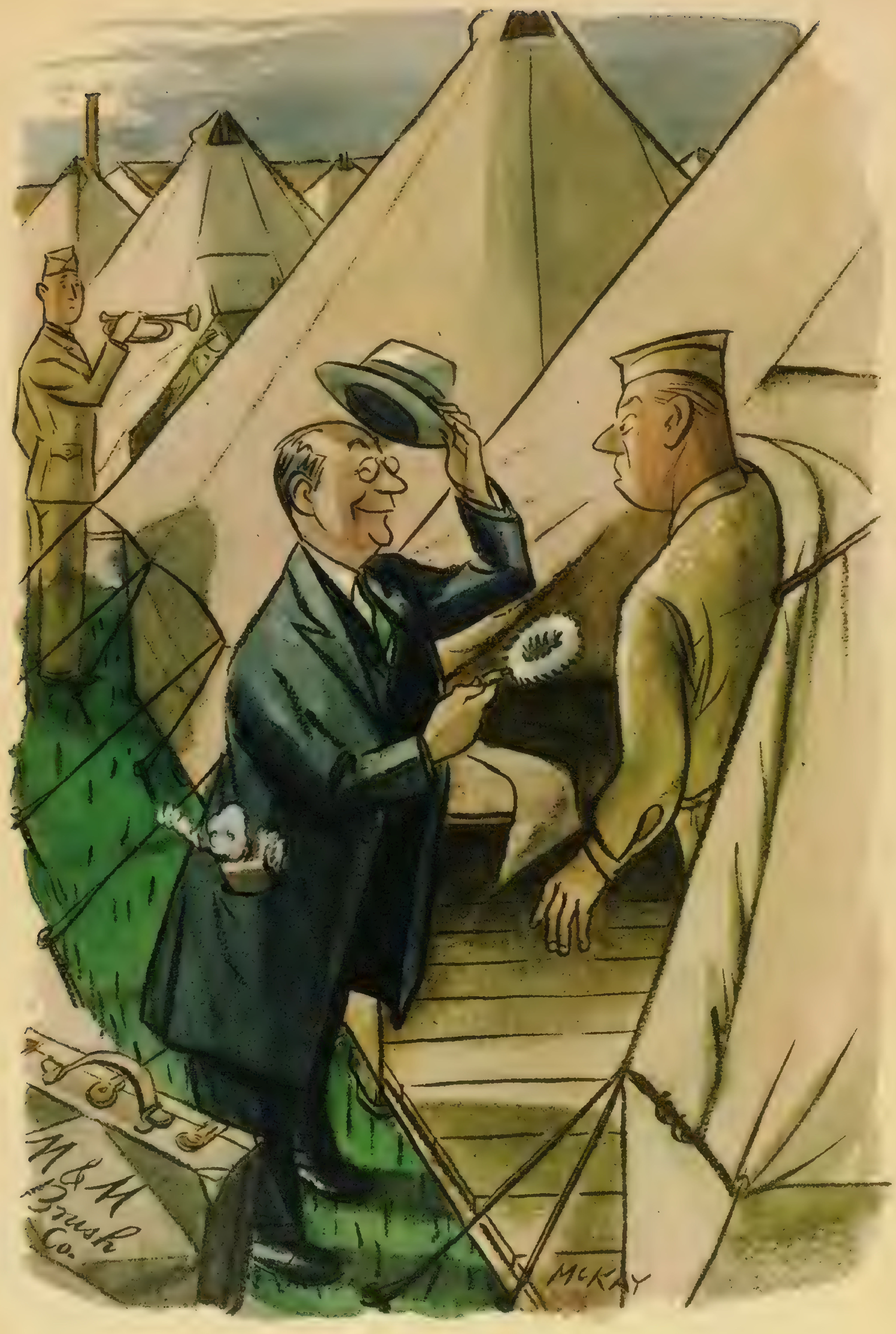
"Gees, Joe, I think I got trench mouth!"



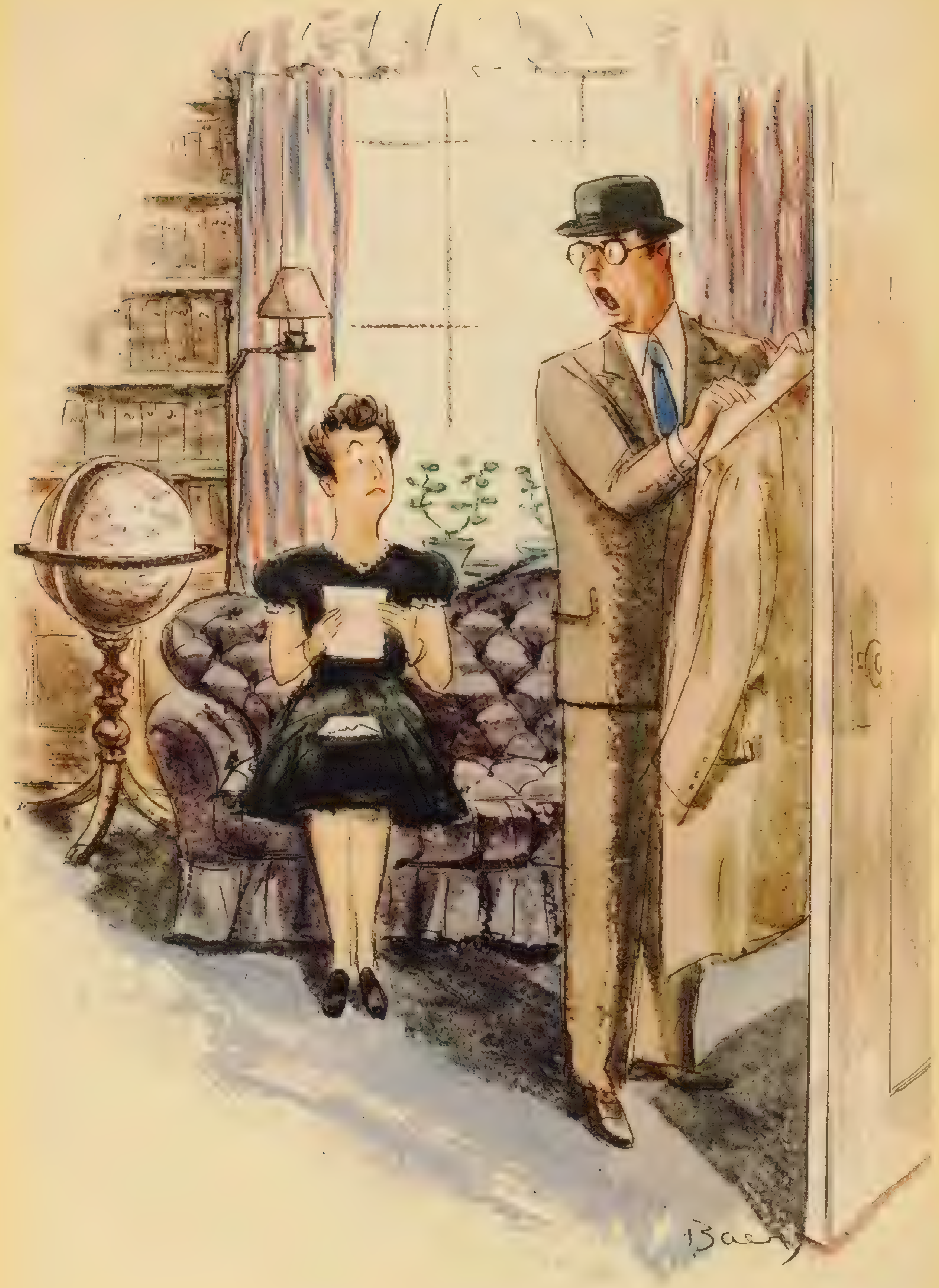
"I'm sure they'll be very happy together—they are both crazy about her"



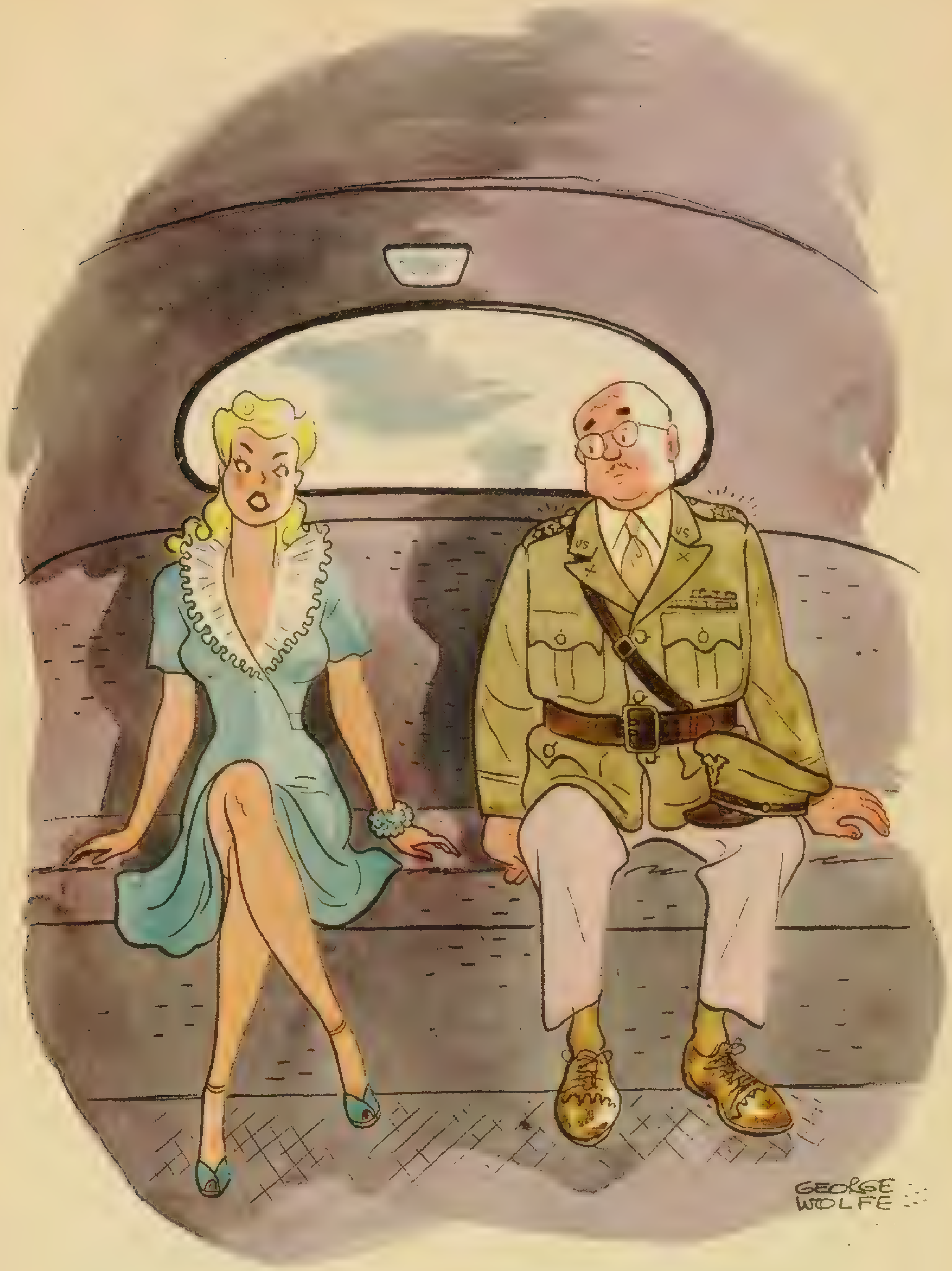
"The love Robert and I held in our hearts for each other has long since turned to ashes—only a single glowing spark—one tiny ember—remains to remind us of what used to be, and is, now, no more. That spark, of course, is my alimony check"


M & M
Brush
Co.
McKAY

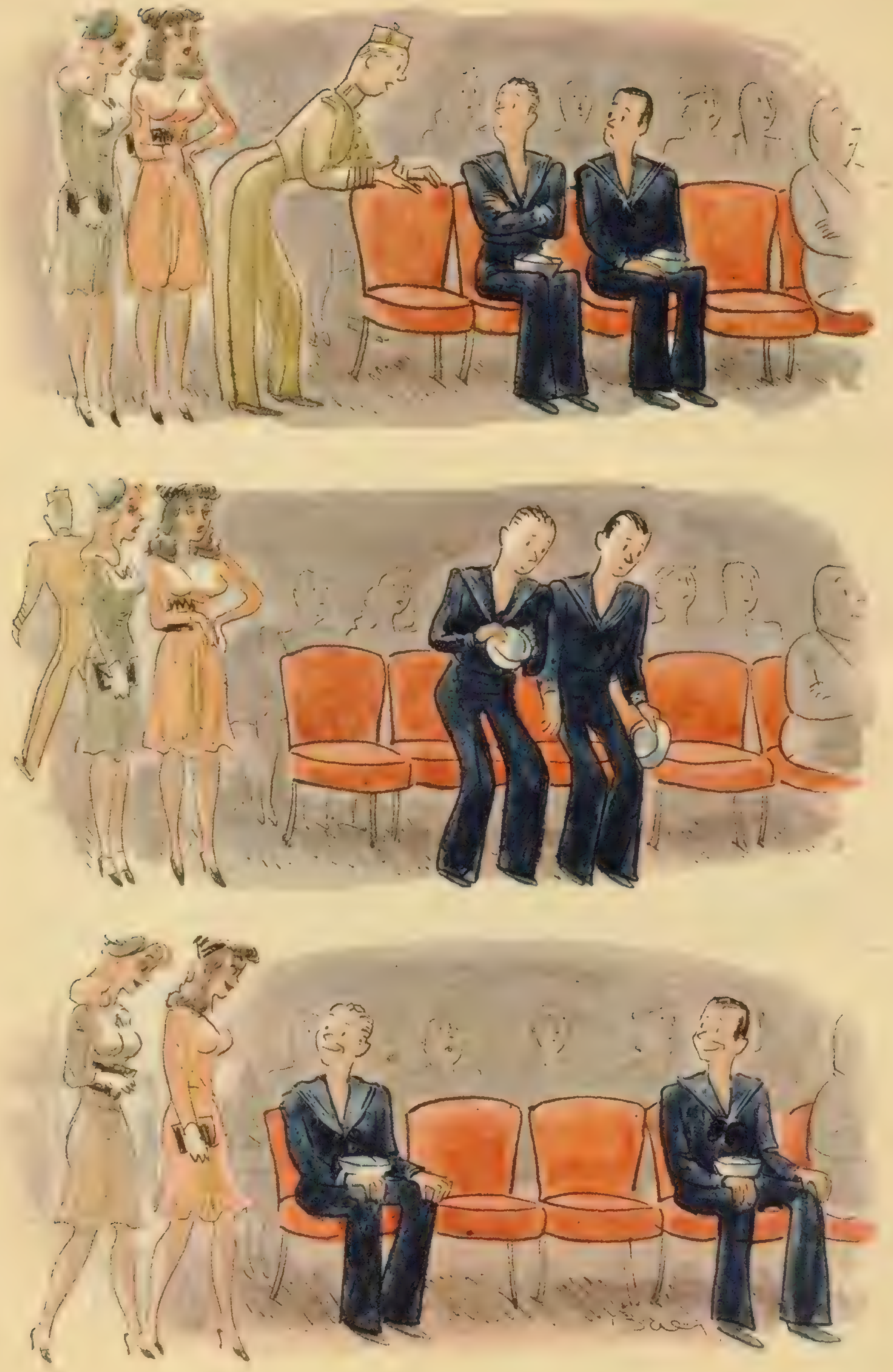
"Good morning! Is the Corporal in?"



"Is your mother coming for a visit or to open a second front?"


GEORGE WOLFE

"You must have got those stars for good behavior"



Esquire's Five-Minute Shelf

Hailing the not-so *Innocent Merriment* of F. P. A., Ogden Nash's *Good Intentions* and the wartime speeches of Churchill

by WILLIAM LYON PHELPS

• BOOKS •

FEBRUARY is an interesting month. It is the only month that varies in length but is always shorter than any other. It contributed the two greatest Presidents in our history; and in addition a twin of Lincoln, one of the foremost men in the history of science. Charles Darwin and Abraham Lincoln were born February 12, 1809. February also begins with an unduplicated initial letter, something that does not happen again till September. Now this is important because in every date written in longhand, letters or cheques, one has to write only F, not even Feb. Important? In ten years this saves me about two weeks in time; and as epistles I scribble with pen are written in feverish haste, F is more legible than Feb. Consider the expert female help every prominent man has nowadays; the big business man says to the streamlined beauty, "Tell this fellow to go to hell," and she dutifully writes, "I deeply regret to inform you," etc.

My honored and beloved President Dwight of Yale (1886-1899) never had any secretary, never dictated except to the Faculty who didn't always like it, never had anything printed on his stationery. He took a blank sheet, wrote "New Haven, Conn., February eighth," etc. How did he accomplish all this? He never took any exercise except walking to the post office. He said it was all nonsense that there were certain times of the day when one could work better than at other times. "I can work exactly as well immediately after a hearty dinner as at any other hour." He fulfilled Goethe's precept "Without haste and without rest." On the rare occasions when he was sick, he went to bed and slept until he got well. He lived to be eighty-seven. His fine definition of happiness, often attributed to me because I have quoted him so often, is, "The happiest man is the one who thinks the most interesting thoughts."

A little book has appeared with the astounding title, *The Truth About Soviet Russia.* "Astounding" is the word, because hundreds of books have been written about Soviet Russia, and do any two of them agree? What is truth? This new little book is by Sidney and Beatrice Webb, with an essay on the Webbs by Bernard Shaw. His essay is witty, as one might expect. But what many will misunderstand is the sentence describing Beatrice Webb. "She had left the West End, where she was a society lady of the political plutocracy, for the East End, where she disguised herself to work in sweaters' dens and investigate the condition of the submerged tenth just discovered by Charles Booth and the Salvation Army." For one moment I was nearly caught. I thought Shaw had made a slip, as bad as if he had said "General Fred Washington." But early in life I learned the good habit of looking things up. *Charles* Booth is right.

There is perhaps no better way to follow the course of the present war since its beginning than to read the speeches of Winston Churchill in successive volumes. In the very whirlwind of action he has no time to revise them, so they come to us as they came to his visible and invisible audiences. They are historically valuable; in Mr. Swing's words, "coming from the innermost secrecy of war leadership," and I believe they will inspire English-speaking people for many generations. The latest volume, called *The Unrelenting Struggle,* compiled by Charles Eade, begins with Mr. Churchill's memorial tribute to Mr. Chamberlain, November 12, 1940, and ends with his speeches to the United States Congress, December 26, 1941 and to the Canadian Parliament four days later. There are sixty-eight speeches in all.

In reading them we are "keeping up" with the history and progress of this war, and at the same time we are reading English literature. They remind me of the speeches of Pericles in the Peloponnesian War, and there is no higher compliment than that.

> Do not let us speak of darker days; let us speak rather of sterner days. These are not dark days: these are great days—the greatest days our country has ever lived; and we must all thank God that we have been allowed, each of us according to our station, to play a part in making these days memorable in the history of our race.

And another (at Washington):

> . . . It is not given to us to peer into the mysteries of the future. Still, I avow my hope and faith, sure and inviolate, that in the days to come the British and American peoples will for their own safety and for the good of all walk together side by side in majesty, in justice, and in peace.

In the same Washington speech, after describing the treacherous attacks on both Singapore and Honolulu, he said:

> . . . What kind of a people do they think we are? Is it possible they do not realize that we shall never cease to persevere against them until they have been taught a lesson which they and the world will never forget?

The *London Times* well says that his coolness of temper is very far removed from coldness of heart.

In a public address I made in Montreal I said the British were the greatest nation in history; among the English newspapers which commented, is a London journal that broke out in pleasant verse:

WHY DOCTOR!

The British are "the greatest nation in history," says Dr. William Lyon Phelps, Yale University Professor, "surpassing the Romans in Roman qualities, and the Greeks in Greek accomplishments."

Why, Doctor Phelps,
You make us blush!
It's so unlike our friends to gush.
We're much more used to criticism
Charging us with Chauvinism,
And decadence,
And impotence,
And even rank incompetence.
But thank you, Sir,
For those kind words.
They may establish new accords,

Continued in center of page 108

Esquire's All-American Band

Distinguished critic of hot jazz, that special, spontaneous expression heard only in jam sessions, names his poison

by ROBERT GOFFIN

• ARTICLE •

EDITOR'S NOTE: *Somebody was destined to do it eventually—and Robert Goffin is Esquire's nominee to nominate the All-American Band. Mr. Goffin's role as the Walter Camp of jazz is an appropriate one. This distinguished Belgian emigré is internationally recognized as a leading author and lecturer on jazz. In 1918 he published the first serious work on jazz ever to appear, he has edited a magazine devoted to the subject and is himself a virtuoso trumpet player. (Incidentally, he was also Belgium's foremost criminal lawyer, has written books on topics ranging from genealogy to ichthyology, has collaborated on a play with Maurice Maeterlinck and is editor of "La Voix de France," the anti-Nazi French language newspaper published in New York.) In presenting the All-American Band for 1943, Esquire freely invites two-way comment from those interested in contemporary music-making—and if the comment justifies, Esquire's All-American Band will be made an annual feature.*

THE ALL-AMERICAN BAND

Selected for Esquire by Robert Goffin, author of "Aux Frontiers du Jazz" and lecturer on jazz at the New School for Social Research

	First Team	*Second Team*	*Third Team*
Trumpet:	Louis Armstrong	Harry James	Charlie Shavers
Trombone:	Georges Brunis	Jack Teagarden	Lou McGarity
Clarinets:	Benny Goodman	Barney Bigard	Artie Shaw
	Edmond Hall	Pee Wee Russel	Jimmy Noone
Tenor Sax:	Eddie Miller	Coleman Hawkins	Ben Webster
Alto Sax:	Johnny Hodges	Benny Carter	Pete Brown
Piano:	Art Tatum	Count Basie	Teddy Wilson
Drums:	Sidney Catlett	Gene Krupa	Cosy Cole
Bass:	Al Morgan	John Kirby	Billy Taylor
Guitar:	Teddy Bunn	Oscar Moore	Eddie Condon
Male Singer:	Leo Watson	Willy Duke	Jack Teagarden
Female Singer:	Billy Holliday	Mildred Bailey	Laura Watson

THE ALL TIME ALL-AMERICAN BAND

This group represents Robert Goffin's selection based on the greatest performers of all time, from the birth of the blues to the present day

Trumpet:	Louis Armstrong	*Drums:*	Sidney Catlett
Trombone:	Georges Brunis	*Bass:*	Al Morgan
Clarinet:	Frank Teschmaker	*Guitar:*	Django Reinhardt
Tenor Sax:	Coleman Hawkins	*Male Singer:*	Louis Armstrong
Alto Sax:	Johnny Hodges	*Female Singer:*	Bessie Smith
Piano:	Earl Hines		

TO BEGIN with, it's very simple. Opposite the place where it says "Trumpet," you merely set down the name of Louis Armstrong. After that, you go gently mad.

Pitting the merits of one musician against another, even though only on paper, is about as complicated a business as one could well devise. There is no accepted starting point, which makes it a bit difficult, to say the least, to arrive at the finish line. The welter of conflicting claims and counter-claims, advanced by the innumerable self-appointed champions of the leading performers, merely confuses the issue.

Concerning the selection of Louis Armstrong as trumpeter on the "first team" of the All-American Band there can be, as I say, no dispute. He *made* jazz and is the true King of Jazz. Anyone who knows anything about the subject will concede this. Concerning the other nominations, there may be some dispute. Nevertheless, here they are and here are the reasons for their selection.

But first let me briefly define my terms. In my opinion, the thing that makes jazz what it is today is the phenomenon of improvisation. We must make a vital distinction between hot jazz and swing. Hot jazz is basic American syncopated music, improvised by a band usually composed of five to seven persons in a Dixieland group, although the unit sometimes numbers ten or more pieces in certain jam sessions. Swing is more or less the mechanization of hot jazz; it is achieved by big commercial bands, with effects produced by musical sections. Improvisation is not left to the personal inspiration of the musician; the arranger fixes the whole tune, leaving only a few free bars to the soloists.

I do not for one moment mean to disparage the importance and value of swing music. It has been a tremendous contribution and stimulus. But after all, my task is to select *performers*, not composers or arrangers, and the merit of swing is chiefly dependent on the talent of the arranger. He can be a genius, like Duke Ellington, or a mediocrity, of whom there are far too many. The real, living art, in which the performer meets his true test, is hot jazz, which finds its best expression in the "jam sessions." That is to say, the meetings which take place every week, principally in New York, in which musicians from all sorts of bands join and play together without any former preparation or rehearsal. The imperative requirement of such a session is to improvise, and out of the general excitement to rise to a frenetic acme of realization.

For a jam session, the composition of the band is most variable; it can be from five to ten pieces. Generally, a good combination would involve four rhythms (piano, drums, bass, guitar) and three improvisers (one clarinet or saxophone, one trumpet, one trombone). This latter section can, naturally, be increased, as I have often seen it done at Jimmy Ryan's or Harry Lim's jazz sessions.

Certain musicians' high rank is conceded by almost every connoisseur. I have already spoken in no uncertain terms of Louis Armstrong. Ten years ago, there was no doubt about the supremacy of Bix (trumpet), Earl Hines (piano) and Coleman Hawkins (tenor); but Bix died, and I do not think that the other two men have retained their supremacy in the intervening decade.

Among the soloists whose ability I cannot personally question there are Georges Brunis (trombone), Art Tatum (piano) and Leo Watson (singer). They are clearly the best in their fields by the most impartial standards one can set up, although I presume I can be sure that some of the critics will not agree with me.

This is after all a subjective matter, such as the judgment of poetry, painting or any art form. One can prefer, for instance, Archibald MacLeish, the poet, or the surrealist painter Paul Delvaux, as I do; and others will feel more inclined towards Carl Sandburg or Salvador Dali. In jazz, as in other arts, of course, the relative values are better measured in the perspective of time. We know today without the slightest question that Louis Armstrong has proved himself far above Paul Whiteman, while contemporary critics of the year 1925 could conceivably question this point.

But instead of generalizing, let us get down to cases and analyze the selection of the individual performers in Esquire's All-American Band and in the All Time Band. The latter group, obviously, makes no distinction between the past and present, whereas the selection of the three "teams" in the first group is based on contemporary performances.

* * *

TRUMPET: A word more about Louis Armstrong is necessary here. He possesses powers of technique and of improvisation beyond comparison. His style is altogether personal, sensitive and versatile. Incidentally, of the many times I have heard him, he proved to be most nearly perfect in a Dixieland combination jam session at the Walt Whitman School.

Next to him, seven or eight trumpeters can aspire to second place. My choice would include Harry James, Red Allen, Cootie Williams, Charlie Shavers, Emmet Berry, Roy Eldridge, Muggsie Spanier and Arthur Briggs. The last, a colored trumpeter who has lived in Belgium and France for twenty years, is now detained in a concentration camp.

After weighing their qualities carefully, although I am attracted to Charlie Shavers, Muggsie Spanier and Red Allen, I feel Harry James should get the call because of his tremendous power and his extraordinary technique, joined to a considerable capacity for improvisation. Cootie Williams, to my ear, is perhaps too uniform with his ever-growling style. Roy Eldridge has not enough control over his horn. For these reasons, I have selected Charlie Shavers for the third team. I don't always enjoy his style in John Kirby's band, but in any jam session he is a hit: wild, frenetic, imaginative, powerful, sensitive!

With respect to the All Time Band, Bix Beiderbecke, whose improvisation was poetic and fresh, is the only name that need be mentioned. He died too early to show the complete measure of his ability. Louis Armstrong still stands without competitors.

Trombone: Here I am glad to be able to single out a man, relatively unknown, who is famous only among the Dixieland admirers whom you meet every day at Nick's. Lou McGarity, Jack Teagarden, Tommy Dorsey, J. C. Higginbotham and Brad Gowans are all great instrumentalists, but in my opinion the man whose virtuosity has been overlooked by the critics is George Brunis.

I would say that as far back as 1923, with the New Orleans Rhythm Kings, Brunis was the best—and still is. And if sometimes a trombonist may challenge him, no one can excel him. One is attracted both by the continuity and the explosive quality of his improvisations. It will constitute a tribute to the good judgment of the public if George Brunis is at last accorded the recognition he has so long deserved.

Ten years ago, I was very much intrigued by the playing of Tommy Dorsey, whose full potentialities have unfortunately not been realized even today. Brad Gowans is too limited with his valve trombone; and the style of Higginbotham underwent a sweetening process some time back. My second and third candidates would be Jack Teagarden and Lou McGarity. Both are effective. Jack deserves the second place niche because he influenced jazz affirmatively, sings wonderfully, and has made some of the best records.

The selection for the All Time Band is limited to George Brunis, Jimmy Harrison and Leo Vauchampt. Jimmy Harrison, in my opinion, was wonderful. Vauchampt, a French trombonist whom I heard in Paris and in London during the twenties, was also tops. Today he is a musical director in Hollywood. I vote for Brunis because, alone in his field, he delivers the sort of punch that is most admirable.

Clarinets: This instrument is perhaps the most controversial of all. There are at least eight men whose power is very nearly equal, in spite of the differences in their style: Artie Shaw, Benny Goodman, Pee Wee Russel, Ed Hall, Barney Bigard, Buster Bailey, Jimmy Noone, Irving Fazzola.

In assembling these mythical aggregations, it would be interesting to contrast two different conceptions of style and select two clarinets for each group. My first team choice would be Benny Goodman and Edmond Hall. This would bring together the swing king with an old-timer whose reputation has suddenly grown during the last two years, causing him to be rated as one of the purest clarinetists of the day.

For the second team, I designate Barney Bigard and Pee Wee Russel. For the third, Artie Shaw and Jimmy Noone. It would be something of an experience to confront technicians like Goodman and Shaw with improvisers such as Pee Wee Russel or Jimmy Noone, who devoted their entire lives to small bands, preferring their complete independence, despite the comparatively low compensation, to the restrictions of the big time, big money bands.

In making a single selection for the All Time Band, one finds three truly great players in the annals of jazz. Larry Shields, the clarinetist of the Original Dixieland Band, who was so powerful and so inspired in 1917, was one. In a way, no one else has brought to jazz what he did, and all clarinetists have since relied on his imagination. Even Rappolo, the crack clarinetist of the New Orleans Rhythm Kings, was influenced by Larry . . . but what an inspiration!

Nevertheless, Frank Teschmaker cannot be passed by. He produced only some ten records, but some bars in them are the most thrilling sound in jazz. The critics recognize Teschmaker's genius as supreme. He must be the selection for the All Time Band.

Tenor sax: There are many good tenors. Coleman Hawkins is one of the best; he was so effective that he universalized the use of the tenor sax. It is difficult to say to what extent he has retrogressed and to what degree some of his followers have gained in brilliance, but Coleman Hawkins no longer stands alone in his class. Each of the following men is able to achieve a wonderful hit chorus: Eddie Miller, Lester Young, Ben Webster, Vido Musso, Bud Freeman, Tex Benecke, Joe Thomas, and Al Sear, not omitting the late Choo Berry.

At the risk of provoking considerable disagreement, I select as my first choice Eddie Miller of Bob Crosby's band. I consider his inspiration the purest and most sensitive; he is never forced—an error into which too many have fallen nowadays. Coleman Hawkins is certainly still good enough to be the second selection, although today one sometimes encounters too much of the routine in his style. My third man is Ben Webster, the tenor of Duke Ellington's band. His recent performances demonstrate that he is indeed not far behind the first and second team choices.

As for the All Time Band, I choose the Coleman Hawkins of 1928 to 1930. This was his best period, when he recorded *Hello Lola*. No one has since attained that peak.

Alto sax: There are perhaps more good alto saxophones than tenors in the profession. One can count only one outstanding soprano, Sidney Bechet, and one baritone, Harry Carney; but there are many altos of very high ability, among whom I would list Johnny Hodges, Benny Carter, Willie Smith, Pete Brown and Charlie Holmes. Incidentally, Johnny Hodges, who achieves the purest solos, is so commercial on the stage occasionally that I cannot stand him. The hottest man, very personal in a style all his own and very sincere, is Pete Brown.

I do not forget that Benny Carter is perhaps our most versatile musician, playing the alto and trumpet equally well, in addition to having proved himself to be an exceptional arranger. Willie Smith is the most expressive and effective with a big band. My selection for the three teams would be: Johnny Hodges, Benny Carter and Pete Brown, in the order named.

I want to mention, in passing, that some months ago at the Village Vanguard I heard a jam session with Earl Hines (piano), Benny Carter (alto) and Charlie Shavers (trumpet). It was the best thing I ever listened to this side of Heaven! In this field, for the All Time Band, I believe the honors go to the contemporary performers. I consider the Frankie Trumbauer of fifteen years ago outranked by the Johnny Hodges of today.

Piano: Earl Hines was easily tops some time ago. Before 1930, he made some marvelous records with Louis Armstrong. In my opinion, there can be no question as to the best pianist of the moment: he is Art Tatum. I do not always like him as a soloist, but in a band he is terrific!

Other candidates are Fats Waller, Jess Stacy, Freddy Wilson, James P. Johnson, Count Basie, Teddy Wilson, Herman Chittison and Joe Sullivan. For the second and third selections I nominate Count Basie and Teddy Wilson. Both men are more constructive, and at the same time more frenetic, than the others.

As suggested before, Earl Hines once attained a peak that neither he nor any other pianist has since equaled. He is therefore the logical selection for the All Time Band. His supreme performances were accomplished during the short period he touched the ivories in company with Louis Armstrong, when he recorded the immortal *West End Blues*. But I mean the Earl Hines of that period only!

Drums: Plenty of drummers truly can be

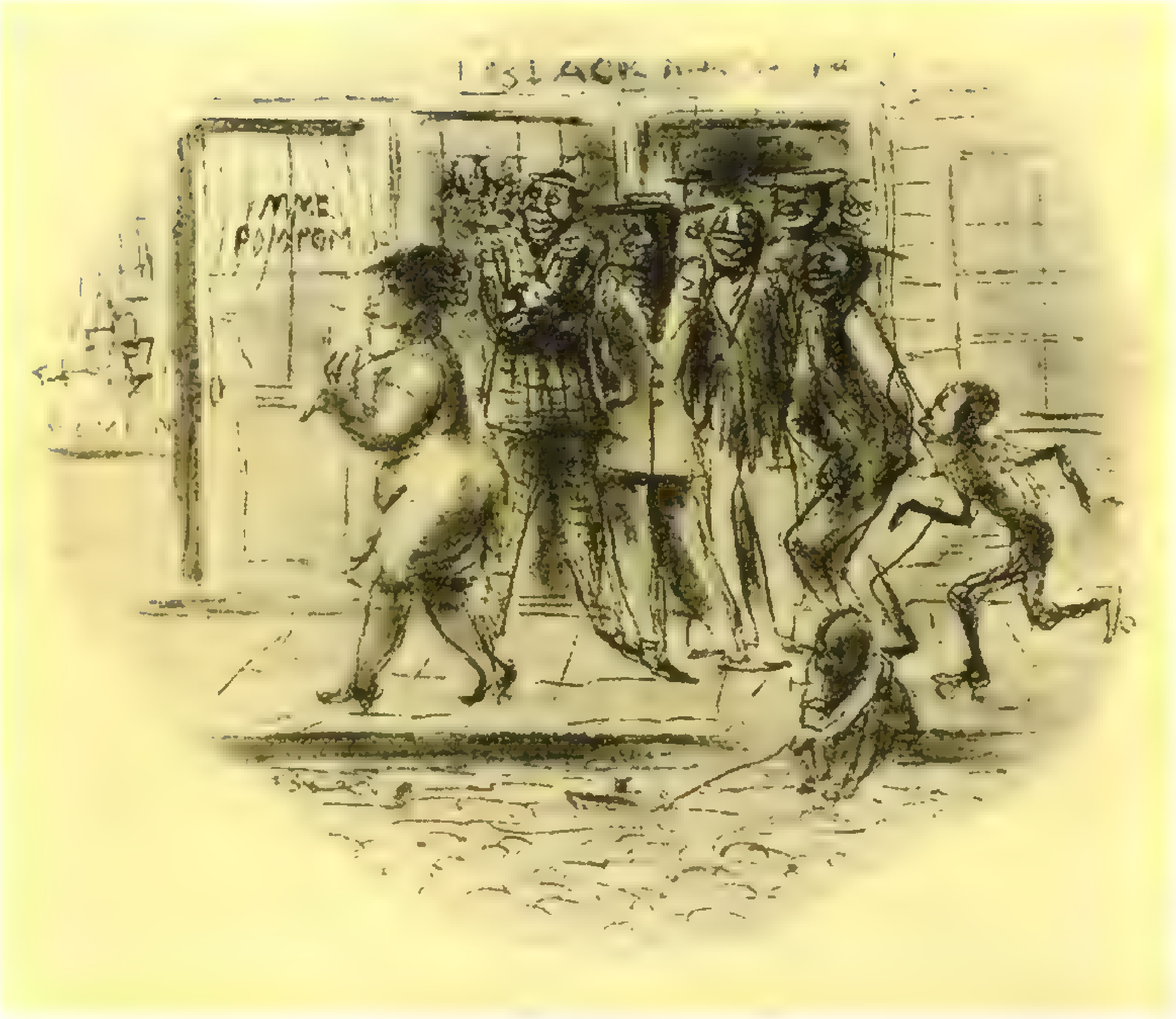
Continued in center of page 124

Home Sweet Ruby Street

Harlem was aglow with the joy of Spring and only Mrs. Finn's social conscience could keep her from singing like a bird

by EDWARD HARRIS HETH

• FICTION •



MRS. GERANIUM FINN let her eyes hop like cicadas down Ruby Street. Puddles left from the morning's rain stretched before Radiant Wilson's Barber Shop, rippled before Mme. Pompom's Beaute Saloone and the Old Heidelberg Black and Tan Cafe, lay like a forbidding gulf before the rickety covered staircase that ascended to the Emily Social Club *Members Only*. Mrs. Finn sniffed the washed April air, heavy with scent of flowering mock-orange, frying buffalo fish and squalor, feeling a certain something well inside her. A group of young men, wearing bright yellow triple-A shoes, lolled in amorous indolence before the doorway of the Old Heidelberg Black and Tan. Young ladies, whizzing past them, stepping high to avoid the puddles, were attacked with sweet cat-calls and pursued by musing eyes.

Meditatively Mrs. Finn raised a hand to her shelf-like bosom where, like a small, uncurling animal, duty stirred. Spring had come; the young men blinked and shifted; the certain something sang in her. Such a moment it was her self-appointed duty to record. Swiftly, excitement blushing her cheeks, she searched down her bosom for her nubbin of pencil and note book, leafing through the scribbled pages for one clean sheet. She wet the pencil on her pink tongue and, feeling keenly her purposefulness, began to inscribe on the page rather vertically: *Sprumig. Hapi Daes Her Agenn. Yong fallos standig im fronk of Ole Hildeberge Blak & Tann look veri pretti. Im th Sprumig a yong Mans faneci gets hutchy-cutchy idaes im the haed. Soem fun. Plenni immoramilti on Ruby St thiss emenig. You bett! Who caers? Th ealri berd catuches th wirm. No whiscreaks pleas. Sanks you mudge. Don bite th haend thass feedig you.* She added, in a lyrical afterthought, *Oh t be im Emlang now that Apils ther*, and completed her entry by dutifully affixing the date in bold Gothic letters.

For Mrs. Finn aspired to be a Social Worker. A member of the Society For The Return To Our Native Land, she deemed it her duty to contribute to the cause of the Race that which she regarded, not unmodestly, as her talents.

Austere white social workers with thin noses and piercing eyes were forever knocking on the doors of Ruby Street, writing down endless notes in large black books—how far better, Mrs. Finn reasoned, that one of the Race itself be thus divinely employed. Staunchly she took to traveling from house to crumbly house, undaunted by either her rhapsodic spelling or her eyes, one of which was forever tipping off at a tangent and sending her interviewee into senseless laughter. But Mrs. Finn remained complacent, and scribbled in her book detailed notes exactly as the white social workers did. The notes once enscribed, she often toured Ruby Street, depositing them in rusty mailboxes for want of something better to do with them; whence they were found, and labored over by their recipients, as the angry, prophetic, and somewhat cockeyed voices of God. In tense moments she even mailed the notes—forgetting to stamp them—to Agencies which she felt might profit by her gleanings. Among these Agencies, none of which had so far acknowledged receipt of her documents, were the Bureau of Standard Weights and Measures, the Administrator of the St. Louis International Horse Fair 1892, and Burpee's Seeds, which she vaguely sensed as having to do with vice.

She returned the notebook and pencil to its resting place, confident that she had adequately recorded Spring's entrance. The certain something burned happily in her. Several pairs of sluggish eyes watched her. Plump, fortyish, slightly pigeon-breasted, so light of skin that she was often mistaken for white when wearing a hat—Mrs. Finn and her calling were indeed admired on Ruby Street. The knowledge of eyes respectfully fixed on her brought pin-points of pleasure to her cheeks. She pondered how next to expend her talents—in some fashion preferably that all Ruby Street might see—when she saw approaching her a tall cranelike woman. It was Mme. Pompom, Prop. and Stylist of the Beaute Saloone, dearest friend, and co-champion of the Race.

"Compliments, Mme. Geranium," Mme. Pompom greeted her, mouthing the words with monstrous dignity. She had a flat body and long, eel-like legs. It was she who, sensing a lack of luster in Mrs. Finn's name for one of so exalted a profession, had transformed it to Mme. Geranium, the Finn.

"Sprumig," Mrs. Finn muttered in happy confusion.

"Spring?" Mme. Pompom said. "That likely. The air so full of it. I observe before the Old Heidelberg Black and Tan—"

"That observation," Mrs. Finn cried in high excitement, "I have already made." Sensing infringement, she reached in haste toward her bosom and the cached notebook. "It the well known fact, pertaining to the Colored Race *as well as the others*, a certain something in the Springtime . . ." Tunes hummed lovingly through Mrs. Finn's head.

"Smut," Mme. Pompom announced, clapping her lips together. "Unsuitable thoughts regarding the Race! Chastity, Mme. Geranium . . . Shameful enough, to have dwelling among us the Harvey Vermillion family . . . This A.M., while I execute for Mrs. Vermillion the upswing hair-do coiffure—"

"Compliments," Mrs. Finn snapped with dignity, hearing the tunes flit from her head.

Mme. Pompom's eyelids drooped over her bulging eyes. "Compliments, *Mrs. Finn*," she replied, towering past her to continue her way.

Mrs. Finn, her hand trembling on her bosom, bereft of music, bereft of the Spring's luscious warmth, reflected on Mme. Pompom's haughty airs. An entry in her dossier concerning her, to be dropped later into the proper mailbox . . . Her inch-long pencil soon sped rapidly. Even, to make her point, she half-faced Mme. Pompom's retreating figure, so that should she glance backward she might see that even friendship, in one so dedicated as Mrs. Geranium Finn, did not halt the torrents of truth. . .

Madm Mopmop soem fine Laedi. You bett. Ol tertl. Printenz plenni gintleplim telephung, sae Madm Mopmop, how you liek coem t grete big parti? Plenni aets, plenni shrumips, plenni gin, nice nummer A#1 class Ladys & Gintelplim at parti. Thass loevli, Madm Mopmop relpie, but no hutchy-cutchy pleas. I bett.

Madm Mopmop big Socciule Qeen. Ol Poppsicle. ARS LONGUS TEMP IS FUGG. *Also Madm Mopmop got no telephung.*

Mrs. Finn's pencil stopped dead. Her fury at Mme. Pompom's arrogance, translating itself somewhat perversely in her notebook, subsided as though it had not been at all. In its stead returned the sweet singing sound—a sound that rose ever sweeter as she recalled a name Mme. Pompom had mentioned. It was the name of the Harvey Vermillions, which flashed into her mind side by side with an item she had read in last evening's *Race Defender:*

Mr. and Mrs. Harvey Vermillion will present their daughter, Mrs. Edna Wilson, to Society all day Sunday, April Tenth. Mr. Radiant Wilson will also attend. An early summer wedding is planned. Refreshments.

A benign light came into Mrs. Finn's eyes as she tucked away her pencil, notebook, and all animosity incurred by Mme. Pompom, and started decisively down Ruby Street. The Vermillions, a family of five, dwelt unostentatiously in a single room a few doors past Mrs. Wakefield's buffet flat. She tapped on the door ominously; and though Mr. Vermillion himself came to the door, a heavy, shuffling man with sluggish eyes that lit up with a cry of "Geranium, ef it ain't you!" upon seeing her, she upheld her dignity, kept utmost tightlipped silence, and held out to him a slightly-oversize calling card, lettered in her own turbulent hand:

Yrs. trilli, Mrs. Granimum Fin
Socciule Wrokker
LIBRI EQUALTI MATERNTI

Mr. Vermillion gazed at the card. "Compliments," he said, casting his frightened eyes about him.

Mrs. Finn beamed. It was her custom, whenever possible, to employ her pencil in lieu of the less-elegant spoken word. She already held her notebook in her hand, scribbling interminably before she ripped off the sheet and handed it to Mr. Vermillion.

Mr. Vermillion shaded his yellowish eyes with one, great, black hand to help him decipher the words: *Hav coem t immestigate you. Sanks you mudge.*

"Shoot," Mr. Vermillion said morosely.

Mrs. Finn entered with considerable alacrity the living quarters of the Vermillion family. She noted with regret that Society had not yet arrived, due in part to the early hour, in part perhaps to the fact that the Vermillion's bowing daughter, Mrs. Edna Wilson, and her fiance, Radiant, were not yet up. They arose when Mrs. Finn entered, sulkily rubbing their glossy fists against their cheeks. Mrs. Finn, on noting them, longed for a fan, but blamed it giddily on the Springtime. She sent her eyes wandering independently of each other over the remaining occupants of the room—Mr. and Mrs. Vermillion, both large, waddling and good-natured, and the infant Vermillion, Puce, still slumbering in dark riot in his box-crib near the window.

Mrs. Vermillion busied herself with setting out the refreshments of gin and popcorn. "The festivities," she announced, "has not yet been inaugurated. Have some gin? Git up, everybody."

"La," Mrs. Finn said deprecatingly.

"Them?" Mrs. Vermillion replied. "The betrothal is final, if you read the papers. In the early Summer . . ."

Mrs. Vermillion, confusing Mrs. Finn with a society columnist, began an entailed account of her guest list, costume and liquor supply. But Mrs. Finn, scorning chitchat, scribbled diligently and soon handed the Vermillions a sheet of paper on which she queried with puzzled tact:

Hav you aeni chillrim?

Mrs. Vermillion studied the note and, since two of her children at least were within touching distance of Mrs. Finn, grinned at her sportingly.

"You some card, Geranium," she said with admiration.

It was not the response Mrs. Finn had hoped for, and left her at rather loose ends. Thinking it better to begin afresh, she fastened her good eye severely on her notebook and presently flung at Mrs. Vermillion a new leaf, the writing on which became slightly furry as her wandering eye, cast presumably in the direction of the ceiling, caught Edna and Radiant gingerly dressing. Radiant, only half-clad and suspecting the vagrant eye to be focused on him, winked slowly at Mrs. Finn.

Plenni t aet? Ervibodi eploymed? Mrs. Finn's note began. *You got plenni bedds? Gnor shmmnrst xglu* (here a rather senseless passage ensued, this being the moment at which Radiant winked at her) *mnlph ?# soem figgur, nice yong fallo. Plenni fun, i bett. EL PLURBIUS UMN.*

"Don't make sense," Mr. Vermillion said bluntly, as he perused the note. Mrs. Vermillion, after only a glance, went off into burbling laughter.

Mrs. Finn pressed her small hand delicately to her bosom. "It unfortunate," she said coldly, "the Race is composed of such a *varied* class personalities."

"Have a shot gin, baby," Radiant grinned, winking at her again so that Mrs. Finn staggered imperceptibly.

She carried her outrage like a sable wrap about her as she departed—not quitting the dwelling, however, before she had scrawled a hasty note and dropped it with a cryptic sneer in her wake: *OUT DAMMIT SPOT!* Her nostrils quivered as she descended the stairs, aware of the gross laughter still echoing behind the Vermillions' closed door. Spring, she reflected, had betrayed her. Mme. Pompom and the Vermillions alike were wanting in finer feelings. Even the young men in bright yellow shoes, lolling before the Old Heidelberg, their faces glossed by the noonday sun, could not restore her lost elation.

A double gin at the Old Heidelberg helped little. She started home, with nothing singing inside her. Safe in her room she latched her door and, though her spirit failed, dropped to her knees beside her bed to draw from beneath it a ragged yet resplendent, folio-sized ledger. She blew carefully on the printed title, RECEIPTS, to which she had added with much illumination in her own hand, *& Osservations of Yrs. trilli, Mrs. Granimum Fin thissis HER boke HAENDSOFF!*

From the bottom drawer of her commode she drew out a bottle of muddy ink and—even greater treasure—a pen reminiscent of those used in banks. Carrying both ledger and writing tools to the window sill, she occupied herself in that employment which she contributed so eagerly to the cause of her Race. The use of ink necessitated her circumlocuting blot after blot, which made a not unpleasing pattern on the sheet, and the unfamiliar pen occasionally, by some mystic impulse, began writing in complete reverse. Yet much of the time her hand flowed reasonably toward the right and horizontally. A shy aura hovered round Mrs. Finn as she wrote.

Soem Dae. Sprumig coem. Not so Hott. Plenni coloried poepl not so freindli. Falumiarti Breds Content. Madm Mopmop thik she soem nummer. Printenz she soem Socciule Bunnerflit. Ol bedgug. GIMMI LIBRI OR GIMMI DAETH. Ishkabobble.

Briefly Mrs. Finn stayed her hand to avoid a great blur of ink that trembled from her pen. She embroidered the blot with small scallops and then, her passion cooled, began anew:

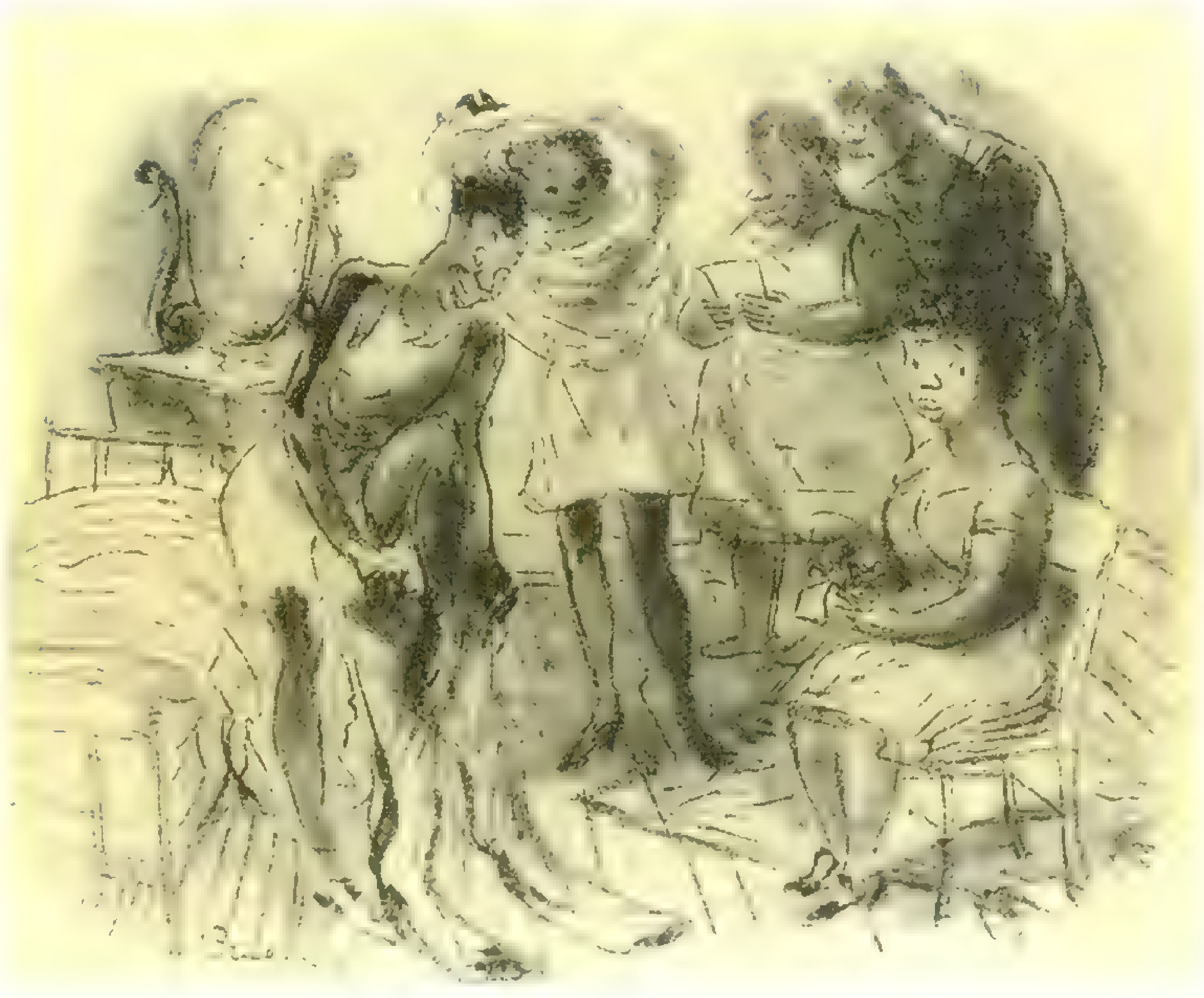
Verlmion falmi veri freindli aslo. I loev you trilli. You bett. Sanks you mudge. Mrs. Verlmion soem ol ful. Todae i receiv th Hi-Clas Socciuty Poepl. Mrs. Verlmion sae, it so teddious. Printenz she big Qeen, sit om throen. Get me bigg plaet spigatti, Slaev Boy, I that famishied. Printenz wite, not coloried. Howd you do, Mrs. Vannerbilk. Veri ignoramm Laedi. Cant spel, proabli.

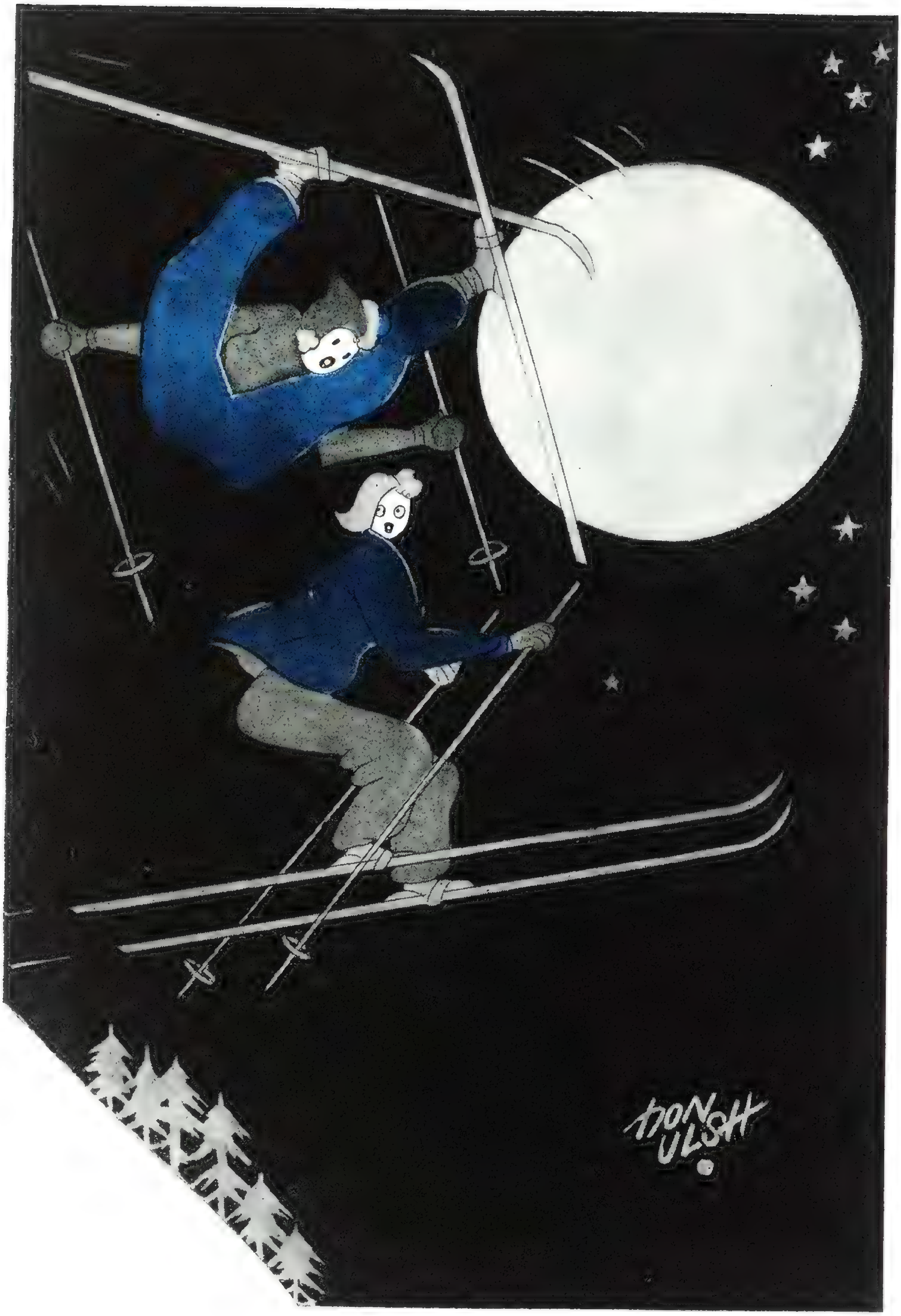
"Hi, Geranium!"

Mrs. Finn's angry pen halted. Her eyes, like a pair of estranged moths, fluttered through the window in pursuit of the unaccustomed, friendly call. Strolling down sweet-smelling Ruby Street, arm in arm and fraught with Spring, were Edna and Radiant, escaping their own presentation party. They had paused to call to Mrs. Finn, their faces upturned, a certain something in their laughter. Edna blew a kiss up toward the window, and Radiant winked.

Mrs. Finn's heart leapt. Trembling, she waved back to them. She held her breath as she felt her hand ripping the page she had just written from her dossier. She blinked as she dipped her pen again into the ink.

Thiss, Mrs. Finn's quivering hand spelled out on a fresh new sheet—*be Soem Swet Placc . . .* ⧻





"May I borrow your compact?"

Skiing in the Military Manner

The uniforms worn by our ski-going mountain infantry follow the basic pattern of ski clothes for civvies

by O. E. SCHOEFFLER

• WEARABLES •

WHAT play-loving Americans learned about skiing for the sheer hell of it during the past decade now has a vital military application. While assorted experts led the way with methods of stemming and turning, winter sportswear fashions advanced rapidly along functional lines. Knowledge thus gained about the most practical types of fabrics, comfortable designs for parkas and other details furnished a pattern for uniforms for the armed forces. Since the duties of the U. S. Army mountain troops include living, skiing and fighting in the snow, their uniforms have to stand rough going.

A comparison of the uniforms worn by these specialized troops and fashionable civilian ski clothes reveals many points of similarity. The outer uniform consists of a reversible processed cotton parka and a pair of loose-fitting trousers of the same cloth. The parka, of two thicknesses of fabric, white on one side, olive drab on the other, has the same type of hood favored by civilians. Cut with ample head room, it is finished with a draw string around the opening for the face. A slide fastener closure extends part way down the front. In the field it is worn with the white side out, matching the trousers, for camouflage against the snow. Around camp, it's a horse of another color with the O. D. side out. The white cotton trousers are loose and baggy, fitting closely at the bottom with snap fastener closures.

Under this coverall is worn an O. D. wool outfit. Trousers of eighteen-ounce O. D. worsted serge, the weight that expert civilian skiers prefer, have serge reinforcements at the seat and knees with oiled silk interlining. The trousers are tucked inside white canvas gaiters with heavy hooks. An alternate parka for extreme cold is made of alpaca. Also worn are regulation wool shirt, tie, webbing belt, woolen socks, long wool-and-cotton mixture underwear and a visored ski cap. The cap, of processed cotton, is lined with O. D. wool. On mild days only a knitted headband covers the ears.

Ski soldiers wear two pairs of mitts. The inner pair, of knitted wool, provides extra warmth. The outer pair, of waterproof leather, is the gauntlet type with straps. Each right mitt has a slit for the index finger. (Gauntlet mitts are worn by most civilian skiers.)

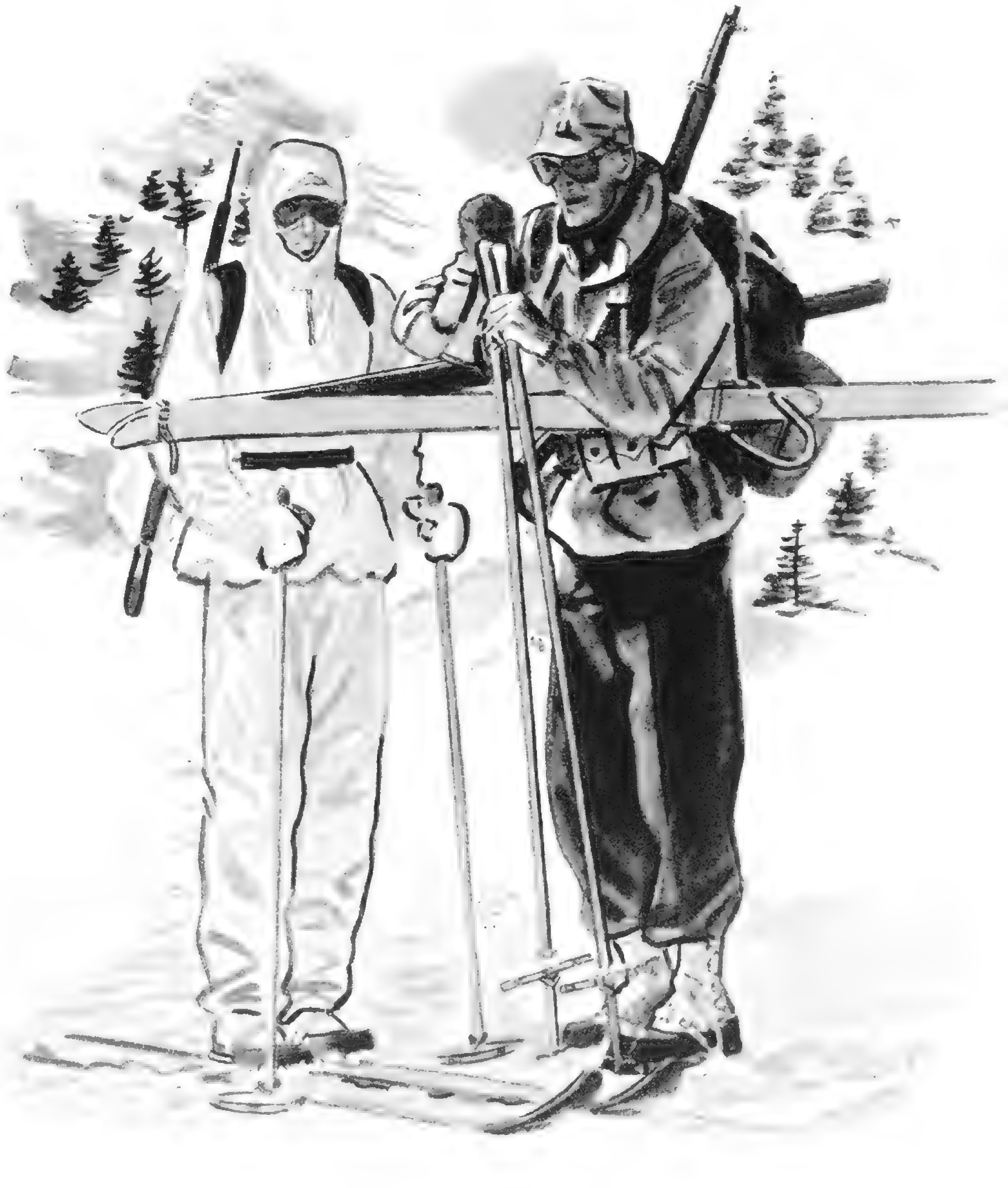
The regulation boot is the box toe blucher with semi-flexible leather soles. A leather lining acts as a cushion and extra insulation. Soft rubber, backing the tongue of each boot, prevents friction on the instep. Grooves in the heels hold firmly the Kandahar binding. (This low steel cable binding, which tends to keep the boot down on the skis for easy control, is a favorite among civilian skiers.) Four one-inch brass plates on the sides of the soles in front prevent wear and strain of the soles against the binding. Felt insoles provide an insulated, springy base.

Skis with flat or ridged tops are solid or laminated hickory. The tops are painted white for concealment and metal edges, endorsed by civilians, are aids to control of the skis. Both steel and Tonquin poles are used. The soldiers carry emergency repair tips, which may be attached to the skis in case the regular tips break off. Mohair plush climbers are attached to the bottom of the skis when ascending steep slopes.

A repair kit and waxes for different kinds of snow are provided. The trooper sleeps snugly in a mummy bag made of down and feathers, covered with processed fabric. When far away from the base, the ski soldier carries a stove, weighing three pounds. A pint of fuel (gasoline, kerosene or alcohol) lasts four days.

Flexible goggles with plastic lenses filter out light rays, prevent snow blindness, and protect the eyes against wind and snow.

The rucksack carried by the mountain trooper weighs six pounds and has a capacity of fifty pounds of personal equipment. When heavier loads have to be carried, a packboard with a capacity of 125 pounds is strapped on the shoulders—the capacity being up to 125 pounds of supplies and equipment. ⧺



The Sporting Scene

Let's not kid ourselves that the sports show must go on lest we forget our role in the grimly important theatre of war

by HERB GRAFFIS

• SPORTS •

When those Yanks who listened to broadcasts of the World's Series and last autumn's football games return to the soil which they have kept the land of the free, they'll see a revolutionary change of scenery in American sport.

The old picture on which they gazed, or part of which they were, won't be here. It's being swiftly changed these days.

American sports' old days already have three strikes on them, viz:

(1) We won't be allowed to sit in amphitheaters fiddling with hot dogs while the world burns. The seats in the stands will be rewards for those who can prove they've done something toward winning the war.

(2) We are learning that for self-preservation we'll have to forget what we have learned in sports about chivalrous competition.

(3) Shortages of sports equipment and of playing specialists are imminent.

The old games won't be the same. Don't kid yourself that they will. Learn to like what you'll get in sports and realize you're lucky to get it.

Remember Pearl Harbor. That was the place where we learned war is not played by the other fellows' observing our sporting rules. There we learned to question the American sporting philosophy. At Pearl Harbor we went to the canvas complaining it wasn't sporting to whip across a punch before the gong sounded. The other guys laughed and continued punching.

We rubbed ourselves below the belt and moaned "deceit" and "treachery." The other guys laughed harder.

But now we've bounced up much smarter.

We have been slugged out of our dream of peace and playfulness to realize that as long as we are over-influenced by the old sporting spirit, the opposition has a deadly advantage over the gentlemen sportsmen. It's distressing, but it's the truth.

We are snapping out of a condition in which we glorified some bums who were gifted with specialized skill of a non-productive nature and paid them sums we should have spent in strengthening our Pacific possessions. The lads who distinguished themselves in rather minor ways by playing for fun we considered slightly balmy. The amateur we suspected.

But we're coming out of that foggy past. There has been compiled a partial record of the heroic performances in battle by young men of athletic note in peacetime. Although this record's compilation has been limited by inability to get full data on the sports backgrounds of the heroes, it has been sufficient to show that to a substantial extent American sport has contributed to war training.

Cancellation of the Louis-Conn fight did possibly more than anything else to shake the stink and phoniness out of American wartime sport. The first public reaction to calling off that fight was that of agreeing it would be wise to beware of promoters bearing gifts. That was not precisely fair to Mike Jacobs. It also was an unfair reflection on many other promoters of sports events for the financial benefit of war service organizations. But it did have the long-needed effect of reminding the public to take a deep and critical sniff of any "benefit" sports promotion that does not submit certified public accountants' audits of each item of expense. Army and Navy Relief, the Red Cross, the USO and other war service organizations have been gullible and have been bilked by experts.

There was another public reaction to the Louis-Conn mess that contributed to the purge of some noxious factors in sports. There was news of a large advance sale. But was there any news of those who bought expensive tickets for the Fight of the Scentury handing over their refunds to Army Emergency Relief? Failure to read such news left the general American public with unkind sentiments toward fight fans who could pay forty dollars for a ringside seat, not because of the desperate need of fighting men's families, but for the fans' own amusement.

Altogether the Louis-Conn affair was about as strong an emetic as could be administered to an American public that had thought sports were sporting. The two soldiers suffered the promotion as a climax to civilian misfortunes. The young man in the role of challenger already had lost his most important fight to his father-in-law in a kitchen, and the champion, through mismanagement, was deep in debt for income tax. After Secretary Stimson knocked out the fight with a terse and piercing denunciation, Louis and Conn probably were glad to get on with the war, and so was the rest of serious America.

The promotion which smelled itself out affected the entire American professional and amateur sports situation. It jarred sincere promoters of sports for sports' sake into acquaintance with realities. It was a shock to amateur sports officials, to celebrated governors of professional baseball and football, and to gentlemen in the business of making sporting goods, to learn that in the public mind they were regarded as being in a field that capitalized on the plight of soldiers' needy families.

These decent men winced at the realization that many thoughtful Americans believed the American sports business approved the idea of taking out of Army Emergency Relief, money which could represent defense costs in exceedingly unsavory proceedings. And that isn't a very nice reputation to hang onto men who have been inviting the public to toss a dime on the drum and get saved by the pure and mighty grace of sport.

It wasn't only a shock to them as decent American gentlemen. It was a blow to them as businessmen. With all business centering in Washington now, and with complex problems of priorities troubling them in their endeavors to be of definite war help, they were not being placed for respectful consideration by their being subconsciously allied with fellow members of the sports fraternity whose sidelines included policy and other gambling enterprises, prostitution, and corollary activities.

It couldn't happen to them. They were honest men, intent upon making the nation strong and noble. But it did happen to them. And it happened to them so hard, they were jolted away from their old dependence on the belief that truth is great, and shall prevail. They are pondering on the most energetic campaign of sports promotion ever conducted in the United States, geared to war conditions, but having in prospect the probability that post-war sports on the purified platform will have far larger participation than ever before.

One piece of luck that's with the conscientious advocates of sports is that union labor

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THE MINIATURE PINSCHER

Champion Nicodemus of Questover owned by Mrs. Beatrice H. Clark. A pocket edition of the Doberman Pinscher is the best description of the Miniature Pinscher. This tiny breed is practically no size at all. Although it weighs only between five and ten pounds and stands not more than eleven inches at the shoulder, and *every inch is real dog*, all the self-respect and courage of the canine world is packed into its trim, sleek little body. The breed is an old one, originating in Germany and the Scandinavian countries, but its serious development began only in 1895 when the Pinscher Club of Germany was founded. In 1928 this country really got excited about the fascinating dog and organized the Miniature Pinscher Club of America. Almost no promotion of the breed was necessary, with the result that today not a dog show goes by but that some male at the toy dog ringside, all ready to sneer at the "muff" dogs, changes his tune at the sight of the Pinscher and exclaims: "Look at that upstanding little creature, why that's a man's dog!"

Chase Herendeen

CHAMPION
NICODEMUS *of* QUESTOVER

(The Miniature Pinscher)

Color Photograph
by HENRY WAXMAN

Twentieth Century-Fox's

LINDA DARNELL

Hurrell Photograph

First Nights & Passing Judgments

With due respect to the Russians, Konstantin Simonov's *The Russian People* is mossy and melodramatic

by GEORGE JEAN NATHAN

• THEATRE •

THE prevailing attitude of our theatrical producers seems to be that what people want in war time is not serious drama but entertainment, and then providing them with little of it. At least in the opinion of this particular item in the house. Far from being the pundit I am sometimes accused of being, no one relishes such entertainment more than I do. My demand of it, however, is that it entertain, for if it doesn't it cheats its label and I'd rather go around and have the time of my life laughing at some solemn dramaturgy like *The Morning Star.*

I don't say that some people aren't different. They must be, judging from their pleasure in a number of these entertainment filibusters. But when, whether as professional reviewer or private sitter, I am invited to feel wildly carefree and inordinately gay when in *Strip For Action* a comique paraphrases the facetia about the impossibility of coming clean from Pittsburgh, when in *Wine, Women and Song* a semi-nude contortionist shows a pair of phosphorescent hands painted on her behind, and when in *Let Freedom Sing* a funny man delicately dabs at his armpits with a handkerchief after a bit of acrobatics, I fear I am left pretty chilly. Nor do I find myself bursting with mirth when, still further, a female in *Vicki* pretending to be an igneous Mata Hari squirms temptingly around a small, bald, timid man, when in *Janie* a little brat stands on her head and discloses an expanse of diaper, or when in one or another vaudeville revival a comedian says he told his sergeant that it was too cold for him and the sergeant told him where he could go to be comfortable.

Maybe I am difficult to please. It isn't that I am such a fogy that I think the strip-tease should be spelled socrates or that there hasn't been any authentic entertainment since comedians last came on in suits six sizes too big for them with red electric bulbs on their noses, with carrots and turnips as boutonnières and with hatchets in their rear pants pockets or since Lionel Barrymore acted Macbeth, but when I am bidden to a show to be amused I am strangely ill at ease when no amusement is vouchsafed me with which to be amused. I faithfully go to something called *Count Me In* and politely attend such jocosities as involve a comedian's body covered with a map and, upon his turning around, revealing Germany on his rump, yet my features remain peculiarly immobile. I hopefully repair to something like *Priorities of 1943* and my midriff remains disturbingly calm and unbusted when one of the zanies speaks his lines with his mouth full of sandwich. And I optimistically hie me to a musical show like *Beat The Band* and find that the entertainment it seeks to bejoy me with consists for the most part in a lyric writer who apparently believes that *Who's Who* is a source of great wit and who in rattling off familiar names achieves the high in something or other by rhyming "bunch of morons" with "Gertrude Lawrence"; in a 240-pound comedian who bumps an intruder out with his ample belly and thereupon excruciatingly observes, "Now I know what it's good for"; in a hip-rolling senorita who says she hails from Mexico and is consequently sexico; and in a plot which has to do with a man who discovers, as men have been discovering in musical comedies, etc., for the last forty years, that his little god-daughter whom he has never seen is a beautiful grown-up girl and who—surprise!—falls in love with her.

The truth seems to be that what the producers have sanguinely been dishing out as entertainment isn't actually one-fiftieth so entertaining as what is commonly regarded as somewhat heavier theatrical fare. There is, for example, more genuine entertainment in three single little scenes of Maxwell Anderson's war play, *The Eve of St. Mark,* albeit the play on the whole has been ridiculously overestimated by the majority of the reviewers, than there is in three entire musical comedies like *The Time, The Place and The Girl.* There is more forthright fun to be extracted from the performances of the Lunts, whether their vehicle be Shakespeare or the Behrman of even *The Pirate,* than there is from those of a dozen such vaudeville and revue clowns as Henny Youngman, Jimmie Savo, Romo Vincent, Zero Mostel, Bernie Gould, Phil Leeds, Johnny Burke and the like. And there is at least a hundred times greater pleasurable lift of the spirit, whichever way you choose to look at it, in a Saroyan's short *Hello Out There* than you will experience from all these recent musical comedies representing aggregate investments running into many hundreds of thousands of dollars and giving you for your own $4.40 stages full of hoptoad jam sessions that blast your eardrums, songs called *Let's Comb Beaches* with the lights going dim and showing through a scrim or something of the sort a man in B V D's chasing a hula dancer, and comedians whose idea of rib-cracking humor is getting tangled up in the telephone cord.

II

Nevertheless, though its sentiments are serious, lofty and above reproach, I can't get particularly excited over Konstantin Simonov's imminent war play, *The Russian People.* Testifying, as would not be too difficult to guess, to the valor of the Slavs in their struggle with the Nazis—and not overlooking any bets in driving the point home—it is couched in such melodramatic theatrical terms as have hardly been exceeded since the roaring old peanut-heaven days. For those who want their drama to be constantly on the rampage,

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AMERICAN BEAUTIES, WESTERN STYLE

The face and the fortune of Linda Darnell

LINDA MONETTE ELOYSE DARNELL is the name on the birth certificate, which only goes to show that the lady was born down South, where every sweet dish has a fancy handle. In 1939 she was spotted down in Dallas by a talent scout for 20th Century-Fox and whisked off to Hollywood. The boys in the front office took one look at her, asked no questions, coined a phrase for her: "The Girl with the Perfect Face." She made a test. It was called *Two Nuts on a Sidewalk.* When it was shown on the screen, the boys took another look at the perfect face . . . and squinted. The camera did something to her . . . made her look too young. The boys called up her mother and asked her just how old Linda Monette Eloyse Darnell was. "Just fourteen," said mother. The boys sent Linda back to Dallas with two words of advice: "Grow up."

This she did, as fast as she could. Two years later, when she was tottering on the brink of sixteen, she bombarded the studio with new photographs of herself. The studio sent for her again. The boys looked, saw that the years hung lightly on her lush face and frame, and tossed her into something called *Hotel For Women.* The rest is astronomical: A new star was born.

Linda Darnell, at nineteen, is a veteran of nine pictures. She personifies a type the movie moguls incessantly seek—she represents sweetness, purity, adolescence, all-around ripeness on the bough. She's the girl mother would love, the face in the locket, the kid who should have lived next door. Such types are rare in Hollywood. Miss Darnell is one of two or three.

A full-fledged movie star, she lives like a successful stenographer, with her mother, brother, sister, in a five-room house. Her father is still a clerk in a Dallas post office. She does not smoke or drink. She is rarely seen in night clubs, prefers playing shuffleboard in her living room at home. Her favorite song is *Ave Maria,* because it makes her cry.

Hollywood? "Before I came to Hollywood," she says, "I dreamed that movie people led lives of ease and luxury, that their wants were filled before they could mention them, and that life was simply a smooth succession of pleasures. What did I find? I didn't discover the true meaning of work until I got here. I've never worked so hard in my life."

Vital Statistics: *Height:* 5 feet, 4¾ inches, *Hair:* Black, *Weight:* 109 pounds, *Birthplace:* Dallas, Texas, *Works for:* Twentieth Century-Fox, *Next picture:* "Loves of Edgar Allen Poe," *Nickname:* Tweedles.

HURRELL PHOTOGRAPH

Central Heating with Punch

What pleasanter way to fight off a light case of double pneumonia than these variations on the hot toddy?

by LAWTON MACKALL

• POTABLES •

With Glo'ria the Furnace skimping her radiance, there are times when one's marrow sends out requests for anti-sneeze mixtures of a toddy sort. Accordingly Mrs. Kettle is given a hot seat and old Doctor Barleycorn is paged, arriving full-steam with

Chill Shall Not Blain Tonight

Atop a robust goblet or mug of 5 or 6 oz. capacity, poise the bowl of a teaspoon filled with sugar and slowly cascade onto this enough hot water, I mean *hot*, to fill the glass ¾ full. Any sugar not dissolved by now is attended to stirringly.

Inject 2 oz. Bourbon (pedigreed—not a commercial love-child of a commercial love-child) and stir further. Garnish with small piece of lemon hide or a thin slice of lemon punctured with a clove. If clove is omitted, drink may be casually sprinkled with nutmeg.

Julep-minded invaders who nuzzle into this piping potion as though up against mint instead of steam, are apt to get their eyeglasses clouded. But that doesn't balk or baffle them. They just come in on the aroma beam. And presently, as warmth à la Bourbon makes itself at home, every rib feels redolent.

"Right idea but wrong whiskey," would be the backfire from Back Bay Boston, and from Maryland, Pennsylvania, and other refreshment areas where Rye reigns. Also I'd stand corrected by the impassioned preferrers of special blends. So we'll liberalize our toddy specifications to read: "Whiskey of your choice"—tactfully assuming that you *are* a chooser, not a sucker for "attractively-priced" pretenders.

Old Sod sentimentalists swapping reminiscenses of the Erin they came from, coddle their nostalgia with toddy brewed of *usquebaugh*—Gaelic *uisge-beatha*, "water of life"—more conveniently known as Irish Whiskey. Interestingly enough, it was from Ireland that the word Whiskey got its "e" (Scotland's has remained "Whisky"), and many's the bottle of Blarney-smooth Irish that has come over to help celebrate the fact that liquor thus spelled is doing all right.

The letter-saving Scots (they figure that the paper, pens, and ink they'd be squandering on that "e" would, in a month's time, amount to the price of a drink) crave milk as a tonic for their chill-bedevilled bones. Loch Lomond Punch, mentioned in this department in November, is a typical version, and so many readers have written in to ask the recipe, my Caledonian instincts prompt me to give it here:

Loch Lomond Milk Punch

Seize the left-hind faucet of an Ayrshire or Aberdeen-Angus cow (Jersey, Guernsey, or Holstein will do in an emergency) and extract nearly a tumbler of milk. Sweeten with two teaspoons of honey.

Into another tumbler put one jigger of Scotch Whisky and pour onto it the contents of the first tumbler and continue pouring back and forth till well mixed and slightly foamy. Dust with nutmeg if you will.

In dank, penetrating weather the milk may be heated to just short of the boiling point, calling for mugs instead of glasses.

A juicy slice of Scottish life lies back of this drink. Seems that a bearded glensman by the name of Donald MacSniff had a strait-laced wife who frowned upon his occasional recourse to a wee drappie but somehow couldn't dissuade him. Finally she announced that the minister was coming to dinner and that the only beverage would be milk. So Donald went out to interview the cow, returning with a pail of the white-and-foamy, into which he had cannily poured a bottle of whisky. Both the teetotal wife and the honored guest exclaimed over the milk's wonderful richness and flavor. Never had they tasted its equal.

Next morning while the wife was out shopping for a "reel of cotton" (spool of thread), Donald had a caller. It was the minister wanting to buy the cow.

Such milk affairs, and Hot Whisky Punch with lemons, are the fancy ways of defrosting Hieland numbth. The forthright way is with drams, consisting of slugs or hookers, swallowed neat. An ecstatic flicker of Adam's apple and dram has gone, unlimbering its partaker for the day's grim exertions. The peat-smoke perfume thereby installed is too precious to be expended in idle gab. Silence couldn't be goldener.

A Scottish visitor to London a couple of centuries ago found that winter mornings in that metropolis weren't any too Southerly. Whiskey was as yet exotic; the popular breakfast dishes were Early Purl, alias Dog's Nose (mug of hot spiced Ale or Porter, spiked with Gin), and Pop-In (8 parts Beer, 1 part Brandy). With either of these you could really get your circulation going.

On the Continent, where even in modern times winter was never much interfered with by furnaces, the customer was expected to look out for his own temperature as best he could. Blue extremities could be taken to the nearest café, where a stove would be gratefully met with, and also liquid spine-comforters. The problem was, how to fortify oneself for getting there? It was solved by sprinkling one's Continental breakfast coffee (served at bedside) with a glacier-buster—Brandy, Marc (spirit distilled from grape husks), Apple Brandy, or Rum. In fact, even in Sunny Italy, where often I have dined with my overcoat on and mornings were "quite crisp," the chatterings of one's bridgework could be checked, for there was Grappa—akin to Marc—such as California now produces competently.

Glittering ski-trailed Alps of Switzerland have persistently called for gulps of Kirsch, the sugarless, crystal-clear spirit of cherries. Luckily this, too, is now made in America, though its tête-à-tête possibilities are only slowly being caught onto—which is gross negligence, because they are swell. First you melt a cut-up pound of Swiss type cheese with a cup of white wine in a chafing-dish

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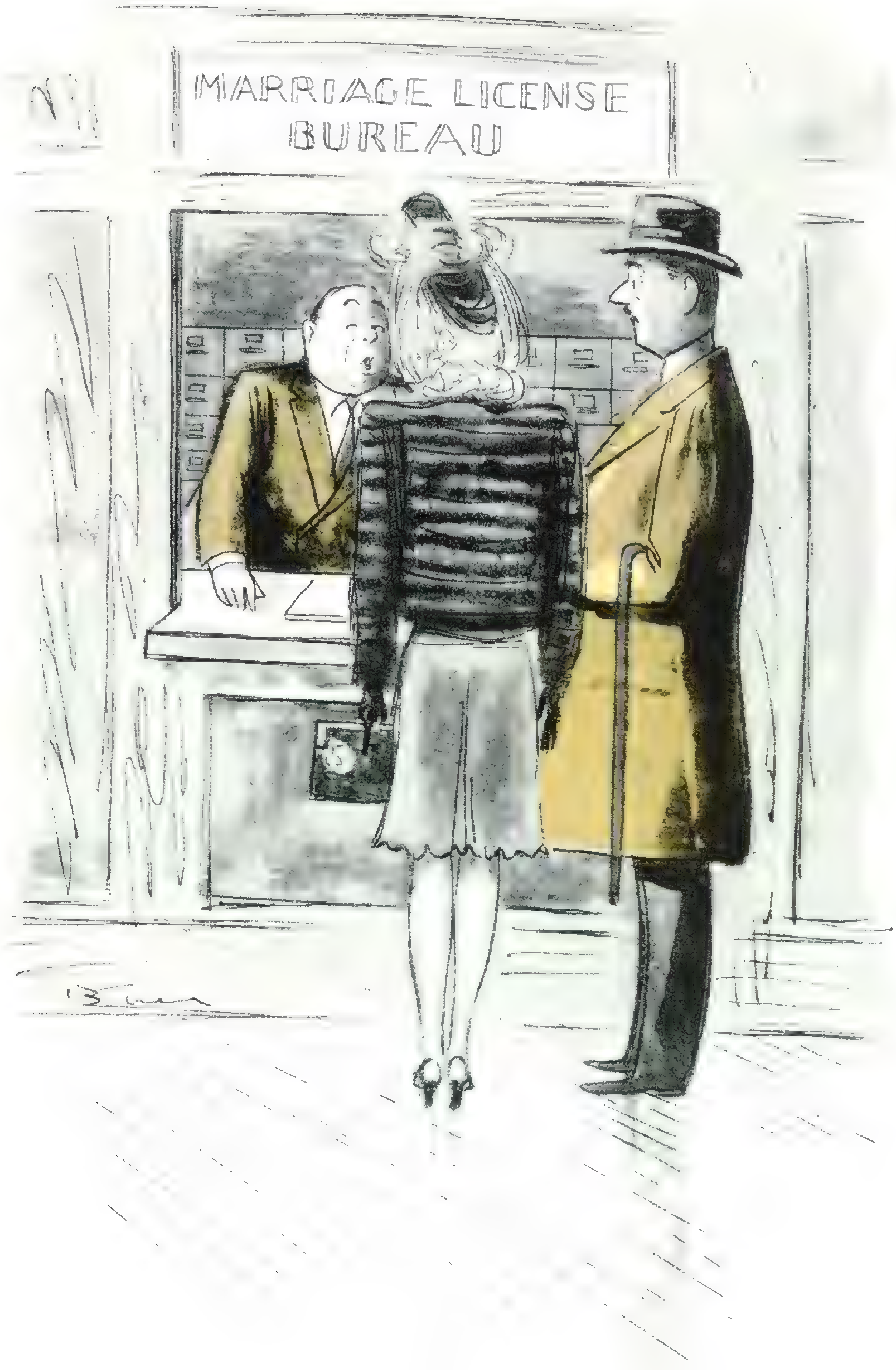
"She's resting quietly and I'm sure she'll be all right—just keep her away from mice for a while"


MARRIAGE LICENSE BUREAU

"Don't look now, but your ex-husband just came in with another woman"

The Esquire Sports Poll

U. S. needs National Sports Commission to synchronize athletics to war needs, is view expressed by those interested

by HERB GRAFFIS & RALPH CANNON

▪ SPORTS ▪

THE ESQUIRE SPORTS POLL

I

Do you think that President Roosevelt should appoint a committee to study the war-time situation of all sports and make recommendations for their conduct during the war, on the theory that these sports are of use for the physical and mental welfare of the people? . . . . Yes ☑ 68.49% No ☐

II

Should the public and private golf courses be kept open this year so that the public can play and get as much relaxation as possible, even though play has to be carried on under difficulties, such as walking or bicycling to the links, carrying one's own clubs, etc.; or do you think that all public and private golf courses should be closed this season? . . . . Keep Open 97.32%

III

Can organized baseball still be regarded as an important adjunct of civilian and military morale? . . . . . Yes ☑ 86.57% No ☐

IV

Should steps be taken now to curtail intercollegiate football for next fall; or should intercollegiate bodies be given reassurances now so that they can plan for as strong a season as possible for 1943? . . . . . . Give Assurances 73.85%

V

Should professional boxing be allowed to die for the duration; or should efforts be made to promote this sport further in order to provide relaxation for war workers and men in the services? . . . . Promote 79.11%

VI

Should all licensed hunting and fishing activities be discontinued this year? . . . . Yes ☐ No ☑ 89.24%

VII

Should winter sports centers be encouraged to operate this winter, with the provision that a good share of their capacity be devoted to outings for war workers and disabled war veterans? . . . . Yes ☑ 92.01% No ☐

VIII

Which sport do you think will gain most in popularity during the war; or in other words which sport provides the most relaxation and physical conditioning for the greatest number of people? . . . Baseball 19.07%

After spending much of its first wartime year lost in the rough, American sport is beginning to find itself. It is being helped in getting located by work-or-fight official reminders and transportation restrictions limiting circulation of player and spectator.

The attitude of young men toward wartime sport has clarified and strengthened the prospects for sport. Strangely enough, defeat of service football teams by the varsity specialists did much to enlighten the public on the basic situation in wartime sports. The college lads, making believe football was war, and the pro teams fighting to be kept in business, exhibited greater intensity in the gridiron contests than did the Army and Navy players who had enlisted for the Big Game and were playing football as a sideline to the real task.

Sports public relations benefitted when the public was informed that sports programs of the Navy and Army were being conducted as essential to properly conditioning young men for fighting. Prior to the time that the Navy's Pre-flight training schools made it plain that members of the schools' teams would not be kept at the schools until completion of sports seasons, or given other preferential treatment, the general public belief was that the only way in which a prominent athlete in the Navy might eventually meet Japs or Germans was by having a basketball, football or baseball game scheduled with the enemy. That conception was dispelled when fine young athletes were killed in combat duty with the Navy.

"It is no news," wrote **Commander Tom J. Hamilton,** U. S. N., Division of Aviation Training, "that our country's manpower has entered this war ill-equipped physically for the type of warfare in which we are embroiled. The situation calls for expanded efforts in sports rather than curtailment in the heavy work days ahead. Sports for every person will bring physical fitness, a lift to better carry out his job, and continue to develop the same qualities of initiative, quick thinking, and competitiveness which characterizes the American."

"Inasmuch as this is, apparently, a war between democracy and dictatorship, both claiming to be able to preserve human civilization," wrote **John Gould Fletcher,** "it is obvious that neither side can win unless it sacrifices everything to the war effort. In a few years more, both sides will run out of essential materials, all the powder blown away. The war can then be continued, *only* if people have learned the technique of its continuance. I therefore recommend the resumption of archery, spear-throwing, and sword-practice as sports. All other sports should be stopped, except hunting and fishing (useful in case there is food-rationing). With bows and arrows and spears, democracy can possibly win a glorious victory."

Arthur Guiterman said: "I do not feel that sport should be especially encouraged during the war, but I am convinced that it should be allowed to continue normally. Life should go on without unnecessary limitations and there is need for play and diversion as well as for war effort. In time of war prepare for peace."

This month's Esquire Sports Poll is concerned with this adjustment of sport to fit snugly into an effective wartime program. In addition to the usual voting blocs of general public, sports editors and sportscasters, major varsity football squads were polled.

The military was represented by Ogden Air Depot, one of the great supply and maintenance depots under the Air Service Command, located at Hill Field, Ogden, Utah. This field was named for Major Ployer P. Hill, Air Corps test pilot who was killed in 1935 while testing a new type bomber over Wright Field, Dayton, Ohio.

It might well have received the name from its location, however, for it is tucked against the side of the mountains at the mouth of a canyon about halfway between Salt Lake City and Ogden. Canyon winds keep the air clear at all times.

The initial survey for the field was started on April 6, 1938, and in July, W.P.A. laborers began grading the land for runways and buildings. By November, 1939, construction of permanent buildings was well under way with structures housing the quartermaster warehouse, commissary, garage and shop completed. In July 1940, the first concrete was poured for the runways. In December, Colonel Morris Berman, commanding officer, arrived and the field became officially activated. The progress since then and the scope of operations may be judged from the fact that now several thousand civilians are employed at the field, which has trained and is training countless enlisted men in Air Depot Groups for overseas duty. Buildings approaching $20,000,000 in value cover many acres, including huge operation and repair hangars large enough to accommodate the B-19; warehouses thousands of feet in length, containing more than 300,000 different kinds of supplies; headquarters and various staff buildings, garages; commissaries and cafeterias; a theatre and chapel; school buildings; and barracks numerous and large enough to house thousands of soldiers.

Hill Field's percentages were as follows: Question I, "yes," 71.25%; Question II, "keep open," 95.06%; Question III, "yes," 92.41%; Question IV, "assurances," 85.61%; Question V, "promote," 83.56%; Question VI, "no," 80.48%; Question VII, "yes," 91.25%; Question VIII, Bowling, 31.39%.

QUESTION I

Do you think that President Roosevelt should appoint a committee to study the wartime situation of all sports and make recommendations for their conduct during the war, on the theory that these sports are of use for the physical and mental welfare of the people?

	Yes	No
The public		50.77%
Sportscasters	80.09%	
Sports editors	67.74%	
Football players	83.59%	

Here's the one in which the public sharply disagreed with all other divisions of voters. The public seems to have the conviction that the government had best stay out of the sports situation, for the good of all concerned.

The young men who have been playing football were strong for the idea of a Presidential committee to survey the sports situation and its needs.

Many of the more experienced men in sports expressed the opinion that sports would work out its own salvation or fold for the duration, strictly according to the dictates of the public as made known at the turnstiles or in participation.

Among the volume of lively comment:

"I myself advocate sports to the highest degree," wrote **John Batorski,** Colgate end. "One very vital move to promote sports in colleges would be, as you suggest, a committee to study the wartime situation of sports. What would the people do without football? There is no other sport that could provide the same sort of relaxation. Also there is no other Fall sport so popular throughout the country. We must continue to provide relaxation for our people in war-industry as well as in the armed forces."

Clyde E. McBride, *Kansas City Star*, suggested: "Let all sports carry on until their manpower is so absorbed by the war needs they will fold of their own accord or, as to professional sports, until the paying public calls them off by failure to attend." **Gene Sullivan,** St. Joseph, Missouri, *News-Press*, said: "These decisions should be left to the men burdened with the responsibility of winning the war. We want no pressure groups in sports."

R. J. Steinhilper, Williamsport, Pennsylvania, *Sun*, declared:

> In the world today there is only one vital issue and that is the war. Sport is my first love; sportwriting my bread and butter, but where is my bread and butter coming from if we lose the war? I sincerely believe it would be for the best if all sports were abandoned during the war. In one breath we are accused of complacency; in the next we are told that we need relaxation and diversion and that sports can provide these. Baseball moguls advance a flimsy, illogical reason for what they term their sport's indispensability. They say it serves to take our minds off the war. If you ask me, that is our weakness exactly. We do not have our minds on the war as we should. As for the type of sports we foster: Colleges pay $10,000 to instruct some 40 men in one particular line of activity. What we need is a program of basic military training for *all* school pupils. I can't see how our sports system, as it now operates, is going to expedite termination of the war.

"The entire sports picture—amateur, college, pro, university and high school—needs immediate review and reorganization," insisted **Charles K. Brown,** Staunton, Virginia, *News Leader*. "This should be done by the respective, proper governing groups—not the New Deal, F.D.R., Washington, or anyone else there." **Bob Foote,** *Pasadena Star-News*, wanted to know: "Why a committee? Sports is one activity that does not require a national survey. The public gives its own answer by the way it continues to play sports and attends them. Let sports just go along and it will be the truest reflection of the attitude of the people toward the war."

Blake Fawcette, Duke left guard, thought: "Unless the government makes a nation-wide survey of the field of sports, we will never know what steps to take." But **Miller Hollingsworth,** Sharon, Pennsylvania, *Herald*, said: "Let's have no group of officials making a survey and recommendations. Any time sports are investigated it is usually by persons biased against them."

William V. Reddy, *Syracuse Post-Standard*, favored some procedure, saying:

> Sports now are proceeding on a hit-or-miss basis, wasteful of time and effort which might be directed toward winning the war. Sports have so great a value to the public that they should be given a pattern to follow, so that they can aid in the field of morale without in any way hindering the war effort. It should be possible for a committee (or preferably a national set-up with district heads responsible to a single national leader) to investigate these possibilities and to advise sports authorities and aid them where possible.

"I like the idea of letting the President select a committee to look after sports," wrote **Charles Kuhn,** Kentucky right half. "And I sincerely hope that athletics will continue. They are the best morale builders one can think of, and besides I am an athlete myself, and soon will be commissioned in the Army."

Among those favoring such a committee were: **Bennett Cerf, Paul Governali,** Columbia halfback; **Bill Hillenbrand,** Indiana halfback; **Otto Graham,** Northwestern halfback; **"Blondy" Black,** Mississippi State halfback; **Bob Wiese,** Michigan fullback; **Dick Hoerner,** Iowa fullback; **Herman Frickey,** Minnesota halfback; **Pat Harder,** Wisconsin fullback; **Bunky Morris,** Syracuse halfback; **Alyn Beals,** Santa Clara end; **Bill Daley,** Minnesota halfback; **Jackie Field,** Texas halfback; **Tom Douglas,** Dartmouth fullback; **Paul Taylor,** Southern California halfback; **John Tessier,** Tulane tackle; **Spencer Moseley,** Yale center; **Tom Farmer,** Iowa halfback; **Elroy Hirsch,** Wisconsin halfback; and **Charles Wakefield Cadman,** the composer.

Opposing the proposal were: **Carl Glick,** the playwright; **Earnest Calkins, Charles Alexander, Vardis Fisher, Colonel Robert A. Gardner,** director Army Specialist Corps, Sixth Service Command; **Bob Cifers,** Tennessee halfback; **"Bud" Talbott, Jr.,** Yale halfback; **Ed Wray,** *St. Louis Post Dispatch*; **Royal Brougham,** *Seattle Post-Intelligencer*; **Ernest Boyd,** the author; and **Carter Glass, Jr.**

QUESTION II

Should the public and private golf courses be kept open this year so that the public can play and get as much relaxation as possible, even though play has to be carried on under difficulties, such as walking or bicycling to the links, carrying one's own clubs, etc.; or do you think that all public and private golf courses should be closed this season?

	Keep Open
The public	95.45%
Sportscasters	96.82%
Sports editors	98.73%
Football players	96.99%

The voting per cent is much larger than the per cent of the country's golf clubs that will reopen for play this year. Some clubs have been taken over by the Army and Navy as schools, barracks and training fields. Other clubs, distant from shoe, rail or horse-and-buggy transportation, will close for the duration. In some instances sheep will be pastured where the duffer has prowled. But the remaining courses, like the doctors who are left in practice, seem to be due to get about all the patients they can handle.

Typical comments on the question:

"What the country will need this year," wrote **Jim Reed,** WIBW, Topeka, "is not spectator sports, but sports that will provide the most relaxation and physical conditioning for the greatest number of people—golf, bowling, tennis, softball, picnics and hiking. Because of limited transportation facilities and scarcity of caddies, golfers will gain much-needed conditioning by walking or bicycling to the links and carrying their own clubs. Let us keep golf courses, tennis courts, bowling alleys and playgrounds open until the war is won. Then, and only then, will we continue the sports now so dear to all Americans."

"The answer to any sports problem should be simple," declared **Art McMahon,** *Passaic Herald-News*. "If the sport can operate without impairing the war effort, it should be continued. If it is even the least bit harmful, it should be discontinued. So far as the golf courses are concerned, let them operate. If golfers want to cope with transportation and caddy difficulties, that is their problem. We can accomplish no good by closing the courses, unless they are needed for training grounds or convalescent hospitals."

Peter Blume, whose "South of Scranton"

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Man the Kitchenette

European gourmet explains the value and the symbolism of good, nutritious bread, and exhorts us to cherish it

by ILES BRODY

• EDIBLES •

THE holiest of all edibles is bread, yet Americans know little about it. The United States is the country where the highest living standards prevail, and so, its people can afford to take for granted the staff of life. They allow the grocer to sell them soggy loaves made of bleached, bolted flour robbed of its nutritious phosphates and flavor. Then they turn around and buy a can of wheat germ, or swallow a couple of vitamin tablets!

I was brought up—back in Europe—with a reverence for bread that bordered on idolatry. Adhering to the custom of the majority of Europeans, when a piece of my bread fell on the floor, I quickly picked it up, kissed it in order to make amends for the careless handling, blew off the dirt if there was any, and ate it with undiminished relish. When I was a very little boy, my mother taught me these niceties concerning the bread which in our house was not merely food. It was also a symbol. It was the Redeemer's body. It was saintly . . .

Even today, in middle age, I treat bread with reverence. Not wishing to appear ridiculous before people who were educated differently, when I am clumsy with a piece, I touch it to my lips behind the screen of a napkin. But I don't eat as much bread today as I did in my boyhood.

I am forced to admit that nowadays in nine cases out of ten I leave my morning toast untouched. I've reached the point—particularly in these days of war—where I breakfast with the morning paper in one hand, and a cup of coffee in the other. However, I watch that cold slice of toast with Argus eyes—I've decided that that's going to be my toast Melba later on in the day. Rye or pumpernickel toast remains palatable even after several hours, while white toast gets tasteless, stale and insipid. That's why nothing but rye or pumpernickel ever enters my kitchenette. It's strange how an individual is composed of curious idiosyncrasies. I treasure a piece of cold dry toast like a niggard, and spend freely on follies. Much depends on upbringing; but nowadays I grow melancholy when I see a bit of unused bread, and think of the hungry, burning eyes, the skin-and-bones bodies of European children.

You see, famine was a common occurrence in the Old World since the days of the Neanderthal man, and the horror of starvation accounts largely for the bread-adoration. There was no famine to speak of in the New World—that's why Americans treat the subject rather nonchalantly. The two cereals that go into the making of most bread are wheat and rye, and you may be interested to know that the world produces 4,598,790,000 bushels of wheat and 1,752,051,000 of rye yearly. And in spite of these astronomical figures, there still won't be enough to go round!

Bread was always precious. For example, Hume's *History of England* tells us that during the reign of Henry III, a loaf of bread in England cost seven shillings and sixpence, a quart of wheat in some localities sold for as much as one pound sterling (the modern American equivalent would be about fifteen dollars), but meat was abundant. Cattle don't have to be babied like the staff of life; for a palmful of grass a cow gives you a drink of milk, or a bullock its juicy flesh.

We of Europe often fought for bread and held it sacrosanct. As a matter of fact, after the last war, when bread was scarce in the countries that lost the four years' struggle, swains courted girls by sending a loaf of rye, instead of roses.

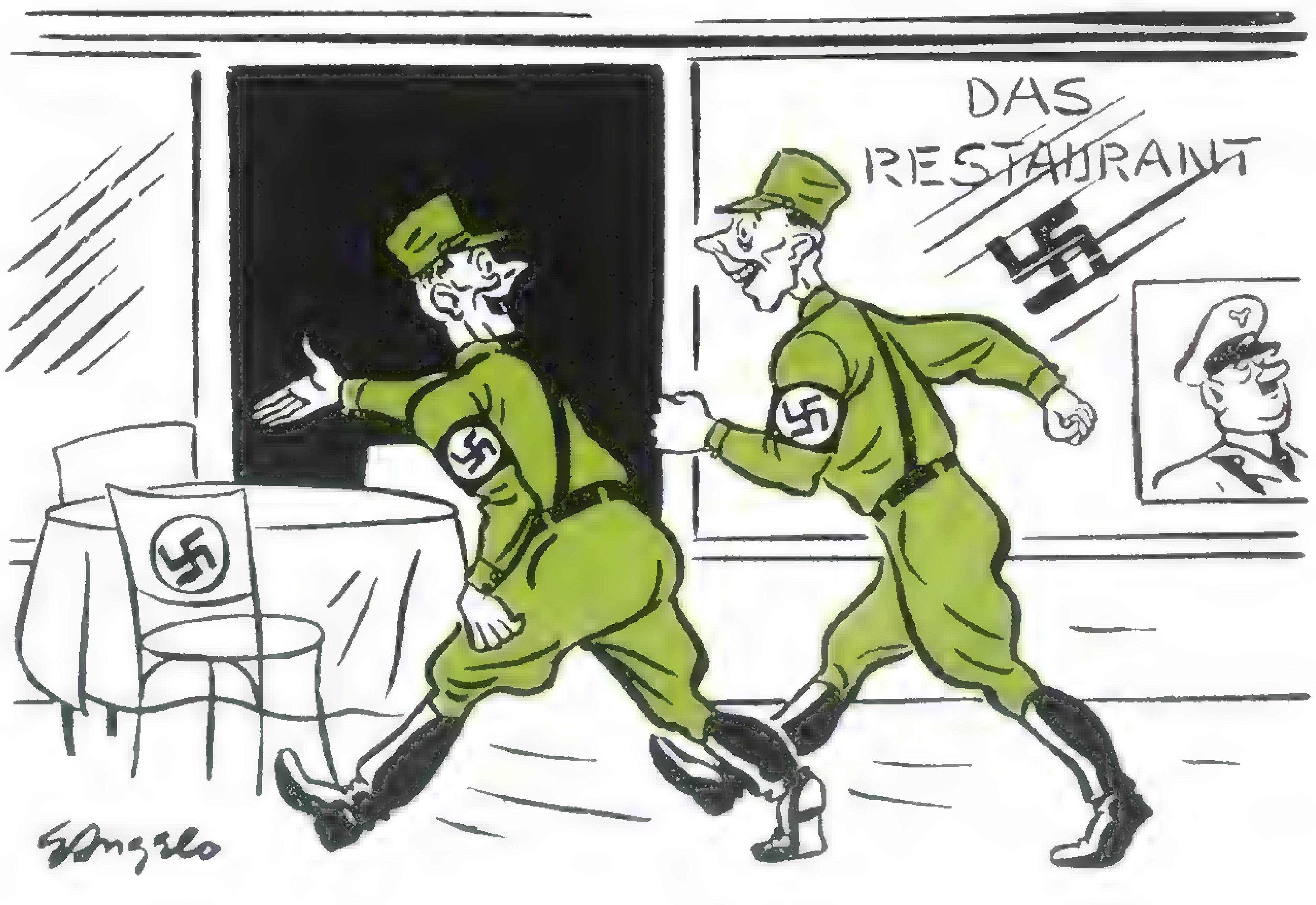
And since it was precious and scarce, it was better than over here. We excelled in the art of bread making. Every family made it at home and we felt sorry for people who bought their bread in shops—unfortunates who did not have their own brand! Because every family that made bread had its own brand, the leaven handed down from mother to daughter. And you know, of course, without leaven or yeast you cannot make bread.

This is the way they made bread in Europe: They mixed two thirds of wheat flour with one third of rye flour, added mashed boiled potatoes, salt, caraway seeds, the leaven, and water to this, and kneaded the mixture well together in a large wooden trough. When the dough was fashioned into an oval or round shape, they took a palmful away from it. This little portion of dough was put aside in a safe place for next week's bread making. It embodied the yeast, the fungus, which when added caused next week's bread to ferment. The operation was a vicious circle, a perpetuum mobile.

When the dough, the future bread, was shaped, it was put in a wicker basket covered with a cloth, and was placed in a fairly warm place, so as to ferment neither quickly nor slowly. It took a good half hour before the dough was ready to be baked. To make sure that it fermented properly, the lady of the house plunged a delicate finger into the soft substance; if the dough rose back, the process was faultless.

In the country almost every house had in its courtyard a baking oven built of fire bricks, with a flat bottom, and a semi-circular top. Long before the kneading started in the house, a wood fire was crackling in the oven. When the heat reached around 300 degrees, the fire, along with all the embers, cinders and ashes, was taken out and the oven was swept immaculate. Then the loaf was placed on the fire bricks. The oven cooled gradually this way and the bread baked in a natural way, almost like the manna in the desert. The

Continued on page 112



"Wait'll you taste Fraulein Schmidt's lentil soup—they say she imports her own sawdust"

INAUGURATION OF A NEW FEATURE

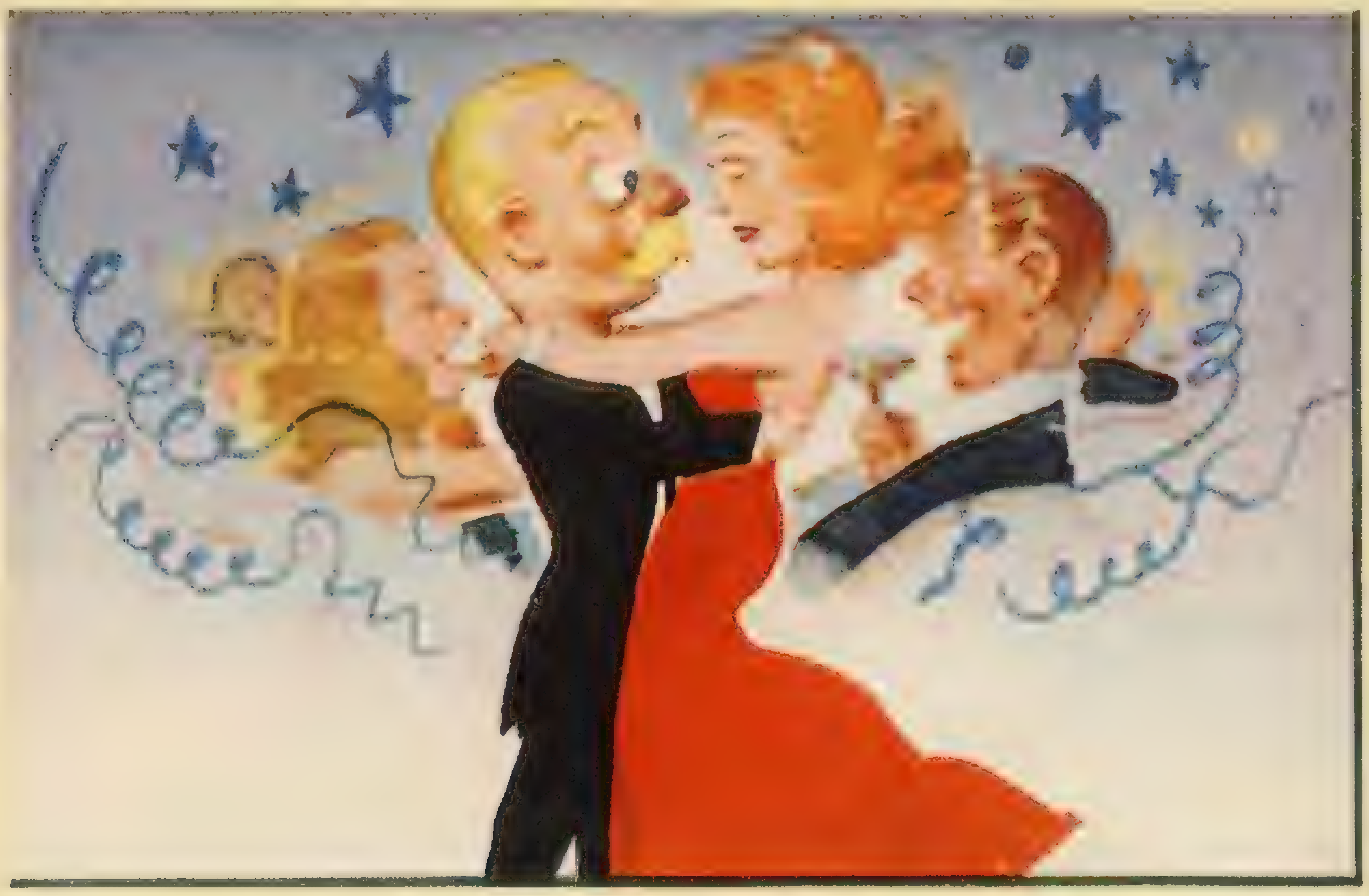
FOR a long time now our Esky, the cosmopolitan little man who gets around on our cover, has been seeing the comic strips—that great American form of humor—degenerate into amusement for the children.

"I just can't take it any more," he said while his Martini bubbled its support, "it's a social injustice, that's what it is. Boss, we've got to get a comic strip for us adults."

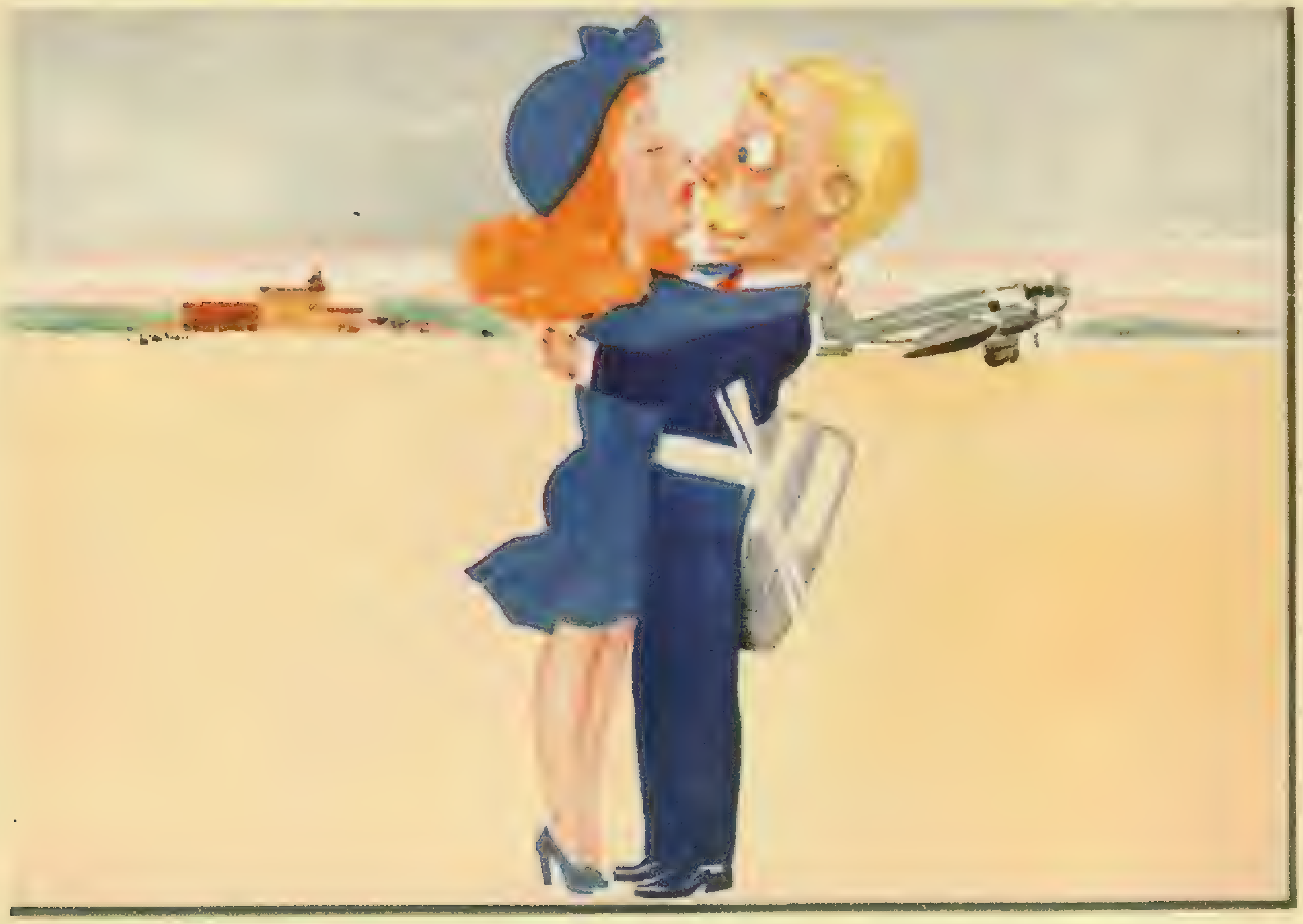
By then we knew what was coming. Esky, we could see, wanted to go from cover to comics—and still be the hero. Did we resist? Did we care about our nine-year rule against serials in Esquire? Did we slap him back on the cover?

No, by gad, the little fellow won us over. We called in Beep to narrate Esky's adventures and let E. Simms Campbell's seeing-eye pen embody them. The result is a brand new strip that'll take Esky around the world and under the table. The title is the Exploits of Esky, and you can see a new chapter each month. So slide away down deep in your chair and take a strong hold, because THERE GOES ESKY!

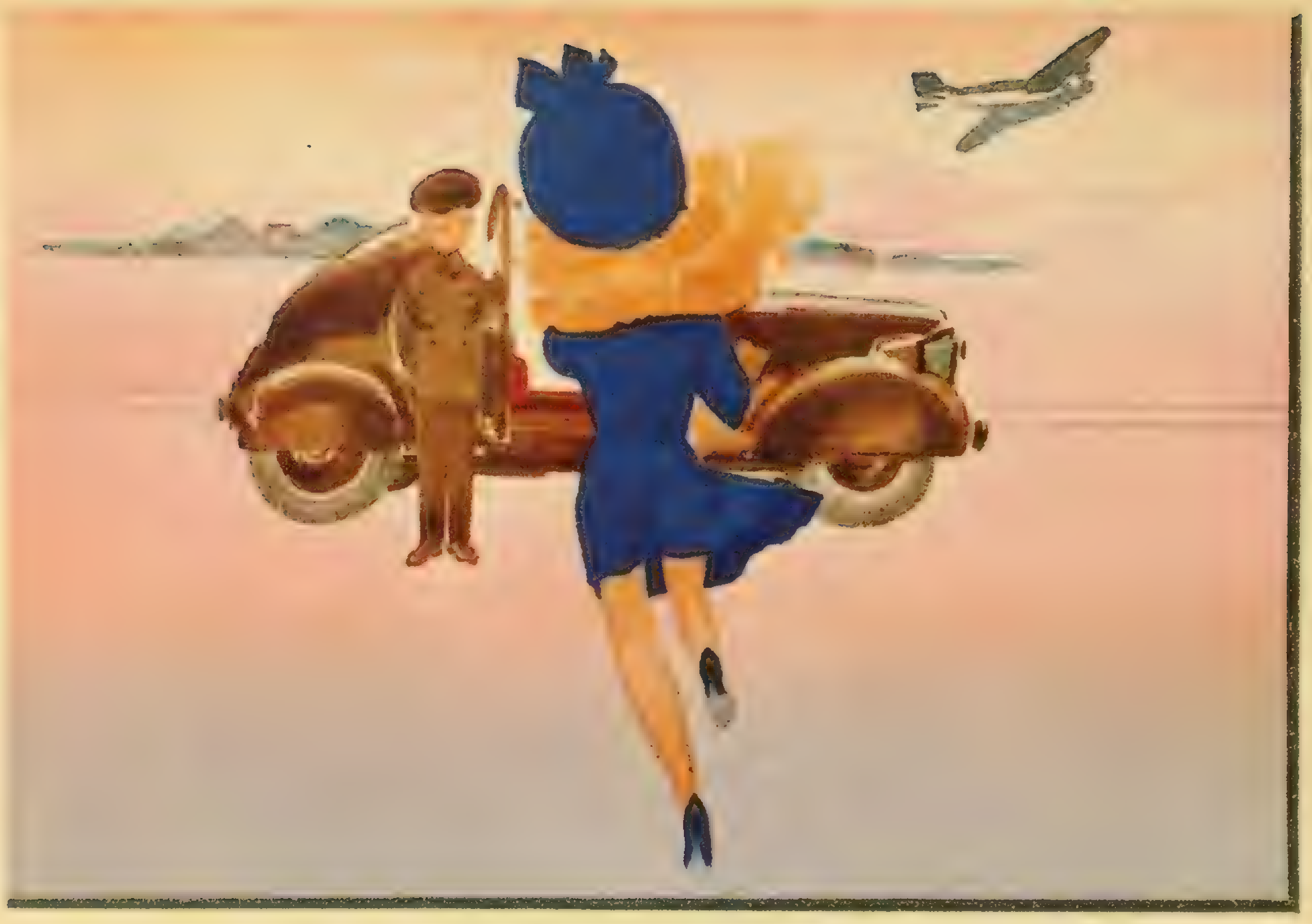
THE EXPLOITS OF ESKY—*pictured by* E. SIMMS CAMPBELL: *storied by* BEEP



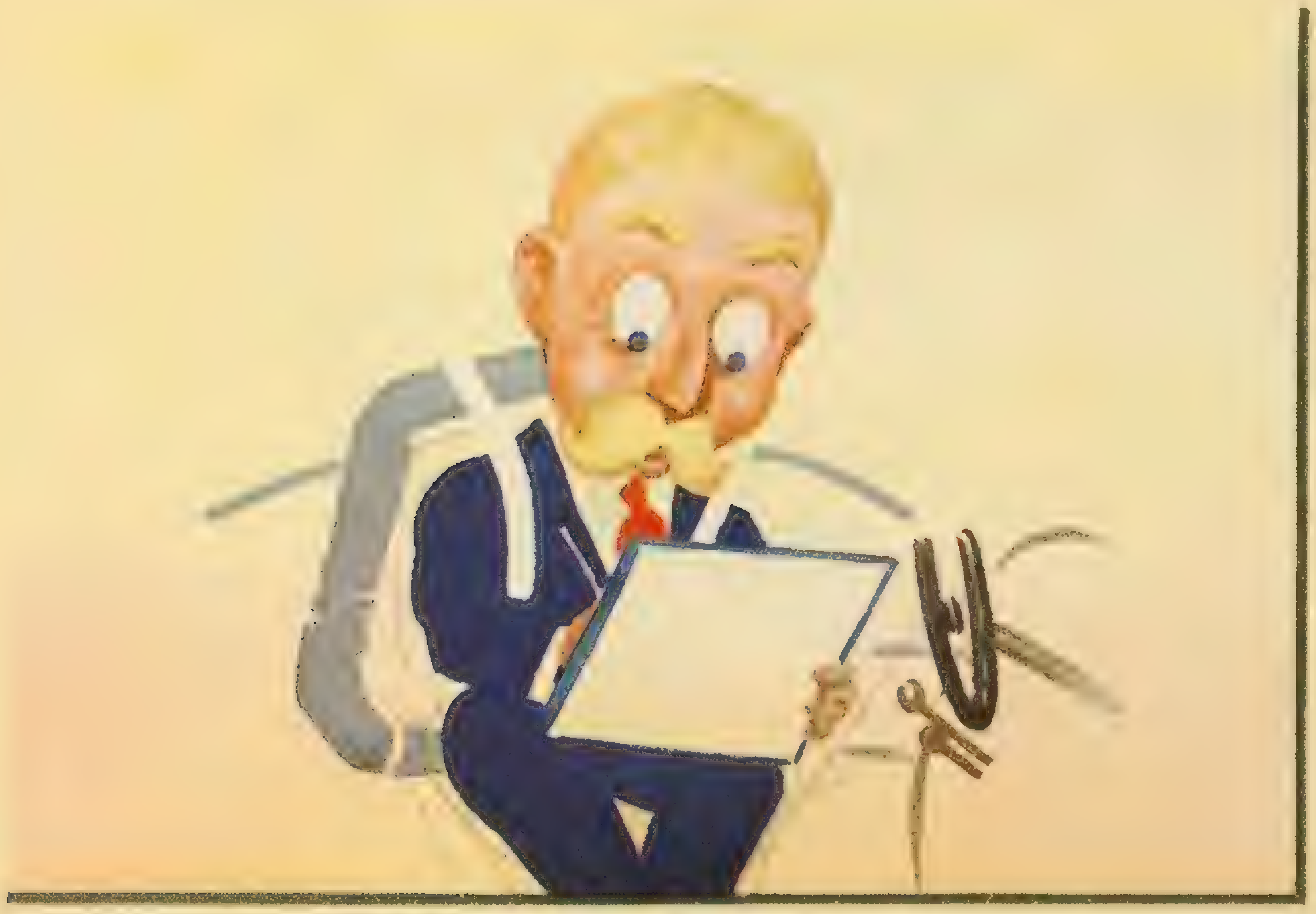
Everybody was gay the night before Esky left on his trip around the world. In fact Esky thought some of them were too gay as though they were glad to get rid of him. The Four Hundred were there, maybe even the Five Hundred. Corks popped and corn popped. Mrs. Vanderwhoop's pearls gleamed in approval and Lady Weewee's diamonds glittered like a wolf's eyes in a blackout. Esky was touched by the sentimentality of the gang—and for ten dollars by an artist. As he was leaving, he saw a tear in the eye of Joan Cabot (one of the Cabot Cabots) and he thinks maybe she will miss him . . . He is sure of it when . . .



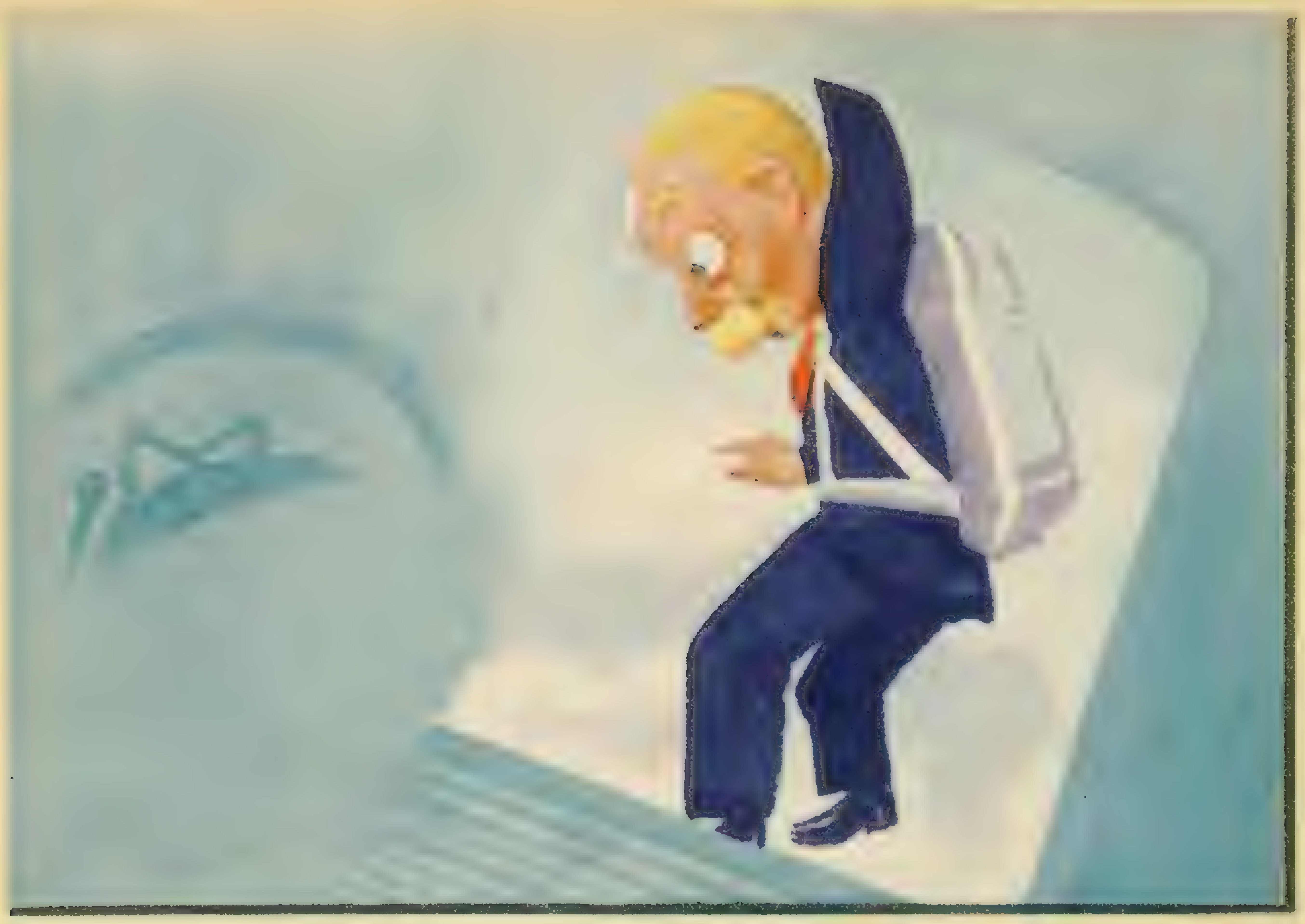
She shows up at the airport the next morning in the cool grey dawn. She rushes into his arms and kisses him—like in the movies before the Hays office. Esky is all for going over and sitting in her car but she says no, his duty is calling him so he climbs in his plane and warms up his motor instead of his line. Soon he gets the signal and races down the runway and up over the power lines strung around every airfield into the sky . . . We are glad that Esky can be . . .



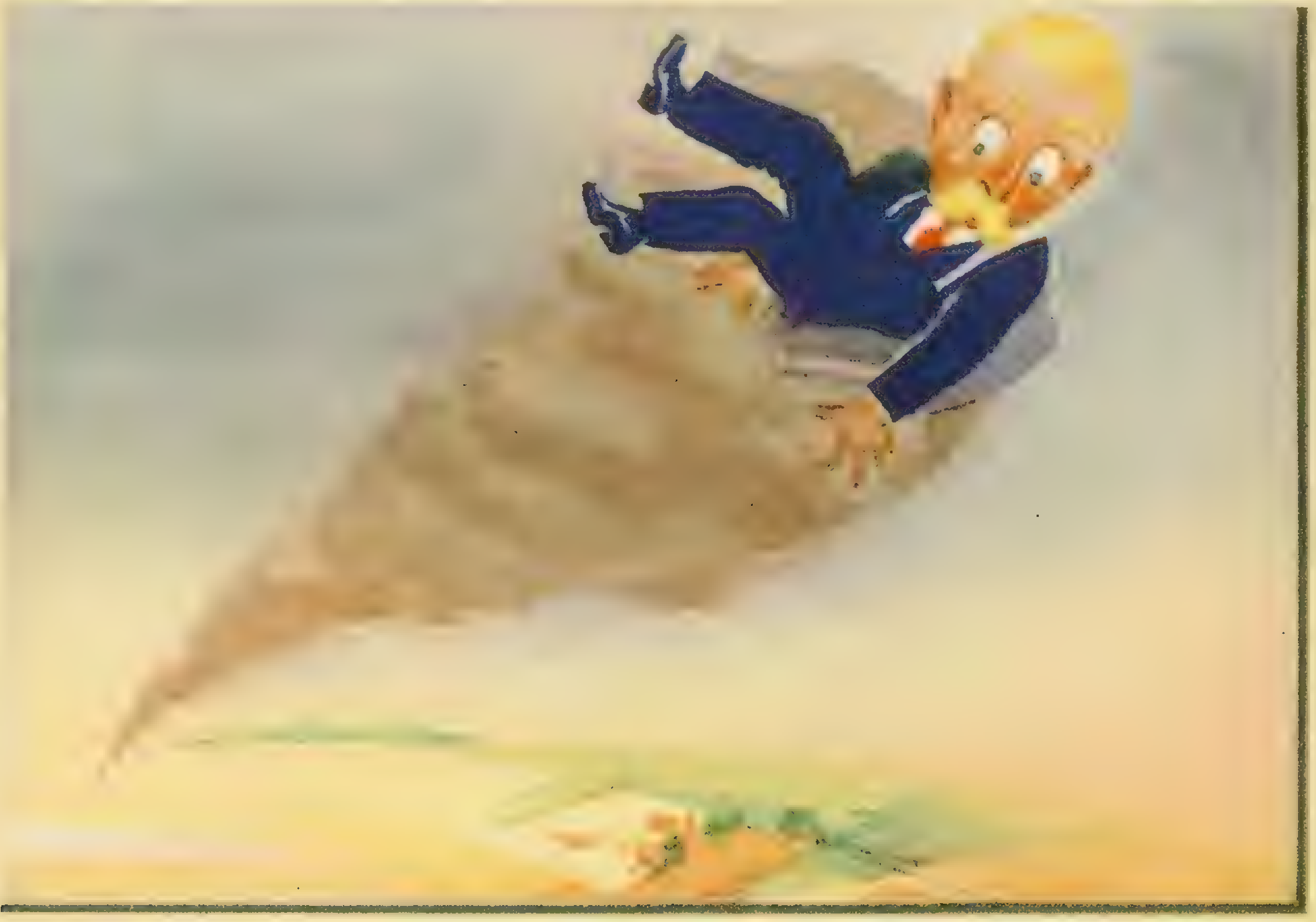
Spared the scene pictured above for it shows the beautiful Joan being fickle like many others Esky has known. She is on her way to another airfield to kiss another traveler adieu, for it is not the person but the deed that she likes. It seems that she has made kissing folks goodbye a hobby . . . like collecting autographs without the ink and a bit more intimate . . . So to hell with the faithless hussy and back to our hero . . .



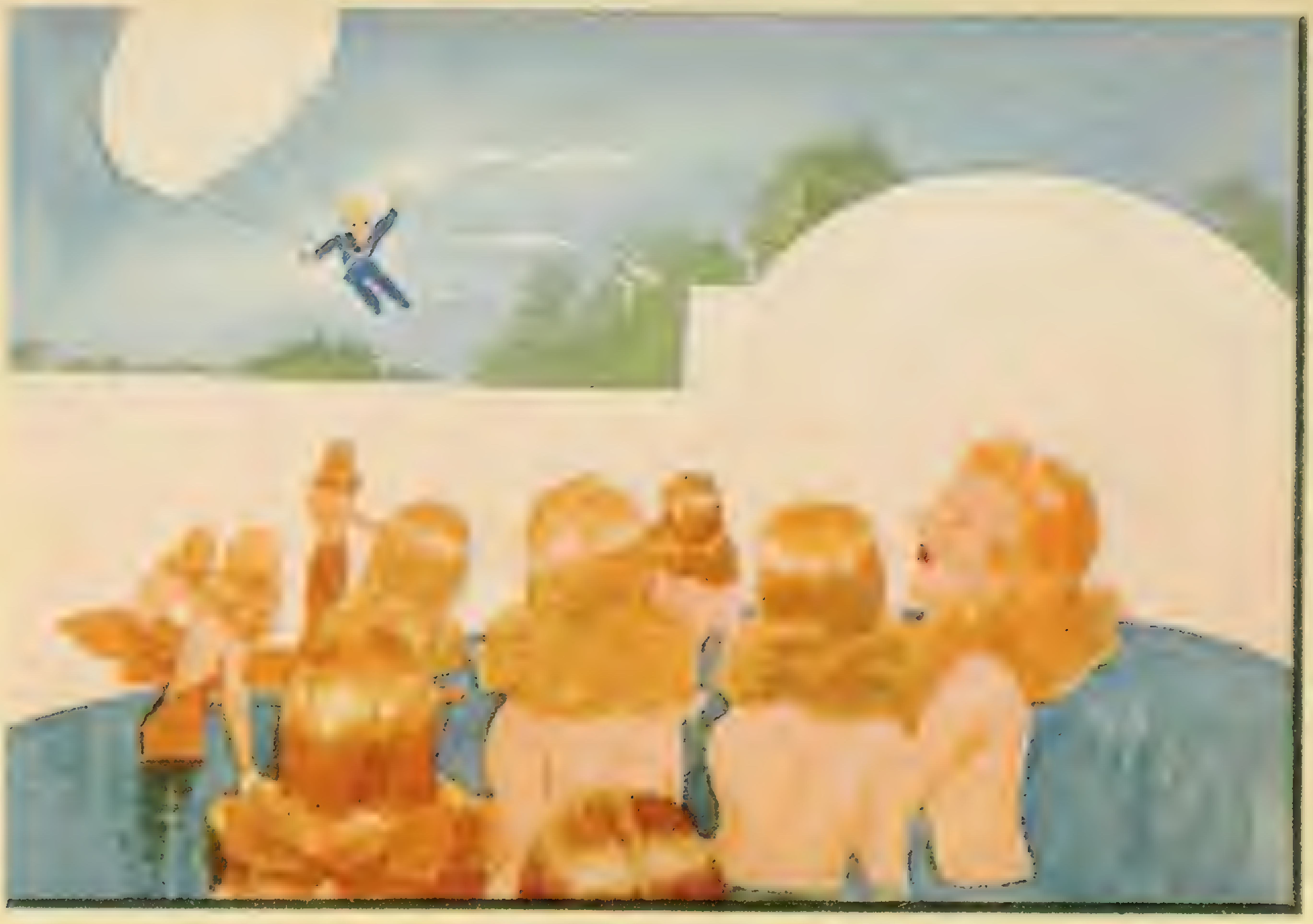
Several days later. He is taking time out to write Joan a letter. Like a good reporter he is putting his heart into it . . . "Darling," he writes, "as long as I live I swear I will never look at another woman" . . . and he is just going to sign his name to that when a violent shudder seizes his airplane. . . . He rushes to the door and looks out and he catches his breath when he realizes that . . .



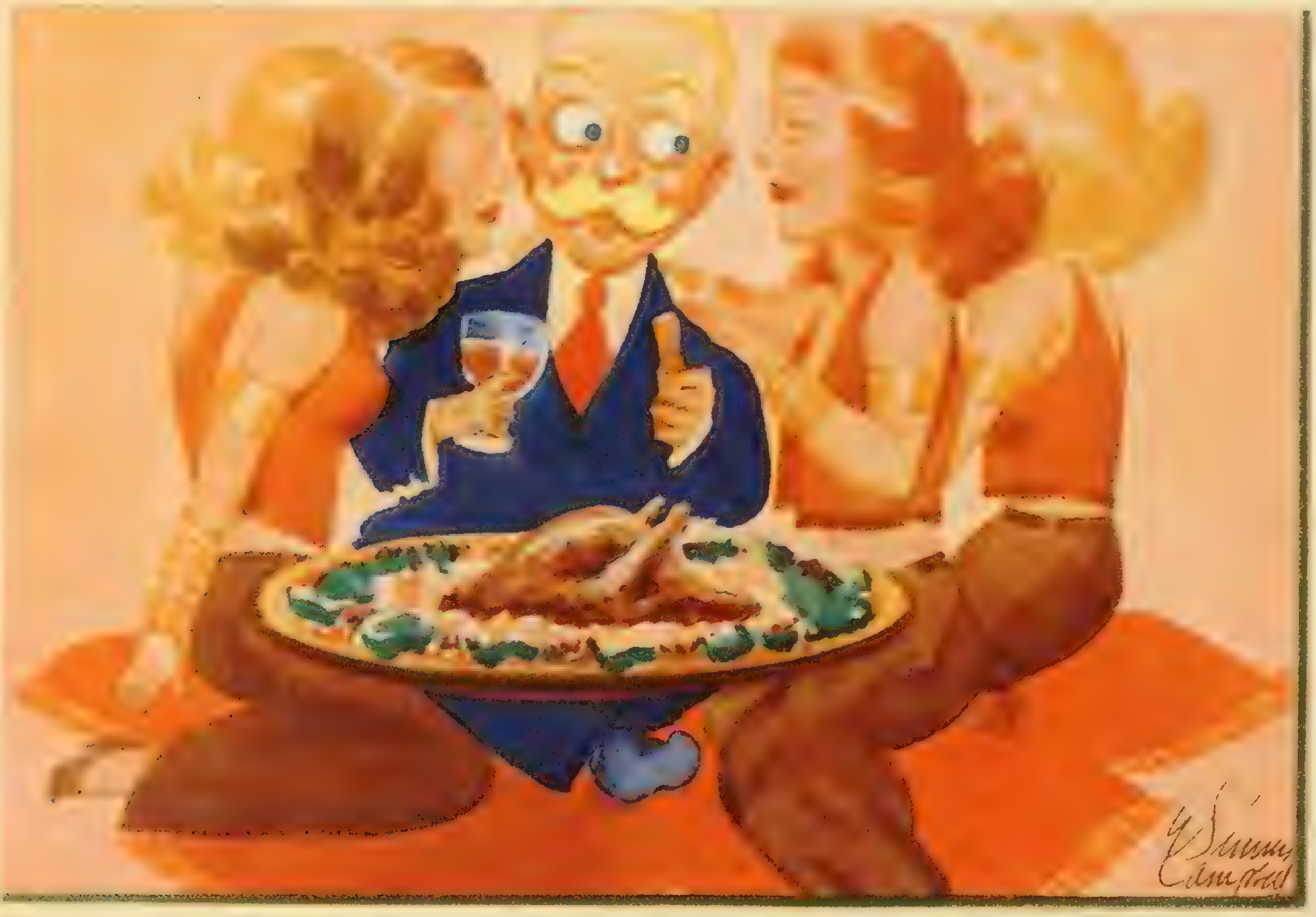
His airplane is caught in a cyclone. Hastily he puts the letter in his pocket, tries to right the plane, finds it impossible and jumps just before the crate is broken into a thousand and one pieces by the fury of the wind. Esky is no sooner out of the door than he is caught up by the whirling air, and instead of falling toward the ground as in a normal parachute jump, Esky is carried up, up, up over the hills and . . .



Far away. Esky looks down and is surprised at the speed at which he is traveling. He passes over desert, jungle, and several towns with squares which would have been ideal spots from which to make speeches and he sees a lot too that he would like to put down in his notebook. But the whirling round and round of the spiral cyclone makes any sensible endeavor impossible and Esky is just getting damn tired of it when the twisting begins to slacken, and as it became slower Esky floated toward the Earth. Soon he was close enough to see people running around and he was glad when he saw he was coming down in a . . .



Sultan's harem. "Maybe this is going to be my lucky day after all," said Esky as he settled gently near where a bevy of beauties was emerging from an outdoor swimming pool. The gorgeous blondes and redheads (this Sultan didn't care for brunettes) gathered around him and although he could not understand a word they said he knew he was among friends when . . . They seated him on a silken pillow and brought him brandy, chicken, strange fruits and jellies. . . .



As he looked at the set-up Esky mused to himself, "I'm sorry I swore in writing that I wouldn't look at other girls"... Then he remembered he hadn't mailed the letter, so he pulled it from his pocket and tore it into bits as an understanding redhead edged closer. . . Before he put his arm around her Esky said to himself, "Tonight I will relax but tomorrow I must be on my way again."

Does Esky leave the Redhead?? Does the Redhead leave Esky??? Is the brandy drugged?? For the answers to these and many other questions see . . . Chapter 2 . . . of The Exploits of Esky in next month's issue.

The Unsinkable Sailor

Continued from page 30

you—and they sent me to Ireland to get my schooling."

But Showboat was not cut out to do much work, so he never showed up at the school. He had twenty-eight quid in his pocket and he wandered off on his own, bumming his way around England and finally, at fourteen, landing up in the traveling circus. After his encounter with the lion, he went back to London and was shanghaied aboard a ship en route to the Canary Islands. "I was a coal-passer, and a nine-fire job she was. So I beat it ashore in Las Palmas." In Las Palmas he went to work as a sort of contact man for an establishment known as The Black Cat, and the less said about that phase of his life, the better. At any rate, he soon went to sea again, on a ship carrying a cargo of peanuts, known as monkey-nuts, to the Gambia River in West Africa. He has been going to sea ever since, save for an interval as bell hop at the Lambs' Club in New York, as a bus boy at Reuben's and also at the Friars' Club.

Never a year goes by for Showboat without a flirtation with death and danger. When a group of rank and file seamen were starting to rebel against racketeering in the old International Seamen's Union, Showboat was there, and he was almost beaten to death for it in Houston, Texas, in 1935.

"I take the deck at a union meeting," he says, "and I start lambasting them. I peg them for the phonies they are. Everything is copasettic till I get back alone in my hotel room. Then four of the ISU goons come in. They kicked my teeth in and they kicked three of my ribs to smithereens. I crawled to the window and busted the glass. I grabbed a piece of the broken glass and I yelled, 'The first sonovabitch that moves I'll cut his head off!' They left the room—but I went to the hospital."

He was shot at by goons in Port Arthur and in Galveston. In Newport News, during the 1936 strike, he was stabbed in the abdomen by finks, but they got away and Showboat landed in jail, sentenced to a year for trespassing. He sued B. & O. Railroad in the city of Newport News for $10,000 for false arrest, but the case was thrown out, and so was Showboat—after he got out of the hospital.

In the 1937 strike, his ear was cut half off in a knife fight, and his chin and nose both bear the deep scars of other knives.

Little more than a year ago, he fell out of a third story window and broke his back. He spent six months in a plaster cast, but most of that time he was blissfully drowning his troubles and complaining because the cast forced him to sit up straight in chairs and made it hard for him to pass out.

Last year he was told by doctors that he had tuberculosis and he was ordered to the marine sanitorium at Fort Stanton. He started there, but he must have stopped at a bar en route, because he soon turned up at a seacoast port and the next thing anyone knew, he had shipped out. When he came back, he walked in front of a speeding truck, but he hardly thinks that worth mentioning because only his left arm was broken and he drinks with his right hand, anyway.

On his last trip to sea, Showboat came down with dysentery on his way to Mombassa in British East Africa.

"I got in a little trouble for doing some picketing in Durban," he says, "and then I fell overboard at Lourenco Marques. How? Well, it was a slight case of intoxication and besides, the sun had hit me on the head. At any rate, then I get this touch of dysentery and the skipper sends me to a doctor and this tonsil mechanic, he wants I should bring him back a sample. So I buy me a nice fruit jar and go back to the ship to follow the doctor's orders. Before I go ashore again, I come into possession of some keys, these keys happen to enable me to become the proud and happy owner of six quarts of whisky. So that kept me busy for a while. I finally went ashore, with my little fruit jar under my arm, all wrapped in paper, as tidy and neat as a pin. But I didn't go straight to the doctor. I stopped off at a bar or two—and then I visited an establishment where unfortunately I had my pants and shoes stolen. So in turn I stole a curtain and wrapped it around myself in a becoming fashion and hurried off to the best hotel in the town. I had grown a beard, and I fancy I made quite a picture. I went into the bar of this hotel, which was all filled with captains and colonels and gentlemen in twin-screw jackets, and I set my fruit jar on a table and sat down and ordered some gin and bitters. Everyone was looking at me, and I heard one fancy gazooney say to another, "I say! Doesn't he look like Lawrence of Arabia?"

The upshot of it was that after fortifying himself with a few quick ones, Showboat ordered the waiter to get the manager for him.

"What kind of a safe have you got here—a combination or a key safe?" demanded Showboat in his most autocratic manner. The manager said it was a combination.

"How many people working here know the combination?" asked Showboat. "This is very important matter which I brought here from the States. Will you keep it in the safe for me and I'll call for it in the morning," and he handed over the wrapped fruit jar.

"Then I asked for a suite of rooms, and a native boy to fan me to keep the insects away, and a bottle of whisky. The next day I went to a tailor and got me a pair of pants and a pith helmet—and then I went back to the ship. We sailed that day . . . I wonder how long that manager will keep my package in the safe for me."

When Showboat comes back from a trip and pays off, he is free and generous with his money. The only time I ever knew him to look out for himself was the evening when he took a furnished room in Greenwich Village and paid the landlady two months in advance. "There!" said Showboat. "Now I won't have to worry about where I'll sleep." He then went off on a binge and forgot the address of his new home. For days afterward he searched the Village, but he never found it.

I saw Showboat yesterday afternoon. He has just come in port again, and he has his arm in a sling—shoulder fractured this time. Got in a fight and fell over a fire hydrant. The cops took him to St. Vincent's Hospital, but he ran away because he says the statues of saints made him nervous—"looked like Mme. Tussaud's." He was on a terrific bender and was wearing pajamas with Hotel New Yorker embroidered over the pocket, for a shirt.

There is a new secretary in the union hall who isn't used to sailors or their language. It seems Showboat went up to her when she was alone in her office, bent over her shoulder—loop-legged drunk—and rasped, in his peculiarly hoarse and penetrating voice, "How's chances to lower the boom on you, sister?" The girl jumped up in terror and ran screaming from the room. "Oh, that man! That man!" she cried. "Help! He wants to do something terrible to me." It took quite a few people to calm her down and convince her that this is only Showboat Quinn's way of asking, "How about lending me two bucks for a cup of whisky, lady?"

Like most merchant seamen, Showboat is an anti-Fascist through and through. What's more, he's no Johnny-come-lately at it. He was violently pro-Ethiopian in the Italian-Ethiopian War, and he espoused the Loyalist cause in the Spanish Civil War. He has always been anti-Hitler, from the start, and he had Neville Chamberlain's number back in the days when all hands were lauding him as the saviour of Peace in Our Time. Showboat said he was as phony as a nine-dollar-bill.

He has a unique popularity among the seamen, and even those who would have wrung his neck gladly on occasion would go to bat for him if the time came. Perhaps the answer to this is partly that he is in a way a symbol of the popular idea of a sailor; he continues to typify what many of them once were. Despite their outward air of nonchalance, there is about the merchant seamen of today a new grimness. In the old days, the world was their oyster. They had a swashbuckling scorn for discipline and they lived a romantic, uniquely free sort of life. They paid off in a port, went on a magnificent spree until their money was gone, and shipped out again with the slogan, "One turn of the propeller and all debts are paid!" But today every time they ship out, they face death. And they keep on shipping out. The week or two they spend in port between trips, they are living on borrowed time. It is small wonder that nothing in the world actually exists for them but the war, and that they seethe with a bitter, deadly hatred of those forces which have caused it.

It is not that Showboat hates Fascism less than the others do. It is just that the capacity for grimness is not in him. He has a true picaresque attitude toward life, and it may be this spirit which has kept him indestructible through mishaps which would have killed or shattered an average man. He is now at sea again, blithely untroubled by thoughts of submarines, and we are all sure he will turn up again, a bit more battered perhaps, but still intrinsically dauntless and gay, with more tales to spin. It is unthinkable that any torpedo could ever connect with Showboat Quinn. ##

Our Military Strategy—Comic Strip Department

Buck Rogers to be in charge of all super weapons such as submarine-disintegrators, tank-dissolvers and secret rays to destroy airplanes . . . Flash Gordon as head of our morale-building department. He would personally finish off Hitler, Tojo, Goering and Yamashita in hand-to-hand encounters . . . Dick Tracy for counter-espionage. No enemy spy would fool him . . . Superman as general all-around utility, destroying battleships and wiping out mechanized divisions, etc . . . Tillie the Toiler, L'il Orphan Annie, Blondie and other feminine comic strip heroines for doing a minor but necessary job—polishing off Italy.

3 Estraies = 1 Aut (Mex.)

Continued from page 58

1898, captured by Batista in the 1930's, and in March of last year celebrated another historic date by whaling the tar out of two American big league teams. The last-named event evoked more enthusiasm throughout Latin America's twenty nations than any of the others. When news of the stunning Cuban victories (won by a scrub team of all-stars at that) was flashed to the capitals of the American republics, *gritos* of triumph arose. Everywhere the press ran blow-by-blow accounts. Every good neighbor felt better: the Big Guy of the North had been licked at his own game by a junior pupil. Nothing, not even FDR's old organ roll, has helped the Good Neighbor policy more than the way in which the Cubanos, after losing to the Dodgers 11 to 4 and tying 7-7, beat them by 9-1, 4-3, and 3-0, and then for dessert licked the Red Sox 2 to 1.

Dodgers, by the way, is universally mistranslated below the Rio Grando as Mentirosos, which means Evaders, Equivocators, semi-Liars. They never heard about the Trolley part. I don't know what they are making out of "Bums."

Anyway, I hear that Big Boy went on a joy-drunk instead of a shame-drunk that time, and repeated a few months later when in Havana the American team took a terrific walloping from half a dozen Latin outfits in the World's Amateur Championships, an event to which the American press pays hardly any attention but which is big stuff in Latin America.

The Cubans play baseball with deep emotion and some of the other countries are also lulus at it. In Panama it came when yellow fever went—with the Big Ditch. Nicaragua got its baseball partly by way of the Marines, who policed the country between revolutions for years, partly through U. S. gold mining engineers, and partly through President Somoza. Educated in Philly, "Tacho," as they call him, played ball there. Returning to Nicaragua to boss the National Guard, he organized a club, the General Somozas, which became far-and-away the best nine in the republic.

When, as President, Tacho revisited his No. 2 country in 1939 to try to swing an isthmian canal deal, he was given the greatest reception ever accorded a Latin potentate. They wined him, dined him, gave him parades to review. Finally, when they got around to asking him what *he* would like to do, he said, "Take me out to the ball game."

They took him to three ball games. He tossed out the ball, and sat in a box with Mayor LaGuardia, and the Little Flower's adopted daughters climbed over his ample lap and stuffed peanuts in his ears, and the President told me he liked it. And Fiorella, when he heard of the General Somozas, made him a present of a complete outfit for one team. They have a National League with eight teams, and small fry too numerous to mention. The big star is "Chino" Melendez, a pitcher-slugger-manager. The General Somozas got to be so far superior that people lost interest. So Tacho broke up his New York Yankees by edict and scattered the players among the other teams. Being a dictator he can handle a crisis like that with even less trouble than that other dictator, Czar Landis I. Somoza, who knows that sports use up the pugnacity of tough citizens, is now building Nicaraguans a super-duper stadium and ball park.

Moral Standard, 1943

To steal a woman's jewelry
Is worthy of a crook,
But nothing in comparison
To trying to steal her cook.

The most interesting baseball town in the world is neither Brooklyn nor St. Louis—it is Tlaquepaque. I'm not kidding. There really is a place called Tlaquepaque, as every tourist with an eye for pottery knows. It is the big pottery town of Mexico, a suburb of Mexico's second largest city, Guadalajara. But what nobody seems to be aware of—and certainly not the tourists—is that Tlaquepaque makes pots and jars only in order to have money enough to play ball.

There are twenty-one teams in this town of under 10,000 population. Those Tlaquepaquians who don't play ball help curry the fields, follow the players around, watch and talk baseball. Around four o'clock every afternoon the town shuts up shop and everyone who is not bedridden or overdoing his siesta can be seen hurrying along the adobe-walled streets headed for one of the four big playing fields. They are immense cow-pastures, capable of accommodating several games.

If you want to see the Mayor of Tlaquepaque (pronounced as spelled, or Tlakaypahkay) after 4 p.m., ask where Team No. 3 is playing. For Roberto Gomez Vallejo, a youth of twenty-nine who looks and acts like Jimmy Walker, plays a terrible second base on that squad. He must have got the job by political pressure. The Mexicans like noise, and whenever the Mayor's team plays, the town band makes it back of third base.

The No. 1 and 2 teams are the champs of the state of Jalisco, each in its class. There is a kids' team that is very good. Real ball players will be coming out of Tlaquepaque in the near future.

The average game brings out about 600 fans. Though the diamond is in a super-pasture, with cows grazing out in deep center, it's kept in good shape by hero worshippers and hangers-on. A *jonron* has to be a healthy clout beyond the herd. Tlaquepaque is saving money to build a real ball park with grandstand and bleachers, but to date the big games are played in Guadalajara, a mile and a half away, a big city of 200,000, lovely senoritas, and teams that always get licked by little Tlaky.

Guadalajarans feel pretty cheap about it. There's a sports enmity between the big city and the pottery pueblo as lusty as that I remember between McGraw's Giants and Frank Chance's Cubs. Tlakians practice remorselessly whenever a fresh outbreak of the feud is in the cards. On the day of the game with Sud Pacifico, or Club Deportivo, or Guadalajara University, or Sutaj (bus workers' union team), or Atlas Club, or Ocotlan (Nestle milk-products workers), about three hundred fans march to Guadalajara's ball park in a body, headed by the village band raising musical hell. This is Tlaky's cheering nucleus, its shock brigade, its *aficionados fanaticos.* They usually sit in a block behind first base and jeer the pants off the opposition. If the rival team has only a feeble representation, the Tlaquepaque cheering section puts in an occasional roar for it. There's nothing like being fair, especially if you like to yell.

Between innings or whenever anything that looks like a crisis arrives, a swarthy runt in his Sunday sombrero and pajama-suit hops up and down in front of the pack and leads a complicated cheer. One of the favorites runs like this:

A la vivo
A la vavo
A la tsees boom bahn
Tlaquepaque, Tlaquepaque,
Rahn, Rahn, Rahn.

They like their rahs with a bit of nasal in them. Here's another:

Les cuadre o no les cuadre
Tlaquepaque será su padre.

Which means, "Like it or not, Tlaky will be your old man." In between times they yell themselves miscellaneously hoarse and revive by drinking pink liquids, eating sanweeches, tacos, and tortillas. Like us Gringos they have a special baseball language. A lad who plays heady baseball is said to have *colmillo,* teeth. A pitcher is a *serpentinero:* a glass arm is a *brazo de corneta,* a cornet arm. That kind of pitcher is likely to "throw stones"—which may mean either wild pitches or weak ones in the groove. A wise player is *chango,* a monkey in a complimentary sense. The other word for monkey is *mono,* and it's an insult. *Barbas tienen* means they have beards, which means that they are *pichones,* or pigeons—in short, pushovers. When a batter fans they say he's drunk a *punche* or a *chocolate.*

Jonronero (remembering *j* has the sound of *h*) is a slugger; balls are *bolas,* strikes *estraics;* hits *jeets;* an inning, *een.* A fly ball is simply a *flai,* a grounder a *rola. Jardineros* are gardeners, fielders; shortstop is *atropedero corto;* a base-stealer is a *robador de bases;* to strike out is *abanicar* (*abanico* is a ladies' fan).

They have also adopted our system of nicknames for players, with color additions of their own. On the Tlaky first team meet Shark's-Nose Ulloa, Dynamite Nunez, Tripe Rosales, and Potato-Face Hernandez.

Aside from the local color, it's the same old game, played with more dash, more piquant sauce, and also with more skill than sandlot or college baseball back home. Tlaquepaque's city fathers employ a professional coach, a big Negro named Alfred Neldare, who used to play on the Crescent City Stars of New Orleans and the Beaumont Black Exporters.

Tlaquepaque's baseball has an office in the town's city hall, where you'll always find a bunch of fans heatedly discussing whatever it is fans the world over always heatedly discuss. The game is partly underwritten by the municipality, partly sustained by a 35 per cent cut from the alcohol tax levied by the state of Jalisco, and partly paid for by voluntary contributions of the citizens. It is supervised by a local committee on physical culture. The sport started in 1922 when the wealthy owner-politician of a string of autos formed a team. Then a grocer formed a rival outfit. Four years later Tlaquepaque won its first state championship and the town began to go baseball-crazy. Now with one-twentieth the population of Guadalajara it has twice as many clubs. There are about a hundred in the state, and the states of Vera Cruz, Sonora, and Tamaulipas have even more. Besides these hundreds of uniformed amateur teams, Mexico has a three-zone pro league. This year the state of Jalisco entered it, about four-fifths of the players coming from the pottery town.

They have their problems. One of Tlaky's four ball fields, the

Campo Agrario, was taken over by the government from a wealthy owner who wasn't using it for anything. He keeps the dispute going in the courts and is the most unpopular man in town.

The Tlaquepaquians are in that stage of baseball development when they fight like the devil over the obscurer points of the pastime. No game is ever complete without at least a half a dozen wrangles over many technicalities like balks, passed balls, and batters hit by batted balls. A great to-do is made over the formal inspection of bats and balls. The umpire takes his job with great dignity, and while no pop bottles are thrown or machetes drawn, he fights a nine-inning war against the crowd and both teams. Once I watched an umpire make a bad decision and after half an hour's debate and milling around, deliver a speech to the crowd and players, reversing his decision and apologizing. He was wildly cheered as a *gran caballero.*

While I was in Nicaragua a newspaper campaigned to imbue the public with a decent and law-abiding spirit on the subject of umpires, and one of the tribe had a plaintive letter on the sports page pointing out that in Nicaragua an ump had to know more about *boxeco* than about *beisbol.* Onegood thing came out of it—the traditional black suit inherited from the U.S. gave way to an outfit more suited to the tropics—white pants and blue sports shirt.

Some nice esthetic people think it a shame that the Americas are going American with sport. But it gives me a thrill to see the Indian discovering that there is fun in leisure besides sleeping on the sunny side of the plaza or getting stinking drunk in a neighborhood *pulquería.*

It's a thrill to sit in the rickety stands—*40 centavos sol, 75 sombra*—eight cents in the sun, 15 in the shade—and watch the familiar routine in exotic trimmings. Many of the fans have come in from distant *ranchos*—there they sit, sombreroed, spurred, and pistoled, with their horses in sight, tethered beneath a tree to the left of the left-field foul line. Out in right field a policeman, whose pay is only two *pesos* fifty a day, is making an extra two cents by helping a gate crasher over a crumbled part of the adobe wall. Cries of *Pleito!* come from the impatient crowd, and an umpire dressed exactly to U. S. specifications, with his cap on backward and an inflated bladder on his chest—but with a ferocious handlebar mustache on his face—advances to the home plate with a whisk broom. He sweeps, straightens, and with a magnificent gesture cries—

"*Plai bola!*" #

Central Heating with Punch

Continued on page 84

which you have rubbed with garlic, and into it stir a mixture of three tablespoons of Kirsch and one of flour. Keep stirring until smooth, and don't quit even then. Prong a mouth-size hunk of bread with a fork. Dunk circlingly. Feed to partner. Then *she* stirs and feeds *you.* Between feedings, sip Kirsch. By the time you have scoured the bottom of the dish, coziness is colossal.

The cheese-loving and economical people of Wales are credited with the invention of the Welsh Rabbit, which American restaurateurs are inclined to list on their menus as Welsh Rarebit for fear of confusion with Hasenpfeffer. Call it whichever you will, it's your grand chance to utilize the beer that was left over from last night, and your loudly sizzling excuse for *more* beer, ale, stout, porter, none of which, quaffed at moderate coolness, would hit you cold in such company. If, however, you are committed to a program of heat unalloyed, simply thrust a red-hot poker into a pitcher of suds and enjoy the latter as a hot number with the burntish overtone that used to be the delight of our forebears. Or in order to modernize the trick, use an electric soldering-iron as your plunger.

Perhaps the most evening-crowning antique in the hops collection is Bragget, or

GOOD NIGHT ALL

1 gallon Beer
½ lb. honey
4 pinches pepper
4 pinches ground cloves
½ pinch ground ginger
2 sticks cinnamon

On day before serving, heat beer and honey together, stirring till latter is dissolved. Place spices in gauze bag and let steep in mixture.

Serve hot within easy access of bed. Germs of head cold, flu, etc. routed in one dose.

Are you troubled with pimples—I mean goose pimples? Then try Rum, the effulgent surface-smoother, so romantic to the schnozzle. It flattens these little bumps without the bother of your rubbing it on; you just take it internally—swigged straight, or grogged with lemon, sugar, hot water. Or hot buttered (lemonless) grog, given a pat and a nutmeg sprinkle per glass. Or tossed into the thick of a Tom and Jerry.

As regards the last named option, you face formula controversies ranging from acute to vociferous, the official Tom and Jerry Investigation Board not having handed in its report and recommendations, being still at each other's throats in what has come to be known as the Hundred Years' War Between the Theories. An ear glued to the drafty keyhole of this fishing expedition's Star Chamber hears a tobacco-auctiony turmoil of: "Rum and Brandy 50-50!" "I'm telling you it's a *Rum* drink. The Brandy is just an after touch!" "Nonsense! They are *mixed,* and I can prove it!" "Sure, they're mixed—the Jamaica Rum and the Virgin Islands Rum." "I'll have you know *I* use New England Rum!" And so on, amid which a voice that sounds like that of classicist Crosby Gaige booms up chasteningly, "Gentlemen, gentlemen! In the interests of peace and harmony I adjure you to remember that the twin props of this potion are Rum and Rye Whiskey." Whereupon fresh violence breaks out. The poor ear hardly knows where to put its trust.

Even the equipment is a moot matter. It's got to be a porcelain bowl, of the "real old-fashioned Tom and Jerry type," with shallow cups dangling from it by S-hooks, like horses on a merry-go-round. But no, that's overruled. It's a *silver* bowl with a channel around its base in which alcohol is set afire, creating a ring of flames that makes a fine showing and keeps the bowl's contents warm. Cups? Ridiculous! They're *mugs*, you mugg.

Meanwhile, ten thousand willing ladles lie idle, and ten billion goose pimples are kept standing.

But it's going to be different with yours and mine, for *I* have had some luck, which I'll share with you. The other day I was cleaning out my desk, as I do every six years, and I came across a yellowed business card that read:

TOM & JERRY
Heating Contractors

The telephone number was crossed out and above it was jotted their new one, Pearly Gates 9-7200. You can imagine how excitedly I put in a call.

There was delay, of course, and a certain amount of harp interference on the line, but I *got* them, by glory! *Both* of the boys. They said they were riding high on a golden fleecy cloud that reminded them of old times, and they told me the whole story. Cost me $243.90 in toll charges but I'm letting you have it at no expense to you. If, however, the gesture of sending me a few bottles of liquor would make you feel more comfortable about it, why, please, my dear sir, *be* comfortable. In any event, here it is:

BATTER UP
Or, Half an Egg Onward

Gather from their nest in the refrigerator 1 dozen hen pearls, the colder the better. Crack carefully on rim of kitchen bowl, letting whites escape into it but outsmarting yolks, which are plopped into a second bowl.

Give whites the buzz with beater till frothed stiff. Thereon scatter 4 tablespoons sugar; also some spices, which might appropriately consist of 1½ teaspoons ground cinnamon, ½ teaspoon ground cloves, and ½ teaspoon allspice. Beat in.

Now, after rinsing beater, go at the yolks, which become thinner instead of thicker.

Stage a whites-yolks merger, beating it to a batter, with 1 jigger Rum worked in as confidential agent. A pinch of bicarb of soda, likewise introduced, will keep sugar from seceding.

BOWLING AND DOLING

All at Once

Entire 12-egg batter is mixed with hot milk (or hot water) of twice or thrice its bulk; ½ bottle Rum and ½ bottle Brandy or Whiskey are poured in. Stir, and keep stirring between ladlings-out.

Serve in mugs or cups as you prefer. If glasses without handles are used, their jugglers will need napkins to hold them, because this stuff is *hot.*

All Evening

In this version the bowl, smaller, contains merely the batter, which is cold and requires stirring from time to time.

Each portion served is an assembly job: 1 tablespoon (or 2 if you don't care how rich) of batter, 1½ or 2 oz. of combined liquors (for convenience, have these already mixed), and fill up with hot milk or hot water. Nutmeg on top.

There's a Rumsnorter variant employing 1 jigger straight Rum as its body builder but wearing a ½ oz. Brandy thatch as a hatch teaser.

Single Gentleman

1-egg job for a good egg. Crack, beat separately, sweeten, combine. ¾ oz. Rum, ¾ oz. Brandy or Whiskey. Fill up with hot milk. Nutmeg.

Multiply this by two, and all sorts of vistas open up.

I'm not saying that the fuel situation is solved. We'll have to get along with less oil-smell, less coal dust, less ashes, and fewer splinters. But as I peer into the wintry bleakness ahead, I seem to detect a glow, and I don't think it's just something I ate. #

HELP WANTED—MALE

by PHIL STACK

I want a boy who doesn't think
That a girl should pet and a girl should drink;
I want a boy who doesn't drool
Like a poisoned pup in a vestibule;
I want a boy who can run a car
That doesn't stop at the nearest bar . . .
A boy whose stories are never shady,
A boy who's fit for a perfect lady!

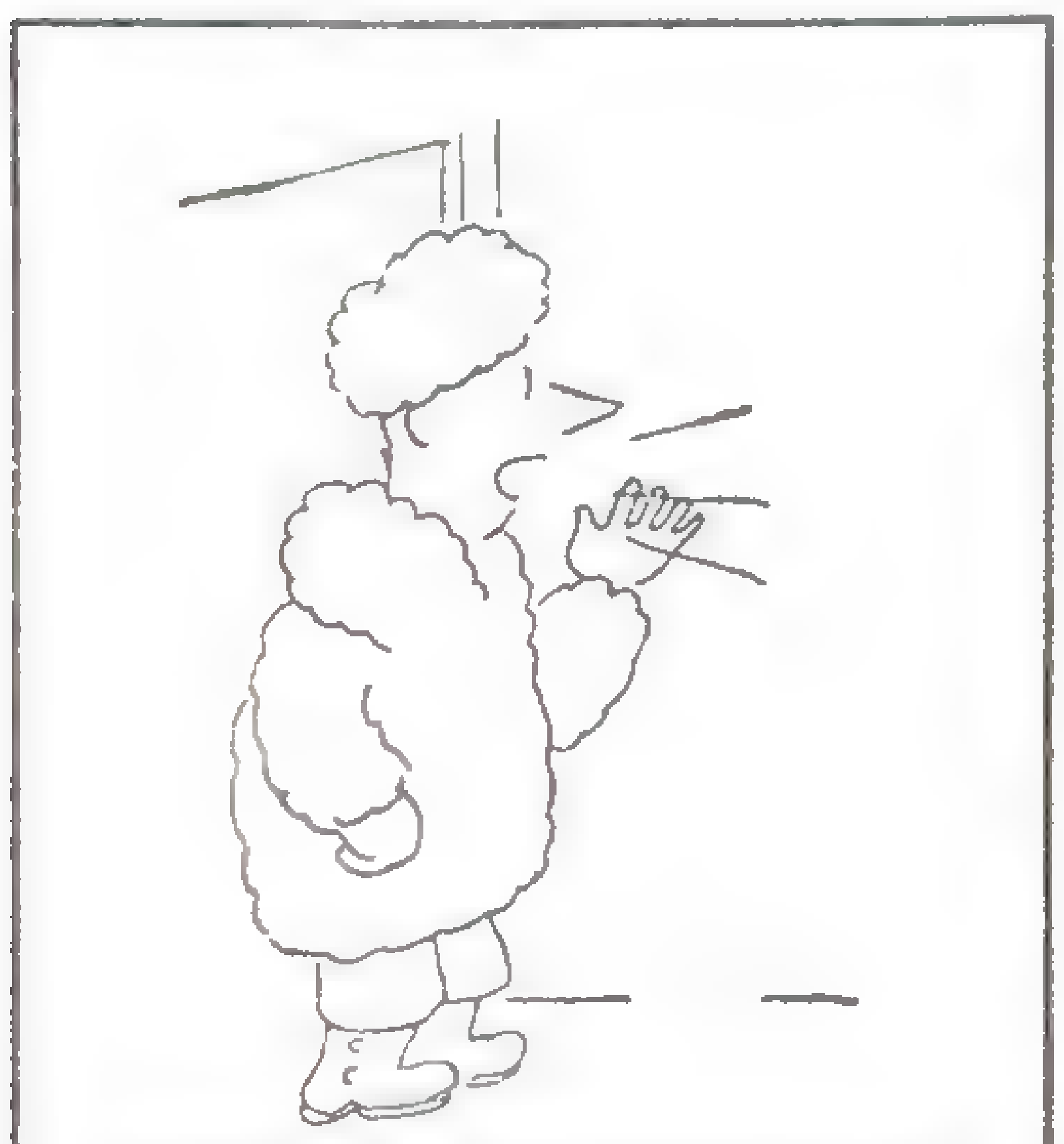
(And I'll search and I'll search till I land the lad
For the dumbest girl friend I've ever had!)

Ad Libbing With Esquire

FEBRUARY
1943

Some people are still singing, "Praise the Lord and pass the remuneration."

Before the snow fell we saw some very pretty girls in Lincoln Park looking for four leaf clovers to put in their letters to service men . . . and a darn nice idea it was, thought we.



"Martha, where are your first husband's ashes—there's ice on the front walk"

An old, old man without a grey beard once told us it was easy to pick a wife . . . all you do, he said, is to ask the girl under consideration to do you a small favor such as sewing on a button. While she is doing it observe her carefully. If she works with a will she would make a good wife, but if she does it as though it hurt her, run—do not walk—to the nearest exit.

The Listening Ear

Two men were talking on the street:

"Let's go have a drink."

"Okay, where will we go?"

"Let's go to Foreski's Grill and Chowder Palace."

"Oooh that's a terrible place."

"That's why I want to go there. I know I'll only stay for one drink."

The snow in Russia is so deep that even the defeats of the Nazi army are covered.

Poem by Stella

When he told me I was beautiful
With the world's prettiest eyes
I knew him for a truthful man
Who wouldn't tell me lies.

The Lodges speak only to the Cabots, and the Cabots speak only to God—except when they are in a car pool.

May we suggest the Japs are losing something besides their face?

We have reached the conclusion from personal observation that the Iceman as a Lover is vastly overrated. This morning we saw a beautiful Blonde parked in a green car, and an Iceman on the rear of a wagon across the street was trying to win her notice by the shrill whistling of *The Man on the Flying Trapeze.*

Never ask us out on Friday evening, for that is the night we sit home and answer the questions on "Information Please" before the experts do.

We bought a rose to brighten a dismal corner and met a girl while we were carrying it—she knew more about the rose than the florist. She said it was a talisman, the result of cross breeding, and that this particular bud was a honey which would bloom beautifully. So what the hell! We gave it to her.

If winter comes—can tires be far behind?

If a man asks a girl to go for a ride in the country these days, she can be sure it's love.

Love is a game in which a woman wins every time save the first.

Suggested Sequence for Bob Hope

Girl: "So, Mr. Hope, you want to build up a reputation as a Wolf?"

Hope: "Well, I can't help it if people talk—"

Girl: "I suppose not, but I'm sure you don't need to do what you did at the party the other night."

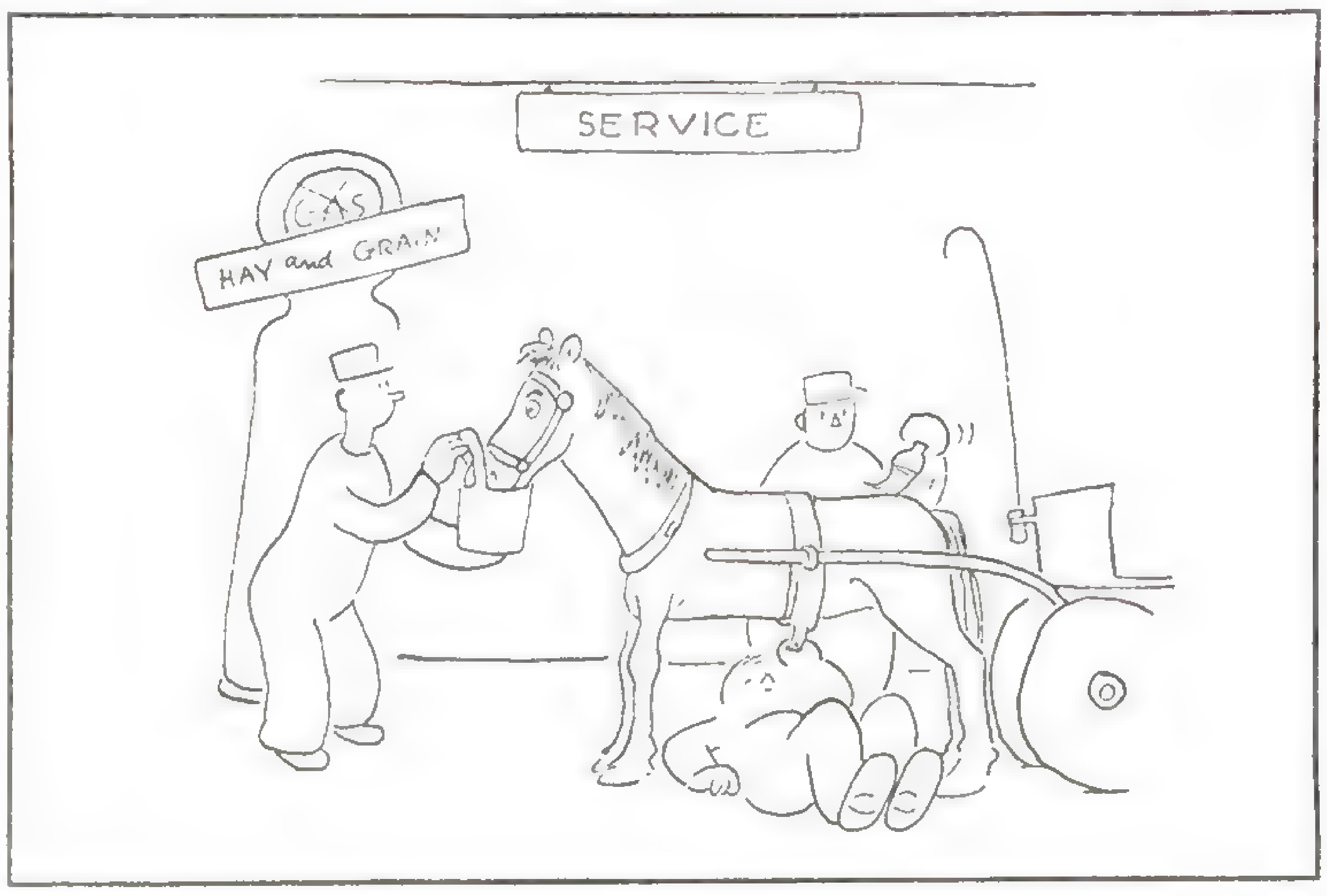
Hope: "What was that?"

Girl: "It sure was a plant the way you waited until everybody was there, then had that small boy run ahead of you shouting—'Hide your Women, here comes Bob Hope.'"

We wonder if there ever was a divorce case where the real grounds were given.

We ran across a war story by A. Ward we like. The scene is in the African Desert and the battle is raging, but Captain Perkins, a religious fellow, has taken time out to correct Corporal Smith's language. The Captain explained that the Corporal was using entirely too much strong invective. He had just completed his dressing down and was turning to leave when a German shell landed a few feet away and threw sand all over him.

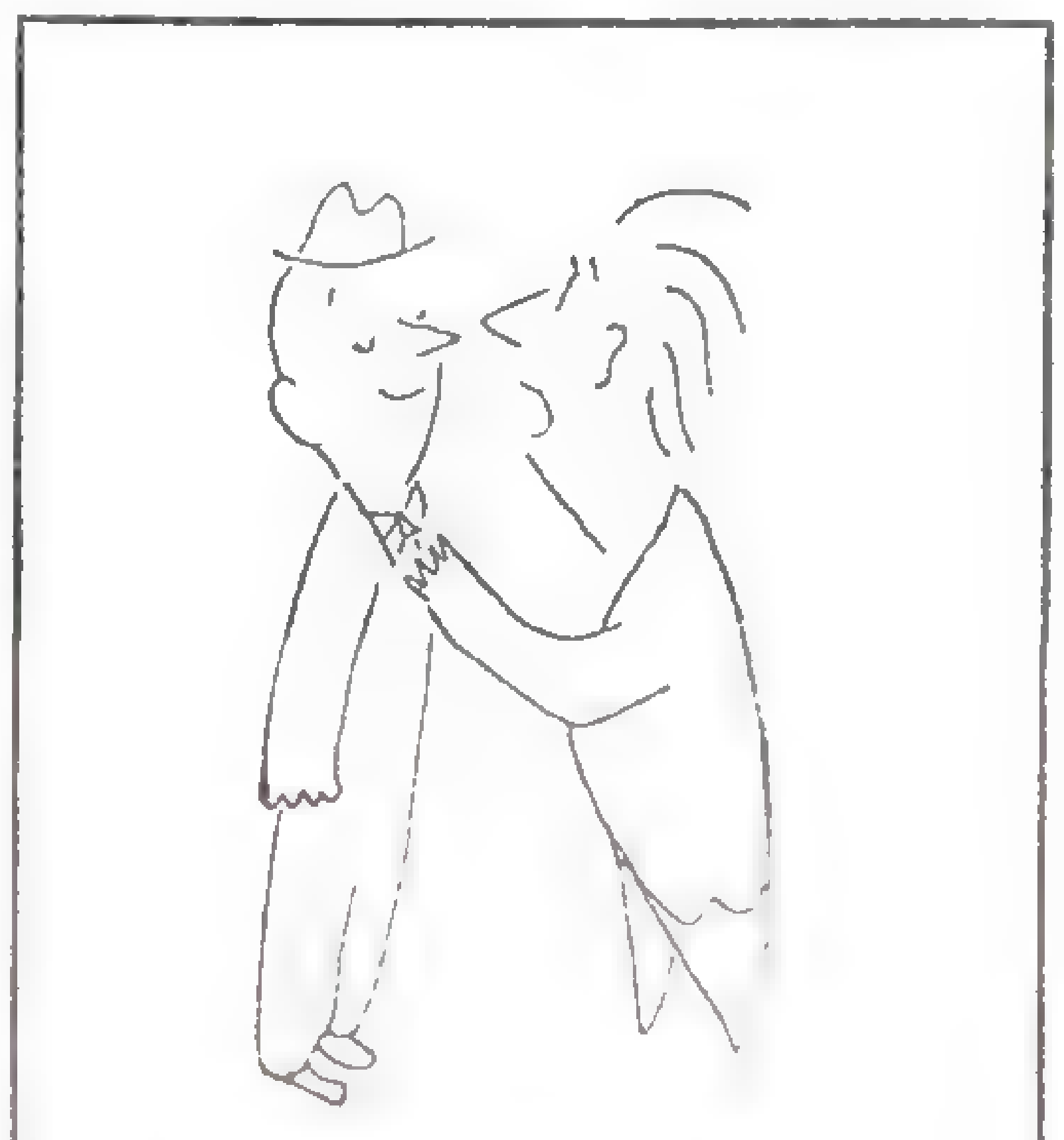
"Goddam their Nazi souls to hell," he burst out—then added, "as Corporal Smith would say."



1943 Version

"How is Broadway like a pretty girl?"

"Beautiful but dim."



"You irresistible dog"

If your dog has bad breath, mix a little soap in his drinking water . . . or so a friend writes. He says to put the smallest pinch in the drinking water for four or five days—not more—and see if you get results.

Type Casting

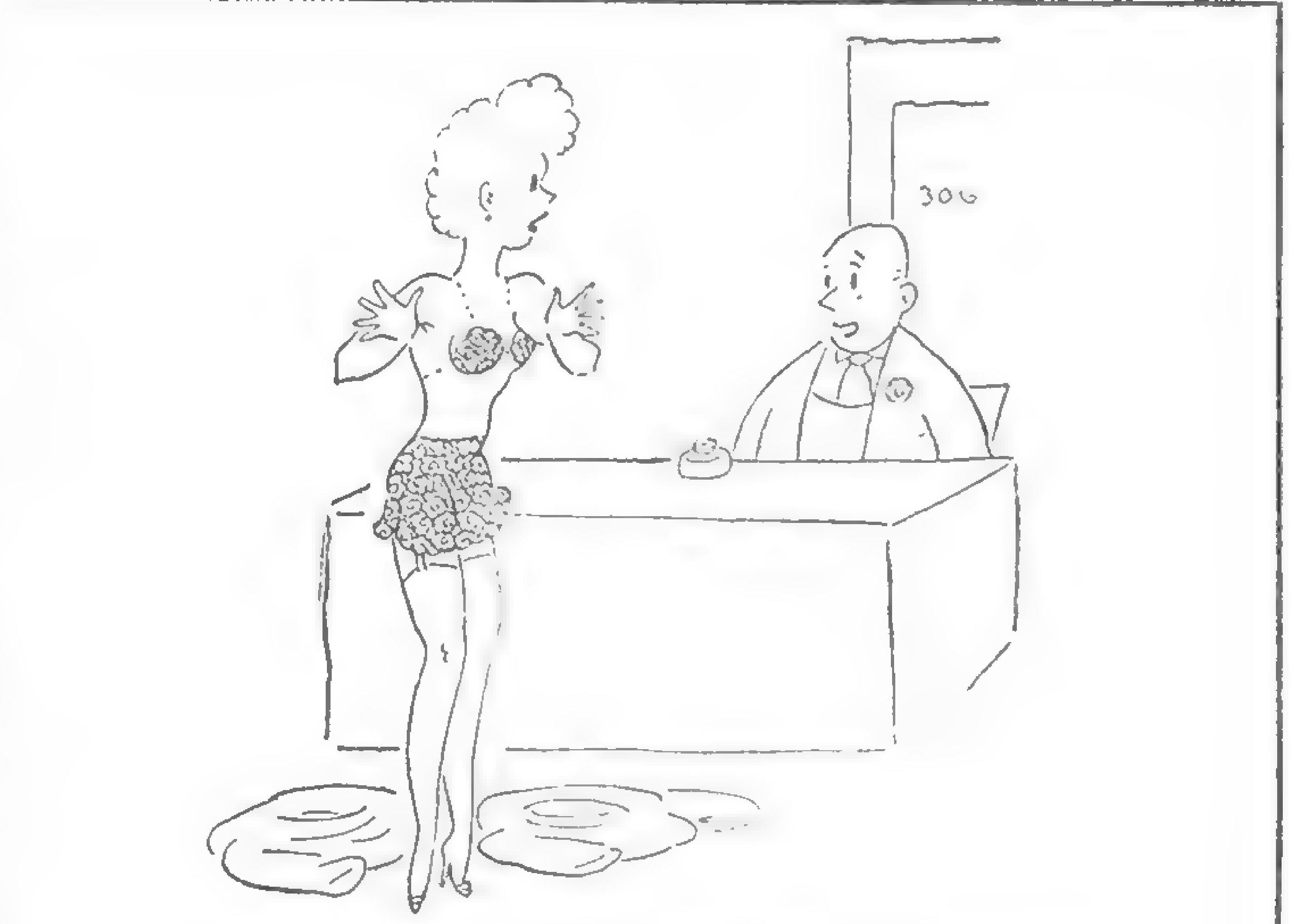
The Writer of Scripts rushes into the Office of the Producer and speaks: "Have I got a plot—have I got a plot . . . listen."

The Producer puts his feet on the desk.

The Writer: "The scene is Holland in the dike country . . . our Hero is a nice fellow but everybody laughs at his nose. Nobody takes him seriously—even during the blackouts the girls think of his nose and laugh. But wait and see, during the Winter a terrible storm comes up and the wind and the rains weaken the dikes. The townspeople are worried. Finally one of the dikes springs a leak. And nobody knows what to do because the leak is too big to be stopped by a finger. Then our hero rushes forward, sticks his nose in it, and the town is saved."

Producer: "Sounds great—see if you can get Charles Boyer to play the hero."

Some of our soldiers in the South Seas must be glad when they meet a Jap that they played hookey from school and learned to swing a baseball bat.



"Very interesting, but the theatrical agency is across the hall"

The five-cent piece has lost the power it had when we were kids. And if you don't think so, offer a boy a nickel to run to the store, and be as astonished as we were at his lack of enthusiasm.

God must love the poor. He gave them such beautiful women.

MARCHING SONG

We enjoyed singing the Pink Pajama song in the last War, and it occurred to us that the fellows in this war might like it, so here it is (to be sung to the tune of the *Battle Hymn of the Republic*):

She wears her Pink Pajamas in the Summer when it's hot,
She wears her woolen nightie in the Winter when it's not,
And sometimes in the Springtime and sometimes in the Fall
She jumps right in between the sheets with nothing on at all.

Chorus:

Glory, Glory for the Springtime and the Fall
Glory, Glory for the Springtime and the Fall
Glory, Glory for the Springtime and the Fall
When she jumps right in between the sheets with nothing on at all.

Our musical career has been ruined by a dog . . . not long ago we heard Larry Adler play the mouth organ and we decided that there was the instrument for us. We rushed to the nearest music store and bought a mouth harp complete with gear shift.

We rushed home with it, determined not to lay it aside as we had the uke and steel guitar, but to really master it. We unwrapped it with the care of a master, sat down and gave a few practice blows . . . no sooner did the sound leave the instrument than our dog came tearing in from the other room, seated himself before us and began to howl. We thought he needed his reflexes conditioned or something of the kind and just kept blowing. But the longer we played the louder he howled. The man in the next apartment (a very inconsiderate fellow) began hitting the wall with his shoe and the woman downstairs began pounding on the radiator pipes. Taken altogether—the pounding on the pipes—the beating on the wall—the weird sounds we were blowing—and the howling of the dog sounded not unlike some modern music we have heard. We were going good when we came to a sudden stop—my wife came home.

Since then on several occasions, when my wife has been away, we have gotten out the harmonica—but the dog has become so intolerant that when we lift the instrument from the drawer he assumes a firm stance directly in front of us, ready to howl at the first note. We have tried putting him outside but the minute his sharp ears detect the first note, he begins to howl like a lost soul and collects a crowd. So Larry Adler can sleep a bit easier. His position as Harmonica King will remain unchallenged by us.

We see that the girls are wearing black lingerie again . . . we never see it but we think of Widow Smitz, who explained why she wore it: "When I mourn I mourn all over."

Two women talking on the streetcar:

"Mygawd! did you see the little lunch Bertha had?"

"Yes—just one sandwich. If I ate that little I would have to eat at three o'clock again."

"Me too. I think middle aged people are meant to be fat."

AN ADVENTURE WITH SHOES

No doubt you have seen or heard the way the government has men break in new shoes. We read it and thought we would try it out. So we put on our new shoes, ran about an inch of water in the bathtub and then dunked our shoes in the tub for exactly five minutes; then following the printed instructions we walked around for one hour while the shoes dried on our feet. The plan works too, the shoes fit well and are very comfortable—and we probably would have had pneumonia anyway.

ADVICE FROM AN EXPERT . . .

Two men were talking.

"I have made a deep study of the subject of women and have reached some very interesting conclusions."

"Tell me more."

"All women fall into one of two classes—they are either introverts or extroverts."

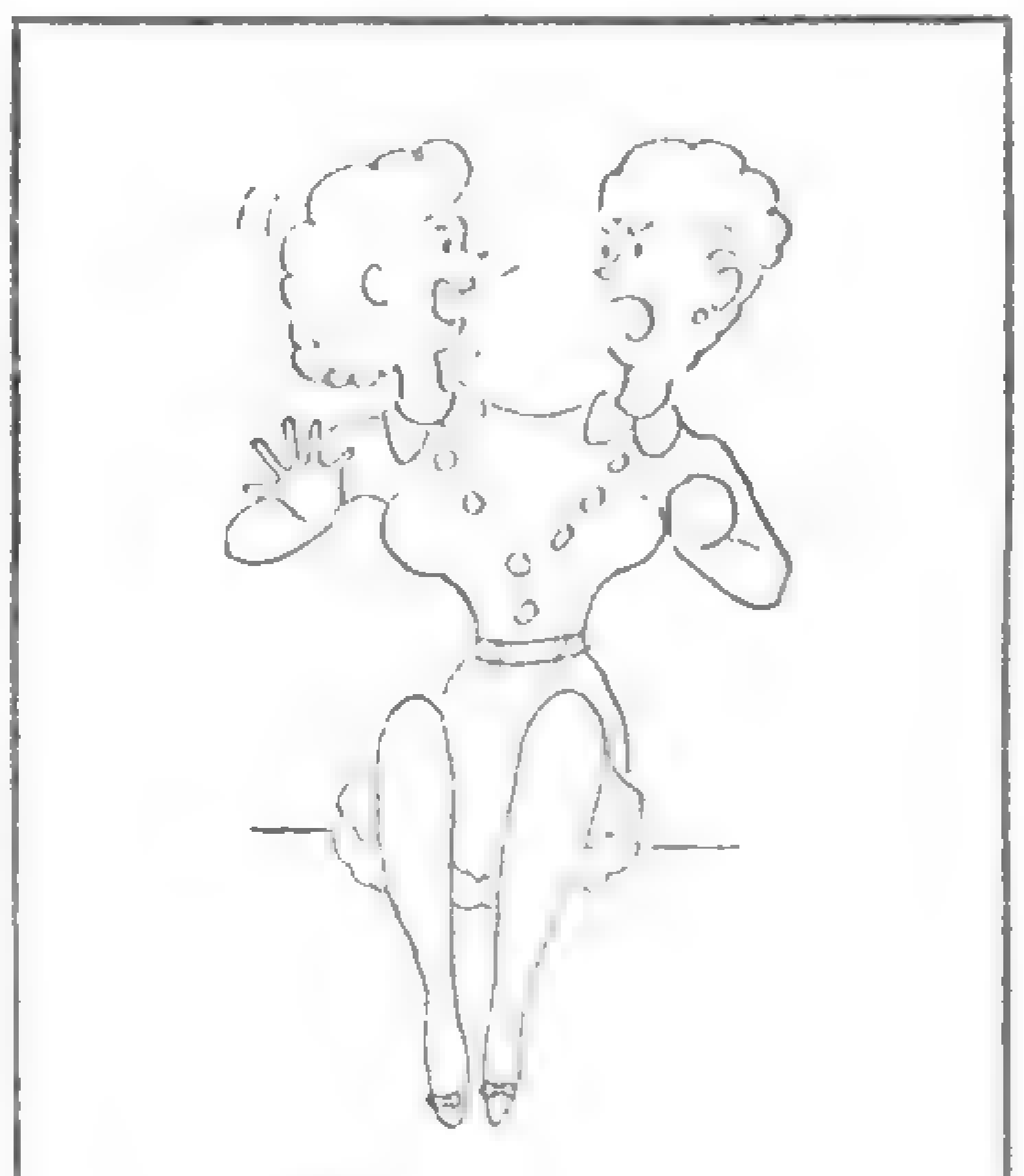
"So what?"

"Why, by finding which class a woman belongs to—the way to her heart becomes open . . . for example if she is an extrovert it would be impossible to make love to her in the dark—she wants to see and be seen—she is the kind of a woman who kisses with her eyes open—and wears those real short bathing suits. To appeal to her you take her places where she can see and be seen . . . she loves the admiration of the crowd and will show her love for anyone who makes it possible for her to be seen. On the other hand we have the introvert type girl who loves to sit quietly in the corner and have someone read poetry to her. Her interests are deep inside her and to gain her interest a man must whisper to her while walking in the moonlight, or hold her hand in the dark of a movie theater."

"Gosh, I'm glad to learn all this—you see I've never been out with a woman."

"Neither have I."

. . . the end . . .

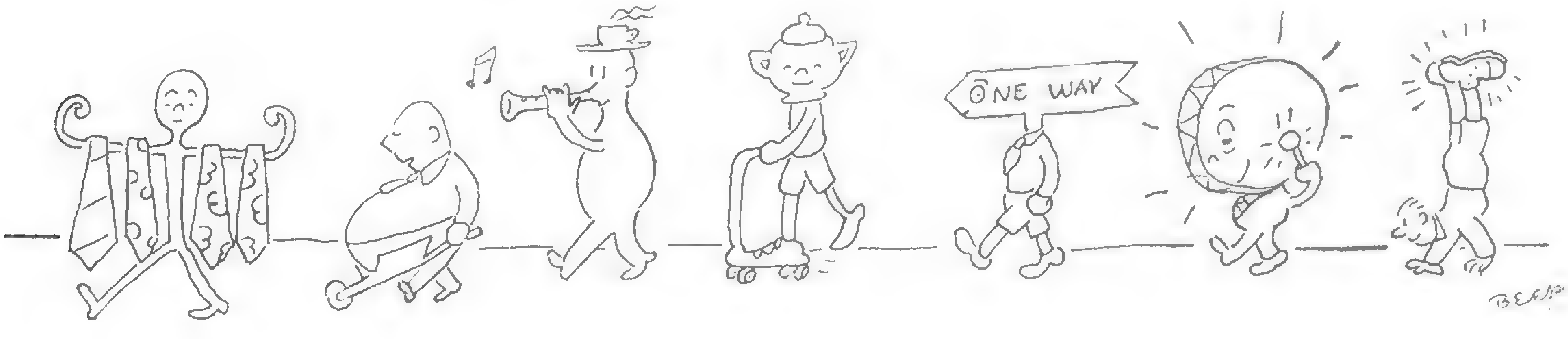


"Oh, shut up!"

A couple we know have a beautiful little girl of four, and one of her admirers gave her a goldfish and bowl. One day last week she was left alone for a few minutes. When her mother returned the goldfish was gone. Her parents have searched everywhere and haven't found any trace of the fish; so they have come to accept her explanation that she ate it.

We never went over Niagara Falls in a barrel, but we did go down a steep snow-covered hill on a pair of home-made skis.

We broke the main spring on our wrist watch several times before a friend told us to wind it twice a day and not so tight; once when you put it on and once when you take it off. We have had no breaks since. ⌗



The Morale of the Nazi Soldier

Continued from page 35

has been forged into an important tool in the Nazi morale arsenal.

A wide popularization of military science has contributed to create in Nazi soldier brains the illusion that they alone hold the key to irresistible offensive campaigns. The recruit of the Hohenzollern era was left in frank ignorance as to the larger movements and the purpose of a specific battle. The Nazi soldier is cunningly beguiled to see himself in the elevated role of a knowing participant and partner in a dead-sure enterprise.

In the psychological training of soldiers for total war, intelligence is rated secondary to a wildly aggressive spirit. An army not used for assault and conquest is regarded as defeating its purpose. The young soldiers in the Alexanderplatz dungeon spoke about the "unfailing" technique of sudden offensive battles with the certitude of seasoned mathematicians.

When I mildly pointed out to them that all the won battles of the last war had not summed up to a German victory, they were immediately at hand with the legend of the "stab in the back."

"The army was not beaten in France," they reiterated Hitler. "It was beaten by a revolution engineered by traitors at home."

The suggestive power of this propaganda argument is demonstrated by the fact that even today a great many Americans believe that the German surrender of 1918 was caused by the naval mutiny in Kiel—supporting the fallacy that revolution against Hitler might save the United Nations the cost and trouble of invading Germany by force of arms.

"It is a truth," an anti-Nazi fellow prisoner told the soldiers, "that Ludendorff whined for an armistice five weeks before the revolution broke out. The armies were defeated first. Then the revolution came."

"The German army was never beaten," the imprisoned soldiers insisted with pride. "Ludendorff had an attack of nerves—that was all."

This attitude of pro-Nazi fighting youth is characteristic. The dogmatic denial of any past defeat of German might is the foundation upon which Nazi morale-building begins. Nine years of Nazi monopoly of education have molded the minds of German adolescents into a compact and unified pattern for total war. There are no exceptions worth the mention. There may be millions of staunch anti-Nazis among the older classes of Germans, but German youth backs Hitler and will continue to follow him as long as German arms are able to produce a credible illusion of victory to come. Too firmly has the phony Nazi *Weltanschauung* been tamped into the consciousness of young Germans. Only abysmal *physical* defeat can shock the false race theory, the "blood-and-honor" philosophy and the living-space concepts of Haushofer out of immature brains and so prepare the way for a complete re-education of German youth under democratic mentorship. To understand the one-sided power of Nazi morale education, one must remember that Hitler's shock troops of 1942 were teen-age children when the Nazis monopolized German schools in 1933.

A central pillar of the German system of morale-building is found in the Nazi leadership principle. Suicidal loyalty and "heroic obedience" to the leader are cultivated on the ground that only the best, the most selfless and most capable men—the *Soldatennaturen*—are appointed to leadership. The slogan, "Hitler is Germany, and Germany is Hitler," shouted from a hundred-thousand brown-shirt throats has exercised an almost supernatural power over the imaginations of millions of Germans. The country's past role as the most disunited nation in Europe has prepared Germans well for the acceptance of the leadership principle. The popular reaction to too many impotently squabbling leaders was a general craving for *one* leader. The Nazis exploited this undercurrent of mass emotion to give the idea of total unity under *their* leadership the status of a national fetish.

Domestic Paragon, 1943

She can bake a meatless pie
As quick as a cat can wink its eye,
And she can hem a rayon slip
As quick as Kaiser can launch a ship.

Caesar and Frederick the Great are held up as models of one-man leadership which concentrates all power and "all responsibility" in the hands of one supreme individual. Nazi propaganda has cleverly coupled the consciously over-inflated sense of honor and pride of the German soldier to the concept of absolute loyalty to the *Fuehrer*. The desired attitude is summed up in the Nazi maxim, "Our loyalty is our honor."

But the great pitfall of the Nazi leadership principle, as of the so-called Nazi philosophy, lies in its ineptitude to survive serious military defeat. A totalitarian leader who openly fails in any important totalitarian enterprise signs therewith his own death warrant in the eyes of his subordinates. People taught to believe in the infallibility of their leaders feel themselves cheated and betrayed when approaching defeat exposes the Nazi leadership legend as a hoax. The German fighting spirit, grown on an immovable presumption of victory, will rot and disintegrate with the realization that Nazi leadership is floundering in a *cul de sac*.

The Nazis are acutely aware of this ever-threatening flaw in the fabric of their war morale. Its mere existence goads them to frantic attempts to create real or invented victories at any price. They must hide even minor defeats from the people's knowledge. So, Nazis put to flight by United Nations forces are described as executing a "strategic retreat;" the dismissal or killing of leaders for blunders or opposition against the regime are broadcast as "retirements for reason of health" or as "death in action." The fall of enemy cities is announced when Nazi troops still fight far from the suburbs. United Nations Commando raids on German-held shores are presented to the German people as "enemy invasion attempts which have been victoriously beaten back." The volume of deceit will grow in proportion with the increase of military initiative of the democracies, until the saturation point of German gullibility is reached. Then German war morale will crack.

How rapidly morale is subject to breakdown when men cease to give credence to the communiques of their own high command is illustrated by the events of 1918. At the beginning of the last Ludendorff offensive the morale chief of the high command, General Groener, reported that morale was surging high in anticipation of a quick victory. When the offensive collapsed in August, the high command continued nevertheless to issue victory bulletins; but great numbers of cripples and army deserters told a different tale. No one believed any more in GHQ communiques. Three months later came mutiny, revolution, and the end of the war.

The vital inter-relationship of the leadership principle and mass morale causes the Nazis to exercise utmost discrimination in the selection and training of vast numbers of subleaders. The selective process begins in grammar schools among boys of ten, and is continued through the Hitler Youth, the Storm Troops and the compulsive labor service. By then the youngsters have become thoroughly indoctrinated fanatics, strong on the basis of a contemptuous ignorance of all values that lie beyond the Nazi pale. Those who are selected for leadership are then assigned to special academies—*Fuehrerschulen*—or sent into the training institutions of the *Wehrmacht*.

Commissions of psychologists, commanding officers and technical experts put the young Nazi through grinding tests in order to determine his aptitudes. The results are analyzed and classified in minute detail. On the strength of these findings the future field officers, Elite Guard commanders, administrators, *Panzer* specialists and Gestapo commissars are launched on their respective careers. Outside of this rigidly planned procedure only proved ability in combat or outstanding service to the Nazi state is deemed cause for promotion to leadership.

However, despite all differentiations, the over-all qualities looked for among *Fuehrer* candidates are the same for all branches of the Nazi machine: idealism in the Nazi sense, ruthless determination to carry out any assignment, will power, adaptability, voluntary acceptance of danger and hardship, and the ability to think clearly under the strain of battle. Intellectual aloofness, moral doubts, a negative attitude toward violence, moodiness and marked individualism are considered intolerable defects of character.

Nazi morale policy demands that field officers cultivate and maintain comradely relations with their men, though without ever yielding one whit of their exactitude in matters of duty. The German high command is bent on eliminating every condition which tends to breed the dangerous caste differences and caste hatreds which contributed decisively to the downfall of the old Imperial army.

Rations issued to officers and men are basically the same. The officer is not granted a longer furlough than the private. Each officer is expected to march with his men, to live as they do, to share their hardships and to win the confidence of each soldier under his command. When he commands his men to storm a pillbox he is obliged to storm with them. He is expected to give no orders which he would not instantly obey himself. He is instructed to manifest a personal interest in the problems and aspirations of his subordinates and in the welfare of their families. He is warned never to subject his soldiers to indignities in the presence of fellow soldiers, never to ridicule their opinions, but to be personal in his praise and coldly impersonal when meting out punishment. In the interest of rank and file morale the Nazi officer is expected to inspire his men with the feeling that he is a leader and friend deserving their unconditional trust. Once established with a certain unit he is rarely transferred to another.

The Nazi high command maintains an elaborate espionage system within the armed forces of Germany. Every regiment and company harbors these morale sleuths who are special operatives disguised as ordinary soldiers. Their task consists in the study of attitudes of individuals and groups, in the furtive recording of conversations among soldiers, the observation of individual behavior in combat and the secret supervision of correspondence between soldiers and their families and friends at home. Each week their reports are submitted to the nearest representatives of Department 3B of the high command—the Bureau for Military Intelligence and Politics. Whenever these reports show signs of morale deterioration special propaganda companies are set to work to bolster the fairy tale of Nazi invincibility in the minds of doubters in field gray. In serious cases—when morale of the troops has suffered because of excessive casualties or outright rout—the affected unit is instantly withdrawn for reorganization. Defeatists, recalcitrants and skeptics are promptly surrendered to the Gestapo.

German soldiers are told with endless repetition that they are the privileged elite of the nation. Army service is popularized not as a sacrifice but as a fulfillment of the yearning of manly pride. The Nazis ridicule the idea that they are educating their followers for death. They insist that they are teaching their fighting men to live to enjoy the fruits of certain victory, but to be ready to die if that should be the price of Nazi triumph. The *esprit de corps* is developed to the highest possible peak, particularly in the special services, such as *Panzer* divisions and combat aviation. As the knights of the Middle Ages were the privileged arms bearers among their peoples, so Nazi morale propaganda continually stresses the point that the soldier, as the nation's bearer of arms, is the beneficiary of an honor withheld from the common civilian.

The Nazis recognize that the instinct of fear is part and parcel of human nature. Their attempts to neutralize it include, aside from training Germans to adopt a "heroic attitude," a variety of psychological precautions. Soldiers are made to move in masses, with a great show of equipment, mass singing and cheers. Military bands accompany the troops into the front lines; their martial pounding and the ominous rolling of drums are calculated to inspire a feeling of reckless potency. Everything possible is done to prevent protracted isolation of small units in enemy country. Soldiers operating far in advance of the main forces are instilled with the conviction that they are never alone or abandoned, but always in contact with superior strength moving up from the rear. To guard against panic caused by surprise attacks of superior enemy forces, picked groups of men possessed of bold courage are detailed to each company to act, by examples of calm staying power, as a brake against the urge to flee.

Although Nazi forces, like all modern armies, are highly trained for night operations, most attacks are launched at dawn and suspended at nightfall to avoid the nervous exhaustion that springs from facing death in the dark. Conscripts suffering from chronic anxiety and individualists afflicted with an exaggerated desire to save their own skins are quickly segregated into army labor battalions known among Nazis as the *Schwulenkommandos*—"commandos of perverts." Photographs purporting to show atrocities committed against German prisoners of war are circulated to discourage surrender to the enemy. Manifest cowards are shot on the spot. Others are convinced that death by an enemy bullet is preferable to slow death in Gestapo dungeons. The use of *schnapps* and cocaine to stimulate men to daredevil exploits is in the weird tradition established by Goering.

Nazi safeguards against the spreading of fear and panic in their own ranks are inseparable from their theory that sustained frightfulness will aid to shatter enemy morale. The individual soldier's consciousness of his role as a dispenser of terror is a carefully fostered item in the German system of morale maintenance. The most popular terms in the Nazi press vocabulary have ever been "*ruecksichtslos*" (ruthless) and "*vernichtung*" (annihilation). Nazi mentality identifies terrorism with strength. The effect upon the enemy of terroristic raids, of public hangings and the mass shooting of civilians, of screaming bombs and howling bombers, of the razing of towns and the launching of sinister rumors determines to some extent the quality of German war morale. A soldier is accustomed to forget his own fears by regarding himself as one who inspires terror in those who oppose him. But doubt will filter under the armor of Nazi morale when the intended victim, refusing to succumb to panic, strikes back with perseverance and method, and in an offensive manner.

When the *Blitzkrieg* method failed, after startling initial successes and lightning war degenerated into utterly unlooked-for, long and wearying campaigns, the German high command faced the first really formidable threat to military morale: Monotony of suffering and sacrifice, huge casualty lists, and the first hints of doubt even in the speeches of Nazi leaders. These were factors which, German military experts admit, contributed heavily to transform fighting troops into disgruntled rebels during the last war.

The Nazis struggle hard against the damaging effects of monotony upon soldiers taught to believe in swift victories. Rest periods between battles are still frequent. Hardly more than half of all available Nazi forces are thrown into battle at any given time. The young shock divisions which pushed deep into Russia during the Summer and Autumn of 1941 rested during the winter in Germany and Western Europe, while older men were sent out to be slaughtered in the Russian snows; and in the Summer of 1942 the rested young troops were back in Russia to resume the offensive.

Frequent social evenings are organized to break up the monotony between battles. There are concerts, dances and theater performances, augmented by sightseeing tours, sports and organized discussion of political events. Girls from the occupied countries are induced—often forcibly—to provide entertainment for Nazi troops. In Germany proper no young woman would dare to refuse her favors to a Nazi home on furlough.

Nazi organizations are active among the soldiers' relatives at home, engineering the mass dispatch of cheerfully optimistic letters to the front. Masses of war cripples are kept in the occupied countries to hide the fact of losses great enough to stamp purported triumphs as military misadventures.

Pro-Nazi rumor waves are systematically launched to counteract and offset adverse rumors which often turn out to be truth: When people suspect that they are being deceived they cock their ears for rumors in order to learn the facts. Even the Gestapo works on the assumption that an analysis of rumors supplies a better index to trends of public moods than a study of the Nazi press.

Nazi morale is extremely vulnerable because of its dependency on continuous demonstrations of force and victory. But Nazi morale is still good. We should not expect it to wilt seriously under occasional mass bombing raids as those on Essen, Bremen and Cologne; Germans still believe that England will fare badly when Nazi bombers head westward "after Russia is beaten." The frustrated *Blitzkrieg* spirit is crumbling, but it is idle to talk of *disintegration* of Nazi morale until the skies over Germany and its armies have uninterruptedly ceased to be Hitler's, allowing of no breathing spell, and until the battered field gray armies struggle with their backs against the Rhine. ⧻

A Portrait of Secretary Ickes

by Secretary Harold L. Ickes

Source of Irritation: The great American delusion that it is necessary to get rich quick—or at least slowly—to be a success in life.

Recommendation without Reservation: The speech delivered by Vice-President Wallace before the Free World Association—a superb analysis of what we are really fighting for.

Dollar-A-Year Men: Not in my department—I prefer to hire people at regular salaries so that I can fire them if necessary.

Most Puzzling Paradox: The fact that our religious leaders fail to provide leadership at a time when Christianity itself is in jeopardy.

To Prevent the Next War: Give everyone a fair share of what the world has to offer.

Complacency Quotient: Still much too high; we must awaken ourselves to the full peril of our situation before the Nazis do it for us.

The Danger Within: State Fascism, brought on by the stubborn monopolistic practices of big business—the greater the degree of monopolization, the more acute the need for state control.

Public Misconception No. 1: That the New Deal is running the War, when in point of actual fact—if anyone wants to take the trouble to look at the top names—it is predominantly run by men who happen to be anti-New Deal.

Advice to Young Men: Work hard, think independently, never ask a favor and you will achieve courage because you will have nothing to fear.

Afternoon with a T.N.T. Man

Continued from page 63

225, more acids are poured into the mixture.

Simple as this process appears, it is surrounded by painstaking safety measures. In case a gasket in acid-carrying pipes bursts and the worker at the nitrator receives a dollop of the deadly stuff, there is a handy shower under which he plunges, clothes and all. If a suction blower fails and the fatal acid fumes—nitric-oxide—foul the air, he has a gas mask which can be donned in a few seconds.

If for any reason he cannot control the temperature of the charge and it rises swiftly to the exploding point, there is, near the stairway, a metal chute like a children's slide. The operator and his assistants hit their chute upright, slide to the ground—and keep right on running. Near the end of the chute is a valve-pull that opens the bottom of the cooker and permits the charge to drain into an enormous vat of water just outside the house. This is called the "drowner."

"Those chutes really help," said S-8053. "I remember seeing a friend of mine go down one once. His nitrator had gone wrong and blew. As he hit the chute a sheet of flame was racing three feet behind him. But he went so fast, it never gained an inch."

The young man at the nitrator acknowledged our presence, but never for an instant paused in his work. Once when I got in his way, he thrust past with intent gaze, said "Heads up," and never missed a motion. He worked as though the whole war depended upon his charge of mononitrotoluene, and seconds counted.

S-8053 mused: "We didn't get this kind of intelligence in 1917. And our men were lucky if they had more than a day's instruction. We sure got some dumb birds when Wilson issued his 'work or fight' order. I was running a nitrator, and they assigned me a man to train. I told him to watch the thermometer and never let the reading go over 225. I had something else to do for a few minutes. When I came back I see this guy holding the thermometer under the drinking water tap. 'Hey,' I says, 'what you doing?' He says, 'Well, you told me not to let her go over 225 and she was 230 before I got her to this water'."

He chuckled. "It was too late to save the charge. It was ready to blow. So we all hit the chute feet first and I pulled the 'drowner' on the way. No explosion, but we sure had a mess to clean up."

When the oil has been mononitrated, the young operator turns a valve that drains off the orange-red acids—which settle to the bottom—and they go by pipe to the Fortifier House to be strengthened and used again. The oil drains into a separate pipe to another house 200 yards or so away to be bi-nitrated and tri-nitrated. The only difference in the bi-nitrating and tri-nitrating operation is the use of more powerful acids.

At the washing and drying house, the liquid T.N.T. is given a bath in water and its purity tested, to see if the "freezing" point meets Army specifications. The "freezing" point is the temperature degree at which T.N.T. turns instantly from a liquid to a solid. This is 80.2 degrees Centigrade, or about 175 degrees Fahrenheit. If a charge does not solidify at this point it is not pure enough and is recooked.

T.N.T. turns from a liquid to a solid on a cold revolving drum that dips into a bath of the T.N.T. oil. This is called a flaker and it seemed covered with a pale caking like wax off a candle. Scraped off to go to the packing room, T.N.T. has a pale lemon color and looks like soap chips.

The washing and drying house as well as the boxing room have huge barricades of wood filled with packed earth. If there should be an explosion, these barricades throw its force upward.

Yet the chief danger of T.N.T. does not lie in an accidental explosion. Indeed, S-8053 informed me that it was most insensitive, and can only be detonated by another explosion that sets up a disintegrating wave. That is why all shells and bombs must have fuses and detonating charges which set off the T.N.T. This is why an armor-piercing shell will strike a warship's steel sides with terrific force, tear through and not explode until later by a time fuse. T.N.T. has been molded into a human figure and bullets fired through it by a high-powered rifle without causing an explosion.

In a shell-loading factory a little applied steam raises T.N.T.'s temperature above 80.2 C. and it becomes again a liquid to be easily poured into a shell and become a tightly packed solid. Even fire, if the T.N.T. is open to the air, causes it only to burn like tar.

But despite its safety from accidental explosion, T.N.T. is most dangerous to handle—because of its toxic qualities.

In 1917 the workers in wash houses and packing rooms became victims of what is called "blue-lips." Even the men's complexions became blue, and they would brag for a while as to who was the bluest. But presently they would complain of great fatigue. They suffered from gastro-intestinal pains. They had to quit work and many never returned.

Physicians made a diagnosis of cyanosis, a destruction of the oxygen-carrying qualities of the red corpuscles. Today when a T.N.T. man reports to work he goes to the Change House. Here he strips, takes a bath, dons a freshly laundered powder uniform, socks, cap, gloves, underwear. At the end of his eight-hour shift he returns to the Change House, throws everything he has on into a laundry hamper, and takes a bath with special soap. He may take three or four baths during the day, and change his clothes, depending on circumstances.

Recently, a slight abnormality in blood count and pressure was discovered among the men on one T.N.T. line. An investigation revealed that a bus for a nearby city left within a few minutes of the time these men quit their shift. They had neglected to take a bath and change underwear to catch the bus and avoid a wait. The bus schedule was changed; and the symptoms disappeared.

Every two weeks each T.N.T. man is examined by a physician. His blood count and blood pressure are particularly watched, because the first signs of T.N.T. poisoning appear with a lowered count and pressure. When symptoms appear, the man's place of work is carefully examined. If more safety devices are needed they are installed. If the man's method of work is responsible, he is taught a safer way. If neither measure helps, the man is moved to other duties.

Familiarity breeds contempt, and only the care of supervisors on each T.N.T. line and surprise examinations by physicians as the men enter the Change House have kept this T.N.T. plant's record perfect and its hospital empty.

No ordnance worker is given deferred draft status, and the young have gone into the Army. The age limit of workers is climbing toward the forties. Indeed, some are in their fifties and I saw one sixty-year-old veteran of the last World War attending the chemistry school, overjoyed at finding a place to serve his country.

"A man must instinctively do his job, no matter the crisis," said S-8053. "Back in 1917 I had a friend on a nitrator. Then, as now, we shut down during electrical storms—just in case. A thunderstorm blew up, but my friend had a charge in the cooker and wanted to see it through. He didn't stop. Nearby was a half-million pounds of smokeless powder.

"Well, a lightning bolt hit the smokeless powder and it went up in a flash. I was driving to the plant at the time and I believe that thin streak of fire went a mile high. Smokeless powder burns from the inside out and shoots up a narrow flame. My friend saw the flash, was half stunned by the sound, and thought he'd been blown up. Yet he turned off the acid valves, crawled around the cooker and opened the water valve to the cooling coils. He started to crawl away. Then he realized he wasn't dead, and rose up and took off like a P-38. Even in the shock of thinking he was blown up he did his duty."

From the most intelligent recruits a few are picked for extra training beyond the six weeks' period. They learn every move in the making of T.N.T., every safety factor. They become the standards group which goes along the T.N.T. lines to make certain each operator does his job according to standard. This not only prevents delays, but keeps the T.N.T coming off the lines day and night in unbelievable quantities.

So far this particular factory has managed to maintain its reserve pool of operators to fill the gaps when the young men are called into the Army. But the making of T.N.T. and other explosives is expanding almost hourly. More men are needed. Women, too, for they have been found excellent, especially as government ordnance inspectors.

"It's perfectly safe—this job," said S-8053. "If a man follows the safety rules, he can make T.N.T. until his beard gets tangled in the nitrator."

He added, "Back in 1917 you couldn't get an insurance company to write a policy on a T.N.T. man. Now any man in the place can get any size policy at the regular premium. And you can't fool an insurance company about the hazards of a job." #

AMERICAN BEAUTIES, EASTERN STYLE

The face and the fortune of Lenore Simon

LENORE SIMON. In 1919 a young member of the U. S. Army of occupation in Germany met a pretty *fräulein* from Weisbaden, married her and subsequently brought her home to the States with their three-year-old-daughter—who of course turned out to be Lenore Simon. Following various forays into higher education, Saks Fifth Avenue and a commercial art studio, Miss Simon decided she wanted to be a model. But she didn't have enough nerve. One day a friend informed her that, on the stroke of 11 a.m., June 10, 1941, she had an appointment with Harry Conover, the model entrepreneur. Miss Simon wanted to break the date—but didn't have enough nerve. The rest is model history, which Miss Simon has made in the last year and a half as queen of the cosmetic ads and favorite of the fashion pages.

Miss Simon on Men: "When men are really being men fighting Japs and Nazis, I despise seeing the ones at home trying to compensate by wearing false hair on their chest—talking tough, browbeating defenseless waiters and generally throwing their weight around. This is an especially bad season for wolves too. They'll find that a scarcity of escorts is no open sesame, and that girls still prefer a good book to a bad character. On the plus side, I like men's typical frankness and honesty. I also think most fellows have excellent taste in women's clothes, but they shouldn't argue you out of wearing silly hats and then stare at the girls who do. For the most part, I think men are useful creatures. After all, how could we win the war without them?"

Vital Statistics: *Model Agency:* Harry Conover. *Home Town:* New York. *Age:* 22. *Height:* 5′ 10″ with heels. *Weight:* 130. *Bust:* 35. *Waist:* 25. *Hips:* 36. *Hair:* Blonde. *Eyes:* Brown.

PHOTOGRAPH BY PAUL GARRISON

BLUE-WINGED TEAL

by WALTER E. BOHL

A Stall for Uncle Jeff

Continued from page 61

for his work. And I heard Pa tell Mom that he was glad that Uncle Jeff had come for he was getting a lot of work done for nothing. He told her that Jeff ate as much as three men but he did four times as much work as any man he'd ever worked with. He told her Jeff was such a powerful man that he could sink a posthole with a digger fast as the digger could lift the dirt.

When spring came, I heard Pa tell Mom that Uncle Jeff wanted a dollar a day, three hot meals, a good bed and his clothes washed and mended. And Pa told Mom that since Jeff had quit his drinkin rot-gut moonshine that he would pay him his price. Mom agreed with Pa that Jeff was a changed man, for every evening Uncle Jeff would explain to Mom for hours at the time what moonshine whiskey would do to Pa if he drank it. He had Pa afraid to drink a bottle of beer when he went to town on Saturdays. When Uncle Jeff talked to Pa, he looked like the picture of health. His cheeks were red as roses; his eyes bright—his face smooth—and I'd say Uncle Jeff weighed over three hundred pounds. He wasn't fat; he was just a big man.

It was the middle of spring when Pa first paid Uncle Jeff. Uncle Jeff said he'd take the Saturday off and go to town with Pa. Said he wanted to buy a few little things. When Pa came home from town, he asked if Jeff had come. We told 'im Uncle Jeff hadn't come home. "I'll bet he's on a bender," Pa said. "He can buy rot-gut moonshine for two dollars a gallon."

Monday morning Pa was forking hay from the loft before good daylight. He stuck something with a pitchfork prong and a man hollered. He had stuck Uncle Jeff in the leg.

"What are you a-doin here, Jeff?" Pa asked.

"I've been to see my boy, Bledsoe," Uncle Jeff told him. "And I didn't want to come in late and disturb you."

"That's nice of you, Jeff," Pa said.

Uncle Jeff ate a big breakfast that morning and worked all day in the cornfield. When he got through explainin to Pa that evenin about the harm a bottle of beer could do to a man, Pa told Mom that he didn't believe that Jeff had been drunk.

Every Saturday Pa paid Uncle Jeff and he took off to town. Pa always found him in the hayloft on Monday morning. Pa said it was all right since Jeff didn't smoke, there wouldn't be any danger of his settin the barn on fire. Uncle Jeff always said he had been to visit one of his children.

When September came and our big crop had been laid by, Uncle Jeff went away one Saturday and stayed away a week. Finn walked across the mountain to the post office. And as he walked along the path that wound among the tough-butted white oaks, he heard singing. Under a rock cliff he found Uncle Jeff beside his two gallon jugs. After Finn came home we took the mules and sled and hauled Uncle Jeff home. Uncle Jeff explained to Pa that he'd been to see one of his boys and that he was away from the good influence of our home and was persuaded to tip the jug.

That winter Uncle Jeff did some work but mostly he sat before the fire and talked about the evil influence of whiskey. He didn't charge Pa for the work he did about the place. But when spring came, he started charging Pa three gallons of moonshine per week.

That spring we planted a big crop for we expected Uncle Jeff's help. Maybe Uncle Jeff knew that we'd have to keep him even if he did get drunk every week end.

Winter Sports Defined

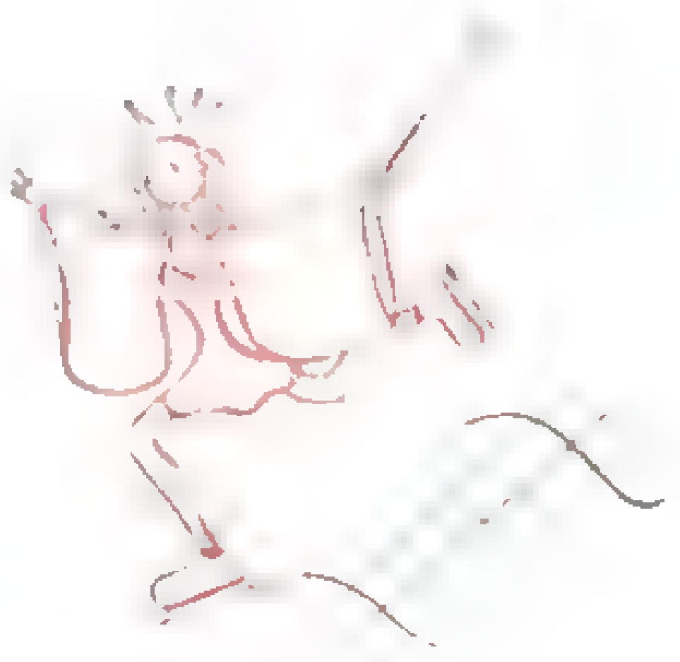
Skiing: *The shortest distance between two trees.*

Hockey: *Commando raids on ice.*

Bobsledding: *Way of getting to the hospital at 60 m.p.h. and no traffic lights.*

Figure Skating: *A method of making an income in six figures—if you can skate like Sonja.*

Tobogganing: *Ask Hitler. He's doing it.*



Once Uncle Jeff was locked up in Greenwood jail. Pa heard that Uncle Jeff was cleaning the streets in Greenwood to pay his fine. He laughed, but Mom didn't. She told Pa to go pay his fine and let him work it out in the cornfield. Pa and Mom had a little fuss but finally Mom won since we were crowded with weeds in our corn. Pa paid a twenty-four-dollar fine for Uncle Jeff and Harlan Jaggers, Greenwood's "Town Marshal," told Pa that if he had known the big man was his brother-in-law he wouldn't have arrested him. But Harlan told Pa that Jeff was liable to get shot since he'd opened Jim Sinder's door and walked into his house when they were all asleep. Said Jim's wife opened her eyes and saw a big man standin over her bed—said she screamed and Jim reached under his pillow and got his .38. But said he lit the lamp and saw that the big man was drunk and didn't kill 'im. Said Uncle Jeff was clawin in the dark with his big hands.

During that summer Uncle Jeff opened the doors of two more houses. He found an empty bed in Horace Didway's house and went to sleep. When Uncle Jeff woke next morning he explained to them that the front of their house was so near like the one where he lived that he had made a mistake. He told them that it looked like a man was drunk when he did a thing like this. Uncle Jeff apologized to Florence Didway about getting into the wrong house and soon as he had his breakfast, he came home. And then Uncle Jeff got into Spittie Hexter's house and slept on the floor. He explained to Spittie the next morning that the house looked so much like the one where he lived and that the night was so dark—that he made a mistake. And that the reason he slept on the floor, he thought his sister had moved the bed. And he told them it looked like that only a drunk man would do such a thing. He ate breakfast with Spittie before he came home.

The townpeople talked about this big man, Jeff, that was making mistakes and getting into people's houses. The men talked about the way he had scared their wives when they found him in bed the next morning or when he was standing over a bed clawing in the dark. Pa heard the talk every time he went to town and he told Mom that he had had enough of Uncle Jeff. He told Mom that Uncle Jeff had come into his home and that he was trying to run his farm. Said Uncle Jeff had just taken everything over as if it belonged to him, telling him how many times to plow his corn, how many times to take hoes through it and chop the weeds. He said that Uncle Jeff was telling him how much wood to cut for winter, how to worm and sucker his tobacco and telling him the way to hang it in the barn. He told Mom Jeff had to go.

"Where can Brother Jeff go," Mom asked him. "What would a man like Jeff do if you turned him loost on the highway?"

"I don't give a damn what he would do," Pa told her. "He ought to stay with one of his own youngins."

"I ain't so shore that a one of his youngins will have 'im," Mom said.

"I can't blame 'em after the way he's carried on," Pa said. "He's glutted a small fortune down his gullet and deposited it out on the fence posts. One of us has to leave here."

"Jeff's not a-leavin," she told Pa. And Uncle Jeff didn't go.

Pa packed his suitcase to leave.

"Where you goin, Mick?" Mom asked with a scrutinizing look.

"Back to Big Sandy among my people," Pa said.

"When will you be back?" Mom asked.

"When Jeff high-tails it down this road," Pa said.

Then Pa told Finn and me to do the best we could if he never got back; but we knew that Pa would be back and that he would clean house if the house hadn't been cleaned. He told us his home wasn't his home any more. Pa said Jeff was a man too big for him to fight fair and he didn't want to hurt Jeff. Then Pa said, "I won't be missed here until I'm gone." We watched Pa walk slowly down the road, a small dun-tanned man leaving his own home.

Pa hadn't more than left the hollow until Uncle Jeff went to town. Mom sat weeping, saying that both Pa and Jeff were gone.

"Don't worry, Mom," Finn said, "Uncle Jeff will be back."

That evening Uncle Jeff came home drunk. He didn't go to the barn loft either. He sat on the porch with the flies lighting around his mouth where he slobbered. Mom stopped weeping when she saw us trying to do the work and Uncle Jeff sitting on the porch drunk.

"Git out of here, Jeff," Mom screamed, with a sled standard in her hand. "Take your duds and git outten this house!"

Uncle Jeff pulled out with a turkey of clothes flung over his shoulder and a gallon jug in his hand. We watched him stagger over the hill toward the sunset.

"He's gone," Mom wept. "What will happen to 'im?"

"Don't worry, Mom," Finn said, "he'll get along all right."

"I wonder how Pa's gettin along?" I asked Mom. But Mom wouldn't say anything.

Summer passed and the September leaves had started turning. We hadn't heard a word from Pa. Ma heard that Uncle Jeff was back in Lennix County. We remembered Pa's last words had been to us, that Mom wouldn't miss him until he was gone. And Pa was right. Long suckers had grown on the tobacco and it hadn't been topped. Tall weeds grew in our cornbalks. Hay rotted in the meadows. October came and our potatoes hadn't been dug. Finn and I were worked to death.

Mom often asked us when we thought that Pa would be home. We told Mom that we didn't expect him. Her face got as desolate as the mountains after the leaves left the autumn trees.

It was early November when we saw Pa coming up the road. Pa hurried up the path to his home as Finn and I ran to meet him. Mom stood upon the hill watching us meet Pa. We had expected him to be mad but he was laughing. We walked beside him up the path toward the house; Finn carried his suitcase. When Pa got to the house, Mom wanted to kiss him but Pa was leery. ##

Rise and Fall of the Luftwaffe

Continued from page 27

youth that unintentionally formed the basis of what later was to become the Luftwaffe.

This nostalgia for something better or something higher (in the best sense of the word), this passion for flying—which with many of my comrades was almost a sickness—grew stronger and stronger during the next few years of revolution, inflation and unemployment, when life became all but hopeless and without point for a great part of the German people.

This psychological attitude of the German youth was demonstrated perhaps for the first time around 1920 in the glider movement, which began in the Rhoen mountains (in Central Germany) under great difficulties and entailed the greatest sacrifices on the part of interested young men. Here, again, for them was a chance to fly—without doing something illegal; naturally, the Treaty of Versailles had not restricted gliding for the simple reason that there had been no gliding at that time.

Best of all, gliding wasn't very expensive. Daytimes we would study at the universities or work in factories; and at night we would construct our gliders, using as material wood and cotton fabrics which we collected from our friends, our parents or sometimes even the owner of a factory who was mildly interested in the new sport.

It was, indeed, only a sport in the beginning. Records and world records were established and broken, our frail gliders often pancaked. We were jubilant over improvements in our craft, and in general we had a lot of fun. Very few of us then realized that our youthful attempts would be of high military value later.

Then there was German industry, or perhaps the men behind the German airplane industry who, very definitely, were a deciding factor in the process of building up a German air force.

It is hardly known in this country—or anywhere else for that matter—that during the last few months of World War I the German aircraft industry was producing nearly 2,000 airplanes every month. Since some fifty planes a day were shot down and another fifty were lost in forced landings, in training, etc., such a high production was really necessary.

Of course, the quality deteriorated steadily. There was no rubber any more and we had to take off and land on spiral springs. There wasn't even enough copper for the fuel pipes and only indispensable accessories and devices were installed.

In a certain sense, the Versailles Treaty was to be of great benefit to the German airplane industry. According to Articles 201 and 202, not only all military planes had to be delivered over to the Allies, but production of military airplanes was absolutely forbidden. For some time, not even commercial planes could be built.

That had, to start with, a psychological effect. It made for a certain unity between workers and management of the plants. A sort of conspiratorial atmosphere developed. Workers and managers and designers made common cause in deceiving the allied control commissions who attempted to enforce the provisions of the Treaty of Versailles. Models that should not have been built were built and hidden. It was also thanks to the Treaty that many of the leading engineers and directors later went abroad to neutral countries to build up factories, which, of course, were German nevertheless. Junkers, for instance, established a plant near Moscow, another one in Sweden. Heinkel, too, built in Sweden, Dornier in Switzerland, Rohrbach in Denmark.

Man Bites Dog and—

Burlesque show comedian goes through entire routine without gag about effeminate men . . . Willkie refuses to talk about his round-the-world trip . . . Humorist goes thirty days without making pun about the WAACs . . . St. Louis rooter states: "Our Cards were shot with luck to beat them Yanks." . . . Westbrook Pegler gives champagne dinner in honor of labor union bosses . . . Housewife states: "None of my neighbors hoard food—but I do." . . . Nazi propaganda ministry states it is Russian resistance rather than the Russian weather that has upset Nazi schedule . . . Battleship and airpower proponents simultaneously agree there may be something in the other fellow's point of view.

But the most important point in the Versailles Treaty was that all production tools and machinery had to be destroyed. Thus, the industry was forced to start all over again. Everything that had been invented and had been invested in plant machinery was lost. And thus it was that old conceptions and ideas—the most redoubtable enemy of industrial development—were thrown in the discard. We had to start all over again, and the best part was that we could start without having to carry over anything obsolete. (German airplane industry went through something then, which the American automobile industry, where all dies are being scrapped, no doubt will go through after this war.)

Since everything which had been was destroyed, we had to invent something new. Since the peace treaty permitted only minimum-horsepower engines, we engineers had to develop great resourcefulness in order to construct planes capable of maximum performances with low horsepower motors. Since little money was available, we had to build planes that would stand a lot.

It was thus that the famous Junkers all-metal transport plane, F13, was constructed at a time when airplane design in other countries had not progressed anywhere nearly so far and provided a great part of the intake of the Junkers Company.

In general to finance this new industry was, of course, a problem. Not only because there was precious little money in Germany at that time, but mainly because some of the financing had to be done secretly—that is, without knowledge of the Allies. Larger amounts of money were then given officially only by the Ministry of Transport (especially to Dornier and Junkers who officially built only transport planes). Then there were the subsidies given for so-called "orders of development"—moneys used to experiment with and to construct new models—officially always for the development of commercial air transport.

Foreign countries, too, provided a great deal of money. Almost immediately after the end of the war, German industry had started exporting again. It may be remembered that General Mitchell ordered back in 1919—that is, before America was officially at peace with Germany—the first Junkers planes for the purpose of establishing an airmail service in the United States.

Of course, the Defense Ministry—that is, the army—became interested in new planes early enough, or to be precise, immediately after the Versailles Treaty was signed. Since through Articles 201 and 202, they were somewhat restricted, certain officers suggested that the industry construct commercial planes that might easily be converted into military planes. These amateurish suggestions were followed for quite a while. It then developed that neither good commercial planes nor good military planes could be built in this fashion.

It didn't take the army long to see the light. In 1924 it began to disregard the Treaty completely and to build military planes in secret and to send them abroad. There, that is, in the factories already mentioned they were put into what then seemed to be mass production (ten to twenty of a type was a series). The training of German military fliers, too, was partly accomplished abroad, at least during the first years. Later, especially after the Treaty of Locarno, training went on inside Germany—and without much pretense of concealment.

Looking back over those first years of the rebuilding of German aviation (the industry, the traffic, and to very small degree the military weapon), it seems to me they resemble nothing so much as an old-fashioned mystery novel. The period was so full of intrigues, secrets, mysteries; there was no sensible, over-all plan whatsoever. There were many different plants working and producing in a haphazard manner, none of them knowing exactly its own goals—not to speak of knowing what was being attempted in the other plants. Sometimes the army and the Ministry of Transport would work together—indeed, many military models were constructed on orders from the Ministry of Transport—and just as often they worked against each other. The illegal business had to be kept a secret not only from the Allies but also from the democrats and the socialists in the Reichstag; these latter were trying to line up to the Treaty of Versailles and many of them hoped—and as it turned out, not without reason—it might be possible to change certain conditions of the Treaty by way of negotiation. The situation being what it was, many of the so-called *Feme* murders were committed with the sole purpose of keeping a secret, many secrets of the airplane industry in those days.

Sometimes the business of financing became dramatically involved. In at least one case certain officers in the army speculated on the stock market, in an attempt to increase the meager funds allotted to airplane building. The outcome was that the entire fund involved was lost. And that again precipitated an enormous scandal which, in turn—toward the end of 1926—led to a socialist protest in the Reichstag. But finally everything was hushed up.

Then there was the dominant role played by the new industry of air traffic, which was born out of nothing and developed rapidly. At a time when no other country in Europe or in the United States was contemplating air traffic on a regularly scheduled basis, Germany was already covered by a network of different airlines. Middle-sized, even the smallest towns, proceeded to construct airports and to arrange for air connections—and all this only a few years after Versailles and at a time when the overwhelming majority of the German population was without money, food or clothing and certainly in no condition to pay the fares of travel by air. To be precise, there wasn't just one net. There were many nets, many rival companies all trying to get a start in the flying business. And many years passed before a consolidation of all these lines was effected and the German *Lufthansa* emerged. This fusion was not achieved without a great number of intrigues, blackmailing plots, arrangements and rearrangements backstage.

German air traffic did not only cover Germany but the whole of Europe. Even in South America and in the Near and Far East, German airlines were formed or at least air lines run by German personnel or in which German capital had an interest and which made use of German machines exclusively. If all the enormous projects planned between 1925 and 1930 had been carried through, the whole world would have been covered with such a network of German airplanes and airways. Of course, the main idea often was not to make the world a better place or, shall we say, a place easier to live in. The idea was to find and keep the ever-growing market for the German airplane industry, a supermarket, an inexhaustible market.

Shortly after the Lufthansa was founded, a certain Erhardt Milch became general manager and thus, in a way, he was the first fifth columnist inside of German aviation.

Erhardt Milch had been an airplane observer during World War I. Contrary to later Nazi legend, he was not a pilot. The truth is, he could not even fly. He only learned how to fly in 1933, his teacher being none other than Ernst Udet. But the general of the German Luftwaffe had never developed into a really good pilot . . .

Milch, like many of us, worked in the Junkers concern, an enormous combine of various industries mainly connected with aviation and in which there was also a commercial air traffic company. The Lufthansa, when formed, was a forced fusion of this Junkers air traffic company and its rivals, and it crowded out old Professor Junkers and, so far as his traffic company went, left him without a voice in the management. The young Junkers engineers were so furious at the treatment accorded the professor that they decided in a solemn meeting that none of them would accept a job with the Lufthansa. They even pledged their word of honor not to do so. But as soon as Milch was approached with an offer, he forgot all about his word of honor. His career was more important to him than his old teacher and benefactor, Professor Junkers, to whom he owed everything. Without any further consideration, he gave his former colleagues and friends the well-known double-cross.

At that time, Milch was by no means a Nazi. He couldn't be, for the simple reason that he is a half-Jew. Only much later did Goering declare him an Aryan, when Milch forced his aged Aryan mother to swear that he was not the son of his Jewish father, but rather the fruit of a love affair which the old lady pretended she had had with an Aryan at a time preceding the birth of Erhardt Milch.

Milch was no Nazi, then, but as his acceptance of the Lufthansa job proved, he was an opportunist of the first water. He soon recognized that the Nazi Party was playing an ever bigger role in Germany. He had a good nose for such developments, and immediately started cultivating men like Goering and Hess. He even became popular with Hitler through the simple device of putting at Hitler's disposal Hansa airplanes, which made it possible for Hitler to speak at many different places a day during election periods. Milch arranged such transactions without any cost to Hitler—which was, to put it mildly, a gross mishandling of his duties as Lufthansa manager. Naturally anybody, including Herr Hitler, could charter an airplane from the Lufthansa, but not without paying.

The irony of the situation was that the Lufthansa was a company owned by none other than the German Republic, precisely the Republic which Hitler attacked so sweepingly in all his speeches—which, in turn, he could only make because he made use of airplanes which belonged to this Republic.

I have been so explicit about Milch for a good reason. I want to make it clear—as I have said in the foreword—that the Nazis had nothing to do with and that they were in no way connected with the original rebuilding of German aviation—neither the industry itself nor the traffic. The only one who played even a small part in this connection was Milch, and he was no Nazi either. Certainly, the officers of the army who sponsored the illegal building up of the air force—especially General Wever, a friend of General von Fritsch's, who later (in 1936) crashed near Dresden—were no Nazis either. Rudolf Hess was the only prominent Nazi who helped aviation—but his activities were restricted to the Party.

Nazi legend has it that the man who later was to create and direct the Luftwaffe, Hermann Goering, had a decisive role in the rebuilding of German aviation. Nothing can be further from the truth. Goering had nothing to do with the whole business, absolutely nothing. When, after Hitler's coming to power, he took over the Air Ministry, he found more or less a made bed. All I can say is that what he did during the first two years of his leadership amounts to his having unmade that made bed.

Nobody can deny that young Goering was one of the best fliers of World War I. As is generally known, he became the last chief of the famous Richthofen squadron, after Richthofen himself had been killed. There is a story about Goering's assembling the fliers of the Richthofen squadron after the Armistice in Aschaffenburg (a small town on the Main River near Frankfurt) and addressing his comrades as follows: "I will never stop working for the day when we can come together again, fly again as we have done in these last glorious years. I swear to you that that day will come."

It is possible that Goering, who was given to being theatrical, uttered just such words. Then again it may be just a story. In any case, though I have known quite a few men from the old Richthofen squadron, I have never met one who was present at this famous scene in Aschaffenburg.

If Goering did make such an oath, he perjured himself. Because immediately after the Armistice he lost his interest in German aviation. He tried in many ways to make a living and then had to flee Germany after his participation in the Hitler putsch of November, 1923. He spent the next few years partly in Italy, partly in Sweden and partly in a sanitarium to be cured of his addiction to morphine. Later, after a political amnesty was granted, he returned to Germany. Among his schemes to make a living was the idea of selling parachutes to airplane factories. That was an enterprise without much chance of success since the output of the industry was still pretty small, and also because of the fact that there were several rival parachute factories in the field.

Goering did not consider it beneath his dignity to resort to blackmail to get orders. He sold a great number of parachutes on the strength of his political affiliation with the Nazis, and by his smiling explanation to reluctant customers that if they didn't come through, he would have them liquidated if and when the Nazis came to power.

This really is the whole of Goering's contribution to German aviation before Hitler came to power. The fact that he was appointed air minister by Hitler had many other reasons. One of these reasons was that Goering was well known as a flier from World War I, another was that he was the only one of the higher-ups in the Nazi Party who had had a good enough education to enable him to sit down at the conference table with the big shots of the airplane industry. The most important reason was that at least he knew something about airplanes—which could not be said of any other prominent Nazi of that time.

This latter, in the last analysis, is the reason why, after Hitler's coming to power and after the decision to build the Luftwaffe was reached, not everything went well.

On the contrary. During the first years, there was little but disorder and disorganization. Milch, who was immediately called upon by Goering to direct the production, understood something about air traffic but little or nothing about production problems. He had a vague idea—that first it would be necessary to enlarge the existing plants, and then it would be necessary to build more plants. But he had, for instance, no clear idea that before production on a large scale could be started, it was necessary to organize the influx of raw materials and to reorganize on a more comprehensive scale the industries that manufactured the parts and the accessories necessary in the building of airplanes.

The point I want to make is that in the beginning there was no real master-plan. It was only during the next few years, in the course of the swelling production, that the bottlenecks and the fundamental errors were found and removed.

There were, of course, not enough officers and not enough flight instructors. There was not enough trained personnel to man the growing apparatus. There weren't enough airports nor hangars. Milch never even tried to organize all this in a methodical and planned way. That would have meant too much loss of time. And there was no time. Goering was impatient because Hitler was impatient. They wanted "to see results." They wanted, they demanded in the shortest possible time, an airforce imposing enough to be used as a political weapon.

There was great disorder and during the first two years nobody

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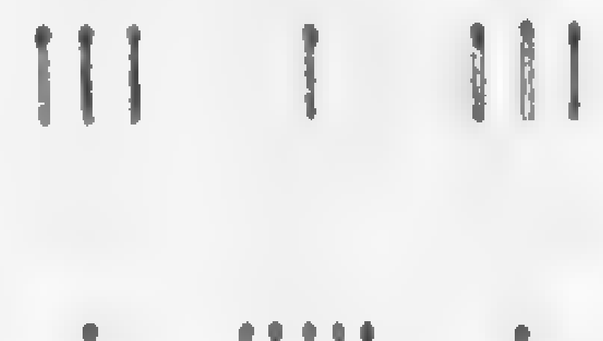
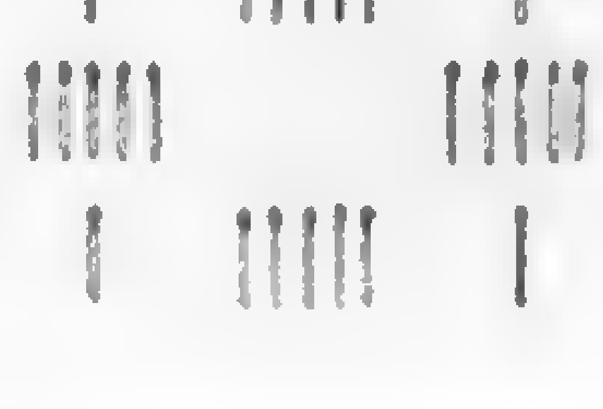
Checkpayers . . .

good for one free drink at the nearest bar

the wager: Lay 16 matches in a squared figure as in illustration, making a total of 7 across the top, 7 across the bottom and 7 down each side. Now hand your victim 8 more matches and ask him to rearrange the rows so there still will be 7 across the top, bottom and down each side.



the payoff: Pick off two of the three on each corner and distribute them equally among the four single center ones. Now also distribute equally the additional eight as in illustration.



Rise and Fall of the Luftwaffe

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knew exactly where it was all leading. But soon Milch came up with a somewhat unusual but not bad idea. He decided that the thing which was most important was that as many planes as possible should be built. Superiority of numbers. The quantity counted—not the quality. What was being built didn't interest him so much. He didn't mind that most of the models built during the first years after 1933 on an ever larger scale were already dated, and that eventually they would have to be replaced by other models.

In 1934, Goering quite openly and cynically admitted to some of his friends that he wouldn't care if the entire production of 1933, 1934 and 1935 were to be tossed on the scrap heap later on. The important thing was that there be enough planes to train fliers, that enough planes be constructed to make it necessary for the industry to expand, that enough planes be assembled to make an impression on Hitler and to allow him, in turn, to make an impression on the world.

It was in 1935 that the so-called German *Lufthoheit* (Sovereignty in the air) was announced. This was done in a very direct though unorthodox way. Goering asked the French Ambassador to call. When the Frenchman appeared, Goering simply told him in so many words that there was a German Luftwaffe, and that was that, and never mind the Versailles Treaty. As if to underline Goering's words, there were at that moment 400 planes circling over Berlin. The French Ambassador gazed up at them through the window with great misgiving. If he only had had knowledge of the planes, or if he could have examined them a bit closer, he perhaps wouldn't have been so terrified. For most of the planes were really converted transport planes, good old JU 52, painted in dark gray and dark green which, of course, was done in order to make them look like mighty bombers.

There was a great disorder and mix-up during the first few years of the German Luftwaffe. But finally principles were developed though not systematically. Planes which should have been adopted to start with, were eventually put into effect. By trial and error fashion, arriving at the final plans was costly and wasteful of time. Everything took longer, much longer, than the world later on believed and believes even to this day. But finally things got going.

They got going not on account of the Nazis who were in charge, but in spite of them. They got going because so much groundwork had been laid in the years before the Nazis came to power, because so many energetic and farsighted men had devoted their lives to developing the fundamentals. Most of their work had not been done with the idea of later developing a Luftwaffe; most of it, indeed, had been done by democratic Professor Junkers, a man strictly opposed to war and discrimination, a fighter for pacifistic ideals.

Just as the Nazis took over the Junkers works when they came to power, just so did they take over everything else connected with aviation. And just so, and in no other way, did it happen that the weapon was created of which the Nazis are so inordinately proud and which they consider one hundred per cent Nazi, the "typical" Nazi weapon. ⧺

Esquire's Five-Minute Shelf

Continued from page 73

And though we may not merit such
Laudation now, we think that much
Good may accrue,
To us and you,
If we give praise, where praise is due.
A.R.T.

In the November number of Esquire I reviewed *Napoleon at the Channel*, by Carola Oman. The jacket had a picture of Napoleon looking at England across the Straits of Dover, planning his invasion. The Rt. Rev. Harry Beal, D.D., Bishop of the Canal Zone, sends me a marvelous leaflet on the same subject. It is a reprint of a "Cheerful Jingle" by Robert Southey, Poet Laureate, written after 1812; on the outside is a recent cartoon from *Punch* showing Napoleon looking at England and directly behind him stands Hitler, dressed like Napoleon but showing the hands and feet of an ape; and printed under the picture five words from the Moscow radio—"This miserable ape of Napoleon." Thousands of copies ought to be reprinted in the United States. The jingle covers three pages, ridiculing not only Napoleon's attempt to conquer Russia, but also the few British pessimists in Parliament who were then "appeasers." This is so full of wit and humor and the cartoon with the Russian Radio so pungent, that I take pleasure in saying anyone may have copies of the four-page leaflet by sending a postal-order gift towards ALL-HALLOWS-BY-THE-TOWER, and addressed to Rev. P. B. Clayton, Talbot House, 42 Trinity Square, London.

Bishop Beal also sent (new to me) a remark by the great Bishop Phillips Brooks, which is worthy of Swift. Someone said of a "bombastic and eclectic preacher returning from a trip to the Far East," he would probably import a new religion. "Yes," said Brooks, "he probably will, but there will be no duties attached to it."

I have said more than once that the only two things that contain no typographical errors are the Authorized Version of the Bible and railway timetables, one giving us directions for the celestial, the other for the terrestrial journey. A few weeks ago I received a letter from a Harvard man, Robert C. van Amringe (grandnephew of Columbia's "van Am"), enclosing a timetable of the New Haven Railroad for June 28. At the top is printed "Effective June 28, 4492." I wrote him that our New Haven Railroad was 2,500 years ahead of the times.

Mr. van Amringe also wrote, *re* the Harvard slogan "To Hell with Yale" that once President Lowell was on his way to a game with Edward Everett Hale, and on being asked where he was going, replied, "To yell with Hale."

Rear Action

While stalwart soldiers
Fill the ranks
Poor girls are left
With worn-out "Tanks."

MAN BITES DOG

A very dull murder story, called *The Moving Finger*, is written by Agatha Christie!

The word *moron* is so frequently used that even morons may like to know that it is of purely American origin; though the word is taken from the Greek. The great Oxford Dictionary (1908) does not have it, except in the *Supplement* (1933) and in the *Concise* (1932). It was adopted by the American Association for the Study of the Feeble-Minded in 1910, and was given the meaning of "adult with intelligence of a child of eight to twelve years." Other English dictionaries say it is synonymous with brutal or degenerate, but if it were in 1910, it is not now. In our colloquial use, its meaning is universally understood—harmless, but one whose intellectual development is arrested. It is not exactly the same as stupid; it is perfectly clear in a sentence I wrote—"Only morons sleep well."

That original wit and humorist and manipulator of crazy rhymes, Ogden Nash, once more delights the discriminating with his new book, *Good Intentions.* So far from being paving-stones, as might be expected from the title, they are "trifles light as air" and "proofs of holy writ." They contain home truths wrapped in brilliant cellophane. They have a delicate aroma like Havana wrapped in Connecticut. These are the fruits of four years of silence; and during these last four years he must often have laughed aloud at his own wit. A friend of the late G. K. Chesterton told me he often saw G.K. late at night hurrying along Fleet Street to reach the particular periodical in time; every now and then he would stop under a lamp post, read some of his MSS. and roar with laughter. I am certain that Mr. Nash must frequently have been overcome by the thoughts and rhymes that suddenly rose in his mind.

Mr. Nash has beaten his own past; this is his best book. Some of these poems are long, some short; all are good. I quote a few of the shortest, which should quicken your steps to the nearest bookshop.

SAMSON AGONISTES

I test my bath before I sit,
And I'm always moved to wonderment
That what chills the finger not a bit
Is so frigid upon the fundament.

GLOSSINA MORSITANS, OR, THE TSETSE

A Glossina morsitans bit rich Aunt
Betsy,
Tsk tsk, tsetse.

THE TERMITE

Some primal termite knocked on wood
And tasted it, and found it good,
And that is why your Cousin May
Fell through the parlor floor today.

Franklin P. Adams, F.P.A. to the world of wit, has edited "An Anthology of Light Verse" with the happy Mikado title, *Innocent Merriment.* He is right in his insistence on the claims of comedy and humor to a place in art at least as high as that of tragedy and gravity. In his preface he says, "It was the condescending, patronizing attitude of book reviewers and critics toward light verse" that caused him to assert continually that light verse when technically perfect is equal to all but the greatest serious poetry. It is easier to write tragedy than comedy; it is a thousand times easier to be serious than to be entertaining. Myself I suppose that the best light verse lies somewhere between the greatest serious poetry and serious poetry that is less great. In other words the best and the worst verse is serious; and if Gilbert is not equal to Keats, or Sullivan to Beethoven, the poorest attempts at wit and humor are never so bad as epitaphs. Anyhow, there is no man in America more able to compile an anthology of light verse than F.P.A., and I am going to keep this volume ever within reach: here are 500 pages of continuous merriment, not always innocent.

Here it is proper to remark that the death of George M. Cohan in November, like Dr. Johnson's tribute to Garrick, eclipsed the gaiety of nations. He was a playwright, an actor, a producer, and loved by all the world; and I say "nations" because his grand war song, *Over There*, was as well known in Europe as in America. Years ago, when I attended one of his song-and-dance shows, I said (in print) the time would come when he would no longer be content with success only in that art; that he was a born playwright, and would write plays. Apart from all his brilliant and versatile talents, there was no man more universally beloved.

I congratulate Matthew Josephson and the public on his biography of Victor Hugo; only I am not particularly interested, as Mr. Josephson is, in Hugo's relations to social or political life. I am interested almost exclusively in his greatness as a poet, novelist, and dramatist. For great creative writers are rarer than statesmen or social reformers. Indeed social reformers are more common than those who wish to be reformed. Victor Hugo was France's greatest poet, even if André Gide did admit it with the exclamation *Hélas!* And I have never yielded an inch in my belief that *Les Misérables* is one of the best novels of the world. And although his plays are seldom produced now, they held the stage in Paris for a hundred years. It is necessary for me to point out Mr. Josephson's misquotation of Tennyson, for it is important. "Victor in poetry, Victor in romance, Victor in life." The correct quotation from the sonnet by Tennyson is confined to the first line, which reads 'Victor in Drama, Victor in Romance."

Hugo's life covered the nineteenth century; he was born in 1802 and died in 1885. He was a tremendous genius with no humor, like Marlowe; hence he wrote sublime poetry and fustian. I love the answer he made to a woman who asked him if it was easy to write an epic: "Madam, it is either easy or impossible." In addition to his superb genius, he was physically a Superman. He had his thirty-two teeth in good condition after he was eighty, with undiminished sexual power; when he ate a lobster, *he ate it all;* and as he crunched the shell and claws, he said it was good for the digestion. His lack of humor made his conceit as colossal as his genius. On good authority I can go even further than Mr. Josephson. One night in a room surrounded by many friends, whose talking stopped instantly if he cleared his throat, and they whispered, "Hush! the Master speaks!" someone said there ought to be a street named after him; and indeed, after his death, nearly every town in France has an Avenue Victor Hugo. Another spoke, "What! merely a street! the name of *Paris* should be changed, and the city called Victor Hugo!" And yet another: "What! merely a city? The country should change its name from France into Victor Hugo!" Then the Master did speak and said gravely, "That will come in time." What a comfort it must be to feel like that, to look in the mirror and contemplate the wonderful works of God.

Men at War, Ernest Hemingway's anthology of "The best war stories of all time," is a tome of more than a thousand pages, of interest right now to anyone who can read.

When I was a rather small boy, I read Creasy's *Fifteen Decisive Battles of the World,* and I am pleased to see one of his fifteen included here; the defeat of Burgoyne at Saratoga. Mr. Hemingway has made many admirable selections; his Introduction, like so much of his writing, is very good and very bad. His supremely self-confident assertions imply (though I am sure he doesn't quite mean it) that if he had been in charge of Great Britain and other countries from 1918 on, no mistakes would have been made and this present war would not have happened. For if it does not mean that, it is futile to point out with such positiveness the mistakes that *were* made. And while we are damning other countries, it might be well to remember that the U.S.A. is probably largely responsible for this war; for if we had you-know-what, this war could have been prevented.

Although I am too old to fight, I belong to three branches of the service, perhaps four. When I was eleven years old, I had one year of military training; this puts me in the infantry; I was brought up as a Baptist, which puts me in the Navy, submarine department; I am still making speeches for the war, which puts me in the hot air service.

I believe the Archbishop of Canterbury suggested general prayer in England for good weather or something like that. England is a more religious country than the U.S.A., but some newspapers there commented humorously on the Primate's ideas. I remember years ago reading in Carlyle how a Scot parson called a church meeting to pray for dry weather so the harvest could be secured. It was drizzling when the congregation arrived; but just as the minister began to pray, a deluge hit the roof; he jumped to his feet exclaiming, "O Lord, this is too ridiculous!" and the meeting was adjourned.

Pronunciation? Recently in London, the *Spectator* said a beautiful voice came on the air reciting Ben Jonson's poem, *Triumph of Charis,* but spoiled it all by giving that lovely lady a "fore-head." He wonders what would happen to the poem about the little girl with the little curl who when she was bad she was hore-head?

Readers may often wonder why every murder-story has a statement by the author that the characters are all imaginary; Gelett Burgess writes me about his book, *Ladies in Boxes,* which I reviewed in Esquire:

> Apropos of *Ladies in Boxes,* here's the interesting dope. The German photographer I had as a Nazi spy was drawn from Arnold Genthe as prototype. But in writing I got so interested in his deviltry that I quite forgot his origin. I didn't happen to see the line when I read the galley and page proofs, and not until the book was printed and bound did I see, "ALL THE CHARACTERS ARE IMAGINARY."
>
> My God, I had drawn Arnold to the life. I didn't want a libel suit for making him an s.o.b., nor did I, anyway, want to make use of an old friend in that way. Even were he dead, as he now is, I wouldn't have permitted it. So all copies were called in from dealers and reviewers, and several new pages reprinted and rebound or tipped in, and the correction cost me about 400 dollars.
>
> I gave out that I had inserted a crypt in the book (as I often do), and had made a mistake; for I didn't want to advertise that a libel suit might be possible. But now Genthe isn't living, if you wish ever to use the story as *curia* or anything, or to illustrate a point, at any time, it will be o.k., with my name or without. I had to give my spy red hair and a red beard, change his residence, and omit that he was a Ph.D. from Heidelberg, etc.

Harold Nicolson's page in the weekly London *Spectator* is always interesting; recently he had to lecture to the Jugoslav Club on "The Approach to English Literature," a difficult subject to present to any foreign audience. He recommended the following books for them to begin with: *The Adventures of Sherlock Holmes, Dr. Thorne* by Trollope, *Vanity Fair, Bleak House,* Macaulay's *Essays,* Strachey's *Queen Victoria,* Winston Churchill's *My Early Life,* Trevelyan's *History of England,* Grey's *Twenty-five Years, The Oxford Book of English Verse;* and he adds, "I do not expect that any of my readers will agree with this list."

But I do think the gradation is clever. He was asked what translations of English classics he would recommend to Jugoslavs and he said, "None." But he qualified that statement by saying the German translations of Shakespeare are remarkably fine. English verse, however, he says, in French is usually impossible. He illustrates: Blake's "Tiger! Tiger! burning bright!" becomes "*O tigre, tigre, éffrayant d'ardeur,*" and there are two other cases which I suppose he felt were too well-known to quote. Milton's "Hail horrors hail!" became "How do you do, horrors, how do you do?" and the supreme and classic instance is the French translation of Colley Cibber's play *Love's Last Shift,* into *La dernière chemise d'amour.*

See if you can spot the following quotations, all recently used as book titles:

1. The Apple Reddens
2. And Keep Your Powder Dry
3. The Moving Finger
4. Those Enduring Young Charms
5. If We Should Fail
6. One Braver Thing
7. Get Thee Behind Me
8. Innocent Merriment
9. Dreadful Hollow
10. All Things Are Yours
11. As the Twig Is Bent
12. The Eve of St. Mark
13. Infinite Passion
14. Days Beyond Recall

(Answers on page 152) ⌗

HOLE 1
400 YARDS
PAR 3
B.E.

Golf Terms Defined

Par: What you and I make when we are very lucky, and what the pro has to be satisfied with when he is in a bad slump.

Pro: A player who takes money from amateurs in return for trying to teach them how to play well enough to take money from amateurs.

Easy Course: The course your friend was playing when he claimed he got a seventy-nine.

Tough Course: The course you are playing.

Caddy: A boy or young man who can carry a bag of heavy clubs and keep a straight face.

Rough: If you don't know, brother, we'd be the last one to tell you.

Average Golfer: A man whom the club pro enthusiastically describes as showing more promise than ninety-nine out of a hundred beginners he has seen.

Conceded Putt: Anything under fifty feet—if your boss is doing the putting.

Hook: What we do to the ball if we don't slice.

Slice: What we do to the ball if we don't hook.

Club Champion: A conceited overweening egotistical smug self-satisfied lucky stiff who just nosed you out eight and seven in the first round, whom you wouldn't resemble for anything in the world, and what you can't miss becoming *next* year.

Greenskeeper: A lazy good-for-nothing incompetent whose inexcusable laxity and efficiency caused you to miss that five-foot putt on the ninth hole.

Grand Slam: If, all in the same year, you should win the American amateur championship, the British amateur, the American open, and the Br—well, I was just *telling* you. —PARKE CUMMINGS

I Couldn't Take It

Continued from page 36

Louis' punches. The referee was following the orders of the New York State Athletic Commission, which seeks to prevent tragedies in the prize ring. Most damage to fighters comes after they've been stunned, and stand as easy targets to a hard puncher.

In this respect, Joe Louis enjoys special dispensation in New York through the insistence of his wise managers. He is not a puncher of the Jack Dempsey type, but rather cuts his man down with a bruising, knife-like jab. The right hook, while a heavy, sleep-producing wallop, is used only when the victim shows signs of weakening. Hence, when Louis begins knocking a fighter down, it's a sure sign that he has hurt him plenty from the first.

A numbed fighter is hard to kayo, because his reflexes are dulled. Were Louis permitted the distasteful job of rendering his opponents unconscious, half of them would never recover, and so Louis' managers insist that Joe's record be kept free of tragedy by having the fights stopped when and as an opponent becomes hopelessly outclassed. That explains why the champion's fights usually end in "technical knockouts," instead of abrupt finishes.

That insistence also explains the presence of Arthur Donovan as referee of so many Louis fights. Donovan knows when a fighter has taken enough of those damaging Louis punches. Managers have screamed that Donovan was favoring Louis, when actually he was protecting the manager through his meal ticket.

It's my belief that the referee was protecting me in the second Louis fight, and I'm not sorry it was stopped, because Joe Louis gets a fighter eventually. I make the point only to indicate that I was unhurt and in possession of my faculties. I said as much an instant later into the radio microphone.

And so, I didn't feel any pain, but I can't say that Louis inflicted no damage. There's a whale of a difference between pain and damage.

For the bruises from punches are like icebergs; you see only a small part of the damage on the surface. The bruise goes deep and so does the pain when healing starts. Winner or loser, a fighter's thoughts after a tough fight plague his peace of mind. Whenever I inspected the damage before a mirror after a fight, I always saw two images: Abe Simon and little Willie Jackson.

When I first saw Willie in the shop that day, I had no thought of fighting. My mind was filled with delight over the fact that I didn't have to return to school. I was an average kid in that respect with a low regard for education and a high estimate of the few dollars a week that gave me "independence." I was an average kid in other respects, being only fivefeet sixinches tall and weighing about 130 pounds. And then it happened; I began to grow like asparagus, full-sized overnight.

Within two years I leaped from five-six to six-feet-four, and from 130 pounds to 240. I was something of a local celebrity in the Richmond Hill section of New York City.

They talked me into attending high school, and I went to John Adams, where I was completely lacking any inferiority complex. Size and maturity does that to a kid. One teacher helped the ego in the Spanish course, after one of my classmates, without my knowledge, told him that I would beat him up if I didn't get a passing mark. That made Spanish a holiday for me, and I remember turning in a disgraceful paper for the final examination and getting 84 per cent on it. I was a firm believer in power.

Who can remember the good old days when the fellow at the housewife's front door was trying to sell an icebox or a washing machine instead of buying it back?

But the next year a pint-sized woman teacher waved her little fist in my face and said:

"Abe Simon, you don't know any more Spanish than an idiot, and if you don't hurry up and learn some, I'll throw you right out of this class, and then out of the building!"

I learned a lot of Spanish in a hurry, and a lot of other things. Bad marks made me ineligible for athletics in my freshman year, but I changed all that and made the football team as defensive tackle, offensive guard and a backfield plunger when we needed yardage. At graduation my high school marks, even with the bad first year, averaged 84½ per cent, and I challenge any heavyweight fighter, Tunney included, to match it. As I grew like a weed, the school and neighborhood developed a growing interest in my growing muscles. They decided that I should be a fighter.

They didn't realize that I belonged to a fortunate, or unfortunate, group of humans known as glandular freaks, due to overactivity on the part of a tiny, dime-sized gland that lies under the brain. It's called the pituitary, and when the three-celled front half, called the anterior, gives off too many hormones into the bloodstream, you become an Abe Simon, or a Primo Carnera, whether you have a punch or not.

Your jaw becomes heavy, your hands and feet full and large. Your body-frame grows in all directions and your legs seem to stretch under you while you're sitting. When it goes full blast, you get even bigger and spend your life in the circus. When that little pituitary gland shirks the job of pouring hormones into the bloodstream, you also get a circus job, but this time as a midget.

You can ask me how I know this. Because I've studied it and talked about it with authorities in relation to my own abnormal growth. Besides, I kept company with a girl who was a nurse in a doctor's office, and still is. For years she gave me the medical low-down on hyper-pituitary activity, and early this year she became Mrs. Abe Simon.

For a long time we have discussed the discoveries in glandular treatment, the miraculous pituitary operations of the late Dr. James Harvey Cushing, and things like myxoedema and acromegaly.

So, there I was, working happily as a non-combatant in the Rubel Ice Company, Brooklyn, where it is very cool in summer, and receiving 35 dollars a week for my labors, which consisted chiefly of nudging 300-pound blocks of ice from here to there. I might have been there yet, earning a bigger salary for shifting bigger blocks of ice, except that my muscles attracted the fight managers.

The inevitable proposition came from Tommy Shortell, of the Racquet and Tennis Club, who knew my high school gymnasium teacher. Shortell asked me how I'd like to become a fighter. I said that I couldn't give up a good job to learn and train, because the dough I earned was needed at home. He replied with an offer to fix it so I could train for nothing at the exclusive Racquet and Tennis Club. With nothing to lose, I accepted.

After a few weeks of boxing and gym work, Shortell began again on the subject of boxing as a business, but I refused to desert that job in the ice company with its 35 dollars a week. Next he asked me if I'd like to have "Jock" Whitney as a sponsor, and I said that I could stand it, if Whitney could, and the panic was on. Shortell confessed that, being a boxing judge licensed in New York State, he couldn't be so indiscreet as to manage a fighter.

With that I met Mr. Whitney and Gene Tunney, technical adviser, who promptly declared that I was to stop fighting with my right hand extended, southpaw style, and to turn around as an orthodox boxer with my left hand out. I had a very fast left, Tunney said, and the turn-around would give me a fast and heavy left jab. The change made me feel and look awkward, but I didn't complain, because the new deal paid me 35 dollars a week as a reward for giving up the ice company job and devoting all my waking hours to boxing.

I was then turned over to Jimmy Bronson, who, I learned, was acting for his old friend Tunney. Actually the former heavyweight champion was my sponsor, because the 35 dollars a week, every penny of it, was refunded to him as soon as I started earning money in the ring.

Needless to say, the path to the first fight is a tedious one, paved with countless "don'ts" and repetitious maneuvers, calculated to make you a "natural" fighter. A heavy poke on the whiskers and most of the do's and dont's trickle from your mind in a hurry. But I was always conscious of getting 35 dollars a week and worked as hard as I had for the ice company, only it wasn't half so cool. I worked all winter at the job of preparing myself, and the fights seemed secondary when they finally arrived. I kayoed a couple of beginners, like myself, in two rounds each, and on the Louis-Carnera program in June of 1935, I stopped a fellow named Chris Karchi in a round.

Frankly, I didn't do so bad and my only complaint was that Bronson didn't get me enough work. For instance, in 1937 I had only four fights that totaled seven rounds, the last of which went three when Buddy Baer handed me my first knockout and second defeat. I got 35 dollars a week all year, and my purses went into the pot from which Tunney balanced off his weekly advance.

One thing I can say is that there were no so-called "tank jobs" on the list, either under Bronson or my second and more active manager, Jimmy Johnston. All told I fought about fifty heavyweights. I kayoed half of them, and got kayoed four times, twice by Joe Louis, once by Buddy Baer and once by Lem Franklin. When my opponents went down, it was because they couldn't stand the force of my 259 pounds. When they failed to go down, it was because I wasn't good enough.

Whether fights were few or many, I had to train regularly, for I never knew when the next contract would be signed. And let me say here, probably for the first time, that a fighter suffers just as much from punches during training as he does from wallops taken in actual combat. He wears a head-guard, yes, and the training gloves are pillow-like in structure, but that protection cannot forestall jarring of the brain.

That's what causes the trouble —my headaches and those of every fighter who has taken punishment. It's not a single punch; it's the constant jarring. Ernie Schaaf died immediately after collapsing in the ring during the fight with Primo Carnera, but it wasn't from Carnera's punches. They traced the damage to a brain-hemorrhage suffered late in a hard, losing fight with Max Baer almost six months before.

The brain, as you know, or should, if you don't, fits into a bony crevice, heavily protected from light blows, from heat and cold. But it wasn't made to withstand long the jarring and shaking that comes from hard punches. It weighs three pounds and may be compared to a dish of gelatin, for it is far from solid, like a bone. Take a three-pound dish of gelatin and slap it with your hand and it will sway from side to side. That swaying exerts a stretching force on one side and a compressing force on the other.

Either stretching or pressure strains the countless, tiny blood vessels that cover the surface of the brain in a red network and the many more that extend from the surface inward toward the center. Repeated strain or shock can and will rupture one, two or more and the result can produce one of several effects. It can produce a surface clot, small and bothersome, as in the case of any slight concussion, or it can produce one big and fatal, as it was in the case of Ernie Schaaf.

Rupture of these tiny arteries within the brain, however, are the tricky and subtle ones. Each artery is cushioned within a liquid-filled tube called the perivascular space. When the rupture occurs, the escaping blood forms a ring around the artery and hardens, but pushes the perivascular tube outward. This outward extension exerts a lateral pressure that can affect any one or more of the five senses.

These changes are so slow and subtle that a fighter doesn't notice what is happening. One day he will realize that he can't step down from a curb with a spring, but he won't tell his manager. He won't tell a Boxing Commissioner or the examining physician. He thinks it'll go away. It never does. Instead, something else develops to plague him. Perhaps it will be his hearing. He never associates hearing with his brain, but a couple of those ruptures are pressing against the cellular structure that contains nerves to the sensory organs of hearing. He hasn't even a cauliflower ear, and can't remember getting slugged in the ear, so how can the faulty hearing be due to punches?

Each subtle affliction is defended as it turns up and the fighter continues to give it and take it. If there should be a headpain, such as I developed, he will take aspirin and charge the pain to a particular punch, never thinking that it might be, and probably is, a tiny blood-clot trying to work its way into the bloodstream to be dissolved. Pretty soon his walking is affected, for he has trouble maintaining balance unless he spreads his legs and shifts the weight of his body from side to side as he walks. He is now "on his heels" as we say in boxing. The spring has gone from his step.

The fighter, believe me, knows that something is wrong. He won't complain, because someone might call him yellow, and he trails the will-o'-the-wisp "it'll go away," until he gets disgusted and tries to fight his way back to health. To cover up his secret fear, his horror and self-consciousness at feeling deficient among others, he forms the habit of laughing continually, throwing words and comment around until finally he hears:

"Shut up! You're punchy!"

How do I know all this? Well, I've seen it in fight clubs, training camps, promoters' offices and anywhere that fighters gather. But, more important, the nurse who is now my wife interned in a Queens County hospital. There she met and observed a very unusual physician, Dr. Harrison S. Martland, of Newark, New Jersey, who was among the first to investigate the effect of punches on a fighter's brain, and was the first to dignify the term "punch drunk" with a medical reason for the words. Before Dr. Martland completed and announced his investigation of a string of well-known and helpless ex-fighters, punch drunk was a slang term, tossed around the sports pages.

Dr. Martland learned why fighters like Willie Jackson, Joe Grim, Jack Dillon, Johnny Tillman, Floyd Johnson, Freddie Jacks, and many others, walk with the tell-tale shuffle, suffer what he calls a Parkinsonian syndrome or twitching of the face, lose their sense of hearing, feeling, speech and even sight. It was from ruptured blood vessels exerting a pressure against nerve centers within the brain.

All this I knew during the past two or three years when my new manager, Jimmy Johnston, began to get me more and harder fights. I knew that he was pointing me toward a fight with Joe Louis for the championship, and that I'd have to take punishment even though I couldn't feel it.

But every prize fighter is a gambler, pitting his good health and brain against the rigors of ring punishment. I had an added burden—a sacroiliac torture, but that wasn't from the ring. With a possible head injury and perhaps tragic results—for I am big and was an easy target for the fast boxers—staring me in the face, I went on, but the lure was money, as it is to all fighters.

The big money of a championship fight is an oasis. Winning the title itself is a constant mirage that blinds a fighter to all danger, and lulls his judgment like a drug. The knowledge that he must take certain punishment is secondary, for he is always soothed by the falsehood that he will be "just as good as ever" after a short rest. He never is, and no fighter living today who has had fifty or more reasonably hard fights can honestly make the claim.

The mirage, of course, is the 1000-to-1 chance that he will win the title in his class. The odds are less among the smaller fighters. To the heavyweight, it is a fortune and future so big that he can well afford to put it far above his physical welfare.

But I couldn't take it—neither the punishment to my body and brain, nor the fortune to be paid for almost certain destruction.

Several things entered into the decision. First, of course, was my wife, who had taken me for better or worse, but, like all brides, hoped it would be for better.

Yet, even though she knew the consequences of my fighting, she never once tried to talk me into retirement. After the decision had been made, however, you'd have thought somebody had made her a present of half the world. Only then did I realize how she had suffered in silence during those two sessions with Joe Louis, knowing that each of his wallops might, or probably would, shake something loose inside my unfeeling noggin.

Another complication was the over-active pituitary gland. That dime-sized trouble-maker was on the rampage and refused to quiet down. This was not entirely a surprise, because several years ago a brilliant young doctor said:

"Abe, you're going to grow bigger and bigger if that thing doesn't quiet down. Let's give a look."

He X-rayed my head and the pituitary gland was twice normal size, and running like a pickpocket.

"Your feet and hands will grow larger," he told me, "as acromegaly sets in. Your jaw will grow massive. You'll never have a broken bone or a cracked tooth, but that pituitary is growing and there's no room for it to grow. You'd better do something."

Well, I thought exercise and boxing might keep it under control and went on with my fighting. I had no qualms, but an occasional heavy punching here and there couldn't have done much good, because I could "feel myself growing," though not so rapidly as during adolescence.

After the second fight with Joe Louis, I decided to have another check-up on the gland situation, and I'll be darned if the devil wasn't *five times* normal size! Since the pituitary gland rests in its own declivity within the bony skull, it could grow in only one direction—upward. So, it would have to grow into the brain.

Did I have troubles staring me in the face? If I didn't become punch drunk, I'd probably suffer an exploding pituitary, or something. It was dismal any way I regarded it.

And so I broke the news and here I am, with no fifty grand, but with enough wits to count what I have, thanks to the best of doctors and the best of patient, understanding wives.

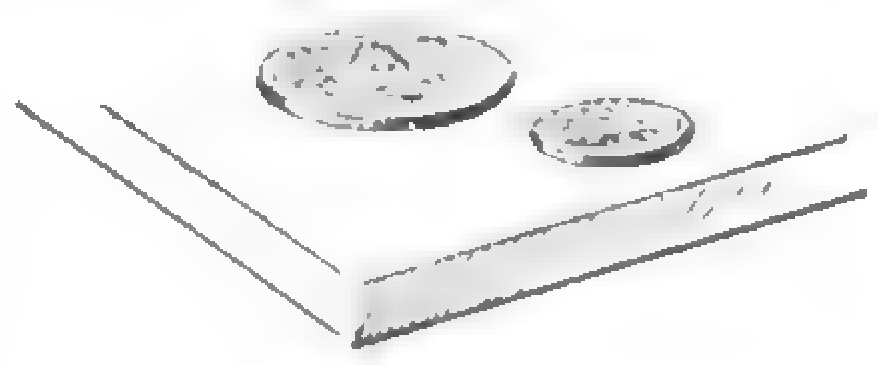
And everything is under control, especially the pituitary gland, which has succumbed to X-ray treatments. The last examination showed that it hadn't grown any more, and neither had I. I suggested to the doctor that if I stopped thinking, my brain might shrink and make room for the enlarged pituitary, but he said that as long as the thing had stopped growing, my future looked rosy.

Most important to me is that I have a future, a consolation worth far more than 50,000 dollars. ##

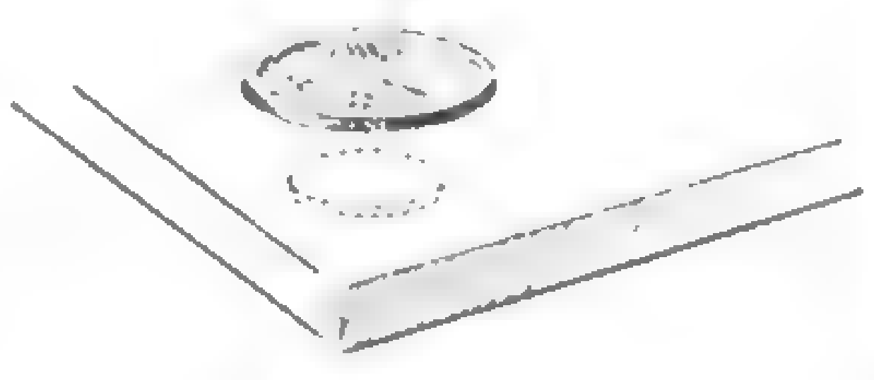
Checkpayers . . .

good for one free drink at the nearest bar

the Wager: A dime and a quarter are placed on a table; you offer to put the dime under the quarter without touching the quarter in any way.



the Payoff: Simply pick up the dime and hold it against the underside of the table at the point where the quarter is resting.

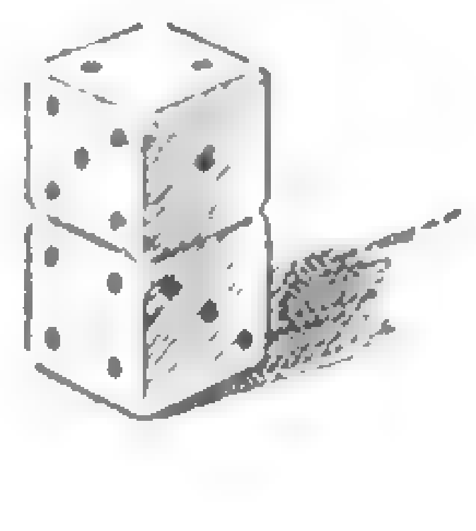


Checkpayers . . .

good for one free drink at the nearest bar

the Wager: That you can magnetize a pair of dice, arranged one on top of the other, and pick up the pair by merely lifting the top dice.

the Payoff: First moisten the underside of the upper dice and place it firmly on the lower one; the two dice will then cling together when you lift the upper one.



Man the Kitchenette

Continued from page 89

city folk had no private baking oven, of course. Still, the dough was prepared at home, and delivered for baking to the baker. I wish I could tell you how important bakers were in the old country. You had to take your loaf—or rather a servant took it, for servants cost next to nothing in old Europe—to the baker's at a certain hour, usually at dawn, for that was when they started work. Fifty or sixty sleepy maids hurried to the place at the same time. If one came a few minutes late, it was just too bad—the baker wouldn't open his oven for the queen herself. He was a personage, the baker!

Since that ancient leaven was slightly different in every European household, the taste of the bread was different too, and characteristic of each individual family. There was a lot of rivalry going on, and the leaven was jealously guarded. If one lady exchanged leaven with another, it constituted the greatest mark of friendship. I remember my family's bread was good, or at least it seemed so to me. The revered monster, weighing twenty pounds, sat there on a pedestal in the pantry, and we children took as much of it as we wanted. We uncovered the ever so slightly moist coarse linen made especially for His Majesty the Bread, stood the loaf on its bottom, put an arm around it, pressing one edge near to our chests, and cut a slice. A six year old boy knew precisely how to do this operation. We made it a point to cut as much of the crust as possible, although we didn't know then that the crust is the most healthful part of the bread.

This may sound far-fetched, but the flavor of the bread depends to some extent on the slicing. A thick slice of bread has a different taste than a thin slice. Someone who came back from the desert front told me that Nazi prisoners complained about the bread in Rommel's once-famed Afrika Korps. The slices were too thin. The Nazi bread in the desert was sliced, wrapped individually in cellophane, and then ingeniously packaged and put up in cans, so that if the soldier didn't eat the whole bread at one time and couldn't put the top back securely, the sand wouldn't harm it. The flavor was poor, however, partly on account of the quality, partly because of the slicing.

But to talk about things of the past more pleasant to me, when I went to day school as a boy, I took a thick piece of that family bread along with me to eat during recess. (Europeans seldom used butter on their bread.) I could hardly wait for the ten o'clock bell to sound, and when it did, I ran to the school yard, and started to munch like all my schoolmates. I could have finished that bread in half of the ten-minute period, but although I had never heard of "Fletcherizing," I chewed every bite forty or fifty times, until it dissolved into a semi-liquid. I think this is when I started to become a gourmet. At any rate I shall never forget the delicious and delicate taste that piece of bread offered, and even today I often follow the same procedure when I find a flavorful bread.

Among the many insipid brands here I did finally find "my" bread in Manhattan. I don't dare tell you its name, as the rest of the eight hundred bakers in New York and perhaps even the 33,000 in the country would get after me and push me into their oven, unleavened. But this particular rye bread is made after the age-old formula, except that the dough is mixed by machines.

One of this bakery's executives, Mr. Max H. Akabas—the firm's name is different—told me that the secret of the leaven which accounts for the goodness of their bread has been in the firm's possession since 1888, and was brought here from Europe. The demand for this bread bears out my statement that it is very good, and, luckily, also contradicts to some extent my belief that Americans are indifferent as regards bread. This firm sells fifty million loaves yearly and does a 3,000,000-dollar business. Even though Mr. Akabas' desire is to sell as much bread as possible, he lamented the fact that Americans insist on a fresh loaf of bread every day, and therefore waste the remainder of the loaf from the day before. The American bread consumer has been spoiled by the big bakers who keep on advertising that "fresh bread is good for you" and "we deliver it to your door every morning." The public, which thrives on such commercial propaganda, eats it up—literally and figuratively.

Mr. Akabas touched on more than one interesting point. He told me that today the bakers don't put caraway seeds in bread, but use dill seeds instead. Hitler is responsible for the loss of caraway seeds; they used to come from Holland, and fetched eight cents a pound. Today the price is a dollar-and-fifty cents! The dill seed in rye bread is a World War I experience. It comes from the dill weed, which is very similar to caraway weed, and grows all over the U. S., wild, and therefore is inexpensive. No matter what seeds are used, rye bread is better without it I believe—and Mr. Akabas agreed with me. We discussed white bread and condemned it, because it is baked in a very hot oven at an even temperature, because most of the time the flour it's made from is bleached, because it has artificial flavorings, and also uses shortening, milk, and sometimes eggs. Rye bread retains its flavor and keeps longer without molding than white.

My informant told me that they mostly sell very small loaves, although the large loaves are much better as they bake more slowly and thoroughly. Still, the public scorns them in preference for a fresh bite each day. Bread gets really flavorful after it has stood a couple of days, and is actually more digestible then.

War Revision

1940: "Is there a doctor in the house?"
1943: "Is there a doctor in the county?"

News in the Pacific and Russia confirms the suspicion that the Japs are losing face and the Nazis pace.

The most healthful bread is one which has plenty of roughage, as a whole wheat rye, or corn bread, the flour of which is stone ground. This forgotten craft seems to be slowly coming back in the U. S. There are three firms I know of—one in Chicago, one in Kentucky, and one in Vermont—which grind the flour on old-fashioned stones, and the flour remaining unsifted, is good for you. The other type of bread, easier to obtain than the handmade flour bread, and almost equally healthful, is pumpernickel, made out of Graham flour and wheat. This bread is able to retain the wheat germ.

Bread is really a matter of nationality; it differs considerably in flavor and even form from country to country. Fortunately you can get any kind in the United States, from Russian rye to *Wiener Semmel.* One can even get *croissant*, the French roll that accompanied the morning coffee in France, and a very good piece indeed with butter, and also *brioche*, that masterpiece made of fine corn flour, that used to be served with afternoon tea in the same country. An English tea is accompanied by myriad little cakes which are nearer to bread than cake. Some of the best ones are the common crumpets and muffins, while others have fancy names like Sally Lunn and pikelets and drop scones.

The *pane di grano* and *panettoni* of Italy are excellent breads. The French *pain de ménage* was also very good, but the best bread in France came from Auvergne, and was sold in Paris where you could get it only from the pork shops as the bakers and other stores didn't keep it. The French *pain ordinaire* or *bis*, as they called it—that long loaf of deathly pale, bleached-to-paper-white bread never attracted me much. I knew two handsome young Frenchmen, the Louis-Dreyfus boys, whose father, the senator, had a monopoly on this bleaching process and collected something like a quarter of a centime on each loaf sold. With that French bread selling billions and billions of loaves each year, you can readily see that the Louis-Dreyfus were enormously wealthy.

As to the birth of the wheat grain that later is turned into bread, the cultivation of it is fascinating. When you consider how simple the cultivation is, you'll wonder why there aren't more wheat growers. I have a friend who has a farm of two and a half acres, and he too was wondering, until he put his thoughts into action. He plowed up the pasture land, harrowed it, fertilized it, and sowed it in the fall. All this took just a few days' hard work. The following July he harvested, cut and threshed in four hours! One hundred bushels of wheat was ready for milling (market value of a bushel, a dollar and a quarter). One hundred bushels of wheat makes 4,000 pounds of flour, 5,000 pounds of bread, plenty for a large family for a whole year! Of course, in this country, where there is enough grain for bread for two years even if not one solitary grain is harvested in the interim, this is a gentleman's hobby. But believe me it's good to go back to nature and find out now and then about the facts of life of the vegetable world.

I don't intend to make a bread eater out of you in this country where civilization and its standards are so far progressed, and where bread has lost something of its symbolism. I simply want to warn you to eat good bread, for every man eats *some* bread. I wanted to ask you not to waste it; not to make pellets out of it when you're irritated at the table, and to think about this simple staff of life that upholds the world. Taste and satisfaction of bread never cloys for me, though I get my fill of other, fancier foods. I know too, that bread and milk, a marvelous combination, keeps you alive and healthy for ever so long a time even if you have nothing else to eat. And so does red wine and bread. I refer you to the *lazzaronis* in Naples. And have you ever tasted grapes with a piece of fresh rye bread? If not, you have a gastronomical thrill in store for you. ⌗

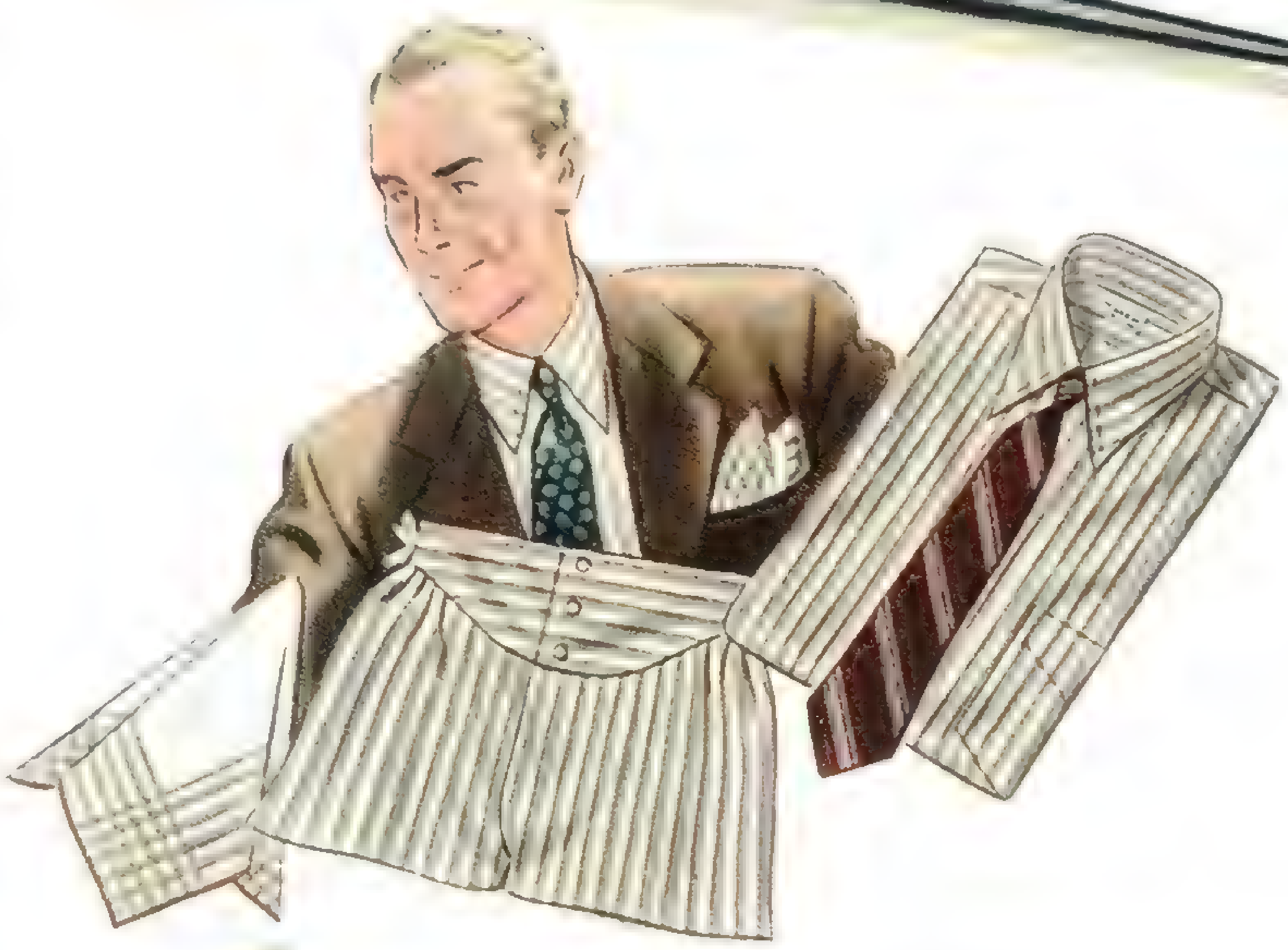
ARROW'S NOMINEE FOR THIS MONTH—

CHROMATONES

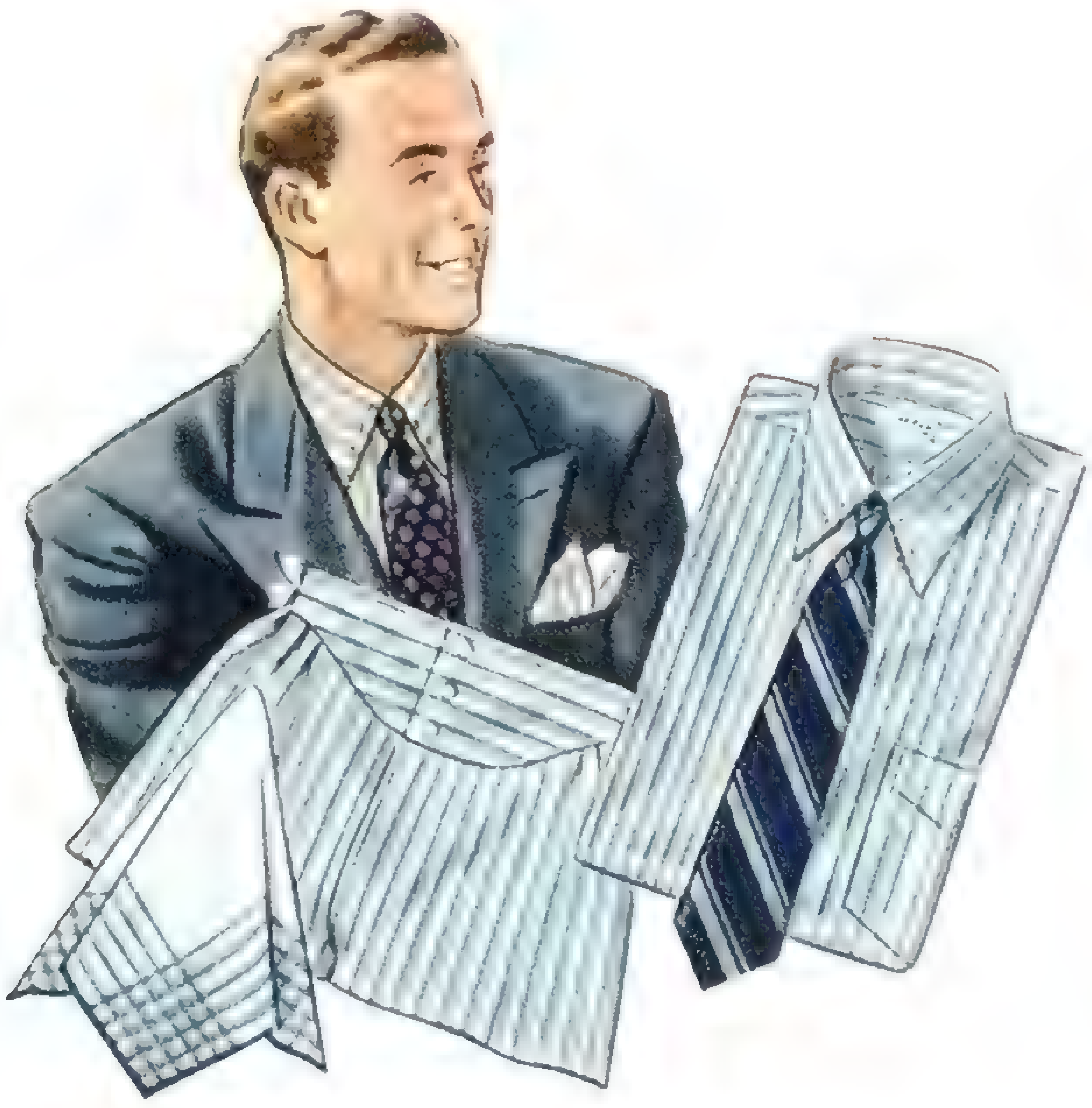
Each unit of this new Arrow ensemble was *planned* to go with the others: The *Chromatone* shirts, ties, handkerchiefs, and shorts were carefully designed for *color* harmony, as well as *style* harmony.

Two neatly blending stripes, plus a white one, combine to make the shirt one of the handsomest ever to grace the male torso. Chiming in just right are two handsome Arrow Ties, the super-comfortable Arrow Shorts and Arrow Handkerchiefs.

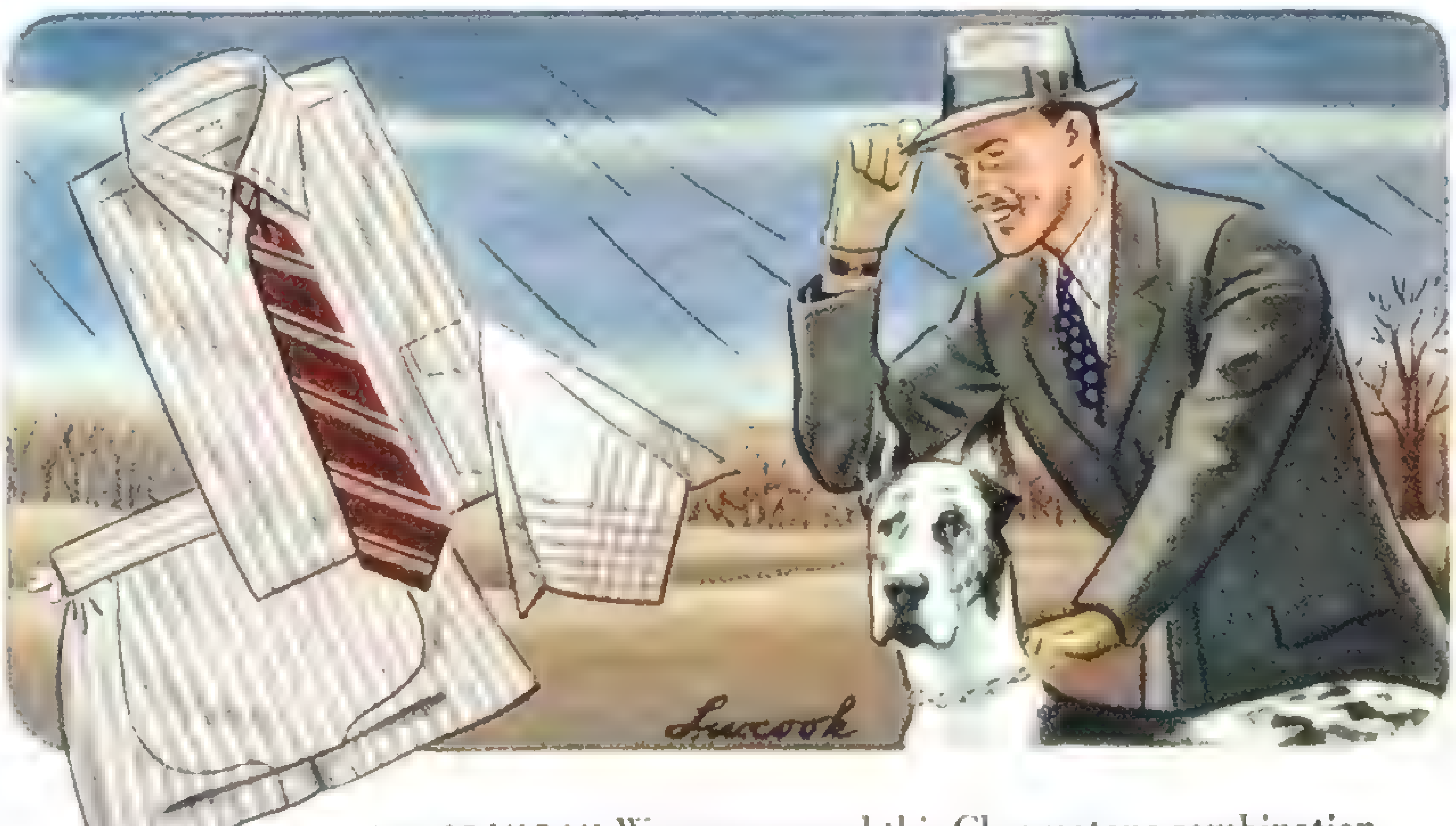
Your Arrow dealer has Chromatones in five flattering shades.



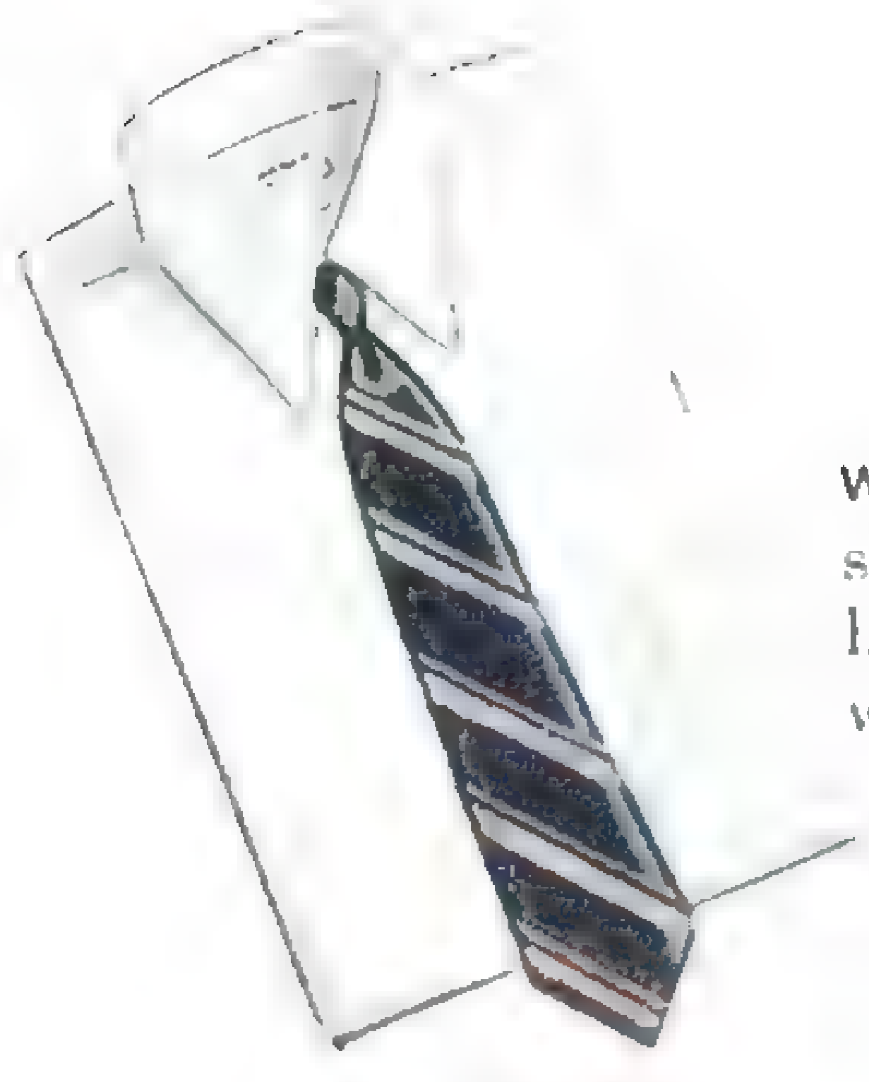
WITH BROWN OR TAN: Wear these Chromatones. The shirt has the "Mitoga" figure-fit, the Sanforized label, and the inimitable Arrow Collar $2.25



FOR THE BLUES: This Chromatone group of perker-uppers. Notice what a handsome harmonizer the handkerchief is! 35¢. And the shorts are comfortable *plus!* No center seam to annoy or chafe. Sanforized-labeled. . . . . 75¢.



THE GRAY DAY: We recommend this Chromatone combination. See how well the selected Arrow Ties go with the shirt. They should. Their patterns were designed with this shirt in mind. $1.00



WONDERFUL BACKGROUND: Arrow Hitt sets off *any* combination. A white broadcloth with a justly popular non-wilt Arrow Collar attached. $2.25.

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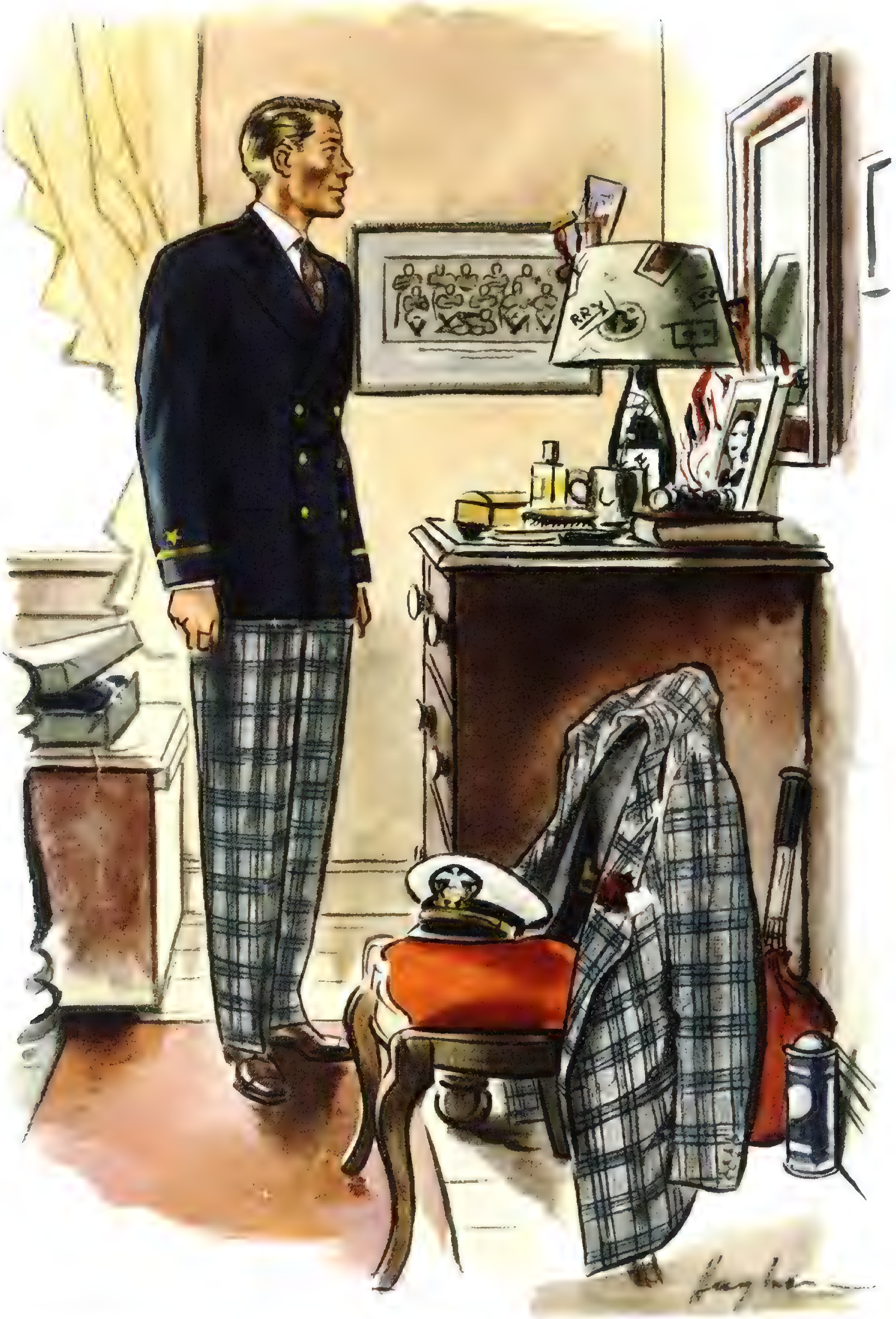

half and half with a shot of gold

To start from the top and work down, let's eye the uniform section first . . . the Navy officer's double breasted jacket is made of blue serge, and has six shiny gilt buttons. On each sleeve is a single star and a gold braid stripe signifying an ensign of the U.S.N.R. Your true Navy blue and old gold will be tops when you hit the deck, fella, but we can see still further ahead when after the duration that Glen plaid Saxony suit will be worth its weight in the 14 karat stuff. Be sure to have the suit cleaned and pressed by a good dry cleaner, pack it away in a mothproof bag, and when you come back you'll wow many a wide-eyed babe. Your accessories are allied well . . . the broadcloth shirt, brown foulard tie, and brown straight tip shoes. It won't be long now, so have a gay time in your glad garb. But when you get in, don't let the Admiral catch you wearing a foulard tie with that uniform!

(For answers to your dress queries, send stamped self-addressed envelope to Esquire Fashion Staff, 366 Madison Ave., N. Y.)

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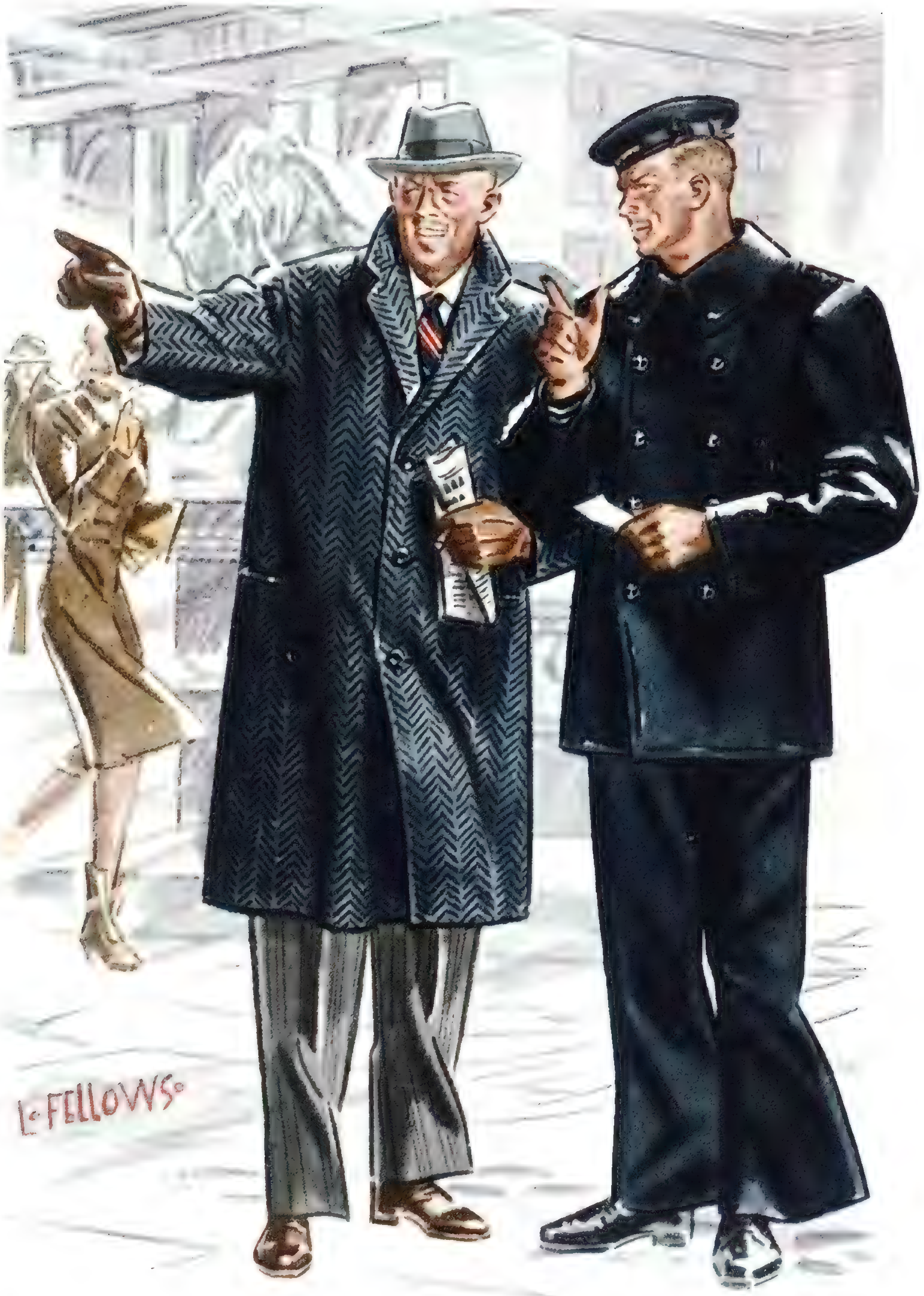
tune in! JACK PEARL and Morton Gould's orchestra in Schenley's "Cresta Blanca Carnival." Your Mutual station every week (consult your local newspaper for exact time).



bluejacket bound for the USO

The young bluejacket in port has a businessman in tow to find out the shortest distance between two points . . . namely, how to travel from the New York Public Library to the USO Serviceman's Center where he'll get the low-down on a handball game, swim, dinner, and probably a ducat to a new show. Later in the evening he'll take in the famous Stagedoor Canteen where he's got nothing to lose but his own heart. Now that the gob knows the ropes, let's quickly scan the outfit of the obliging citizen who gives directions. He wears a bluish grey Harris tweed overcoat, which is well insulated with a plaid wool lining, unfortunately not visible to the audience. His suit is a grey unfinished worsted with blue and red stripings and the hat is a grey brim-up with a welt edge. The twill tie and tan capeskin gloves are props which add color to this study in greys. Yep, the civvie's handsome outfit is a real dream-scheme, but it won't get him a visa to pass through those portals of the exclusive Stagedoor Canteen!

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The Esquire Sports Poll

Continued from page 87

won the Carnegie Art International, thought: "Any activity which affords pleasure and relaxation to a great number of people should naturally be encouraged during the stress of war, providing of course that it does not interfere with the important business of winning the war as soon as possible."

QUESTION III

Can organized baseball still be regarded as an important adjunct of civilian and military morale?

	Yes	No
The public	82.31%	
Sportscasters	88.79%	
Sports editors	86.77%	
Football players	89.39%	

The X's in the Yes column gave baseball emphatic approval, but many letters of comment sent along with the ballots didn't rate the game high as a morale adjunct. These analysts were exacting in their definitions of morale.

"Although I am a sincere lover of baseball," wrote **Simon Mann,** WLEU, Erie, Pennsylvania, "I do not look upon baseball as necessary to morale. I believe that even without baseball our morale would be high enough. America has been eager enough for victory these past months, and will be more so as time passes, with or without baseball."

In agreement was **Bernard Kahn,** *Daytona Beach News-Journal*, who wrote:

> At the risk of losing my card as a sports writer, I loudly, firmly and unequivocally believe that organized baseball this year can do more to harm civilian and military morale than it can to help it. If the war is ablaze all summer, and all signs indicate such will be the case, the nation's death toll will mount and its high living standards will drop. In these circumstances, it is going to be increasingly difficult for the average American to understand what purpose a robust adult is serving his country by batting a ball around with a stick and getting paid a fancy salary for it.

On the other hand **"Stretch" Miller,** Seaman First Class, Great Lakes, formerly sports editor, WCBS, Springfield, Illinois, said:

> Now that I have left sports announcing for the duration and am in the service I can really appreciate what baseball can mean to military morale. The terrific interest of Navy men in the World Series and the manner in which they followed the daily results convinces me that we need baseball.

QUESTION IV

Should steps be taken now to curtail intercollegiate football for next fall; or should intercollegiate bodies be given reassurances now so that they can plan for as strong a season as possible for 1943?

	Give Assurances
The public	66.93%
Sportscasters	77.97%
Sports editors	71.12%
Football players	81.25%

For whatever value "reassurances" may have, almost ¾ of the entire vote favors giving such reassurances to planners of intercollegiate football for the coming autumn. In these days all plans, except for eventual victory of the United Nations, are subject to change without notice, so why deny collegiate football the hope of an oncoming autumn? That's how most voters in this Sports Poll seem to look at the question.

Captain L. S. Perry, director of athletics at Annapolis, added: "Contact sports should be maintained at maximum levels in order to train youths to maintain their mental processes under pressure and physical hardships."

Commented **Captain Sam Francis,** Fort Warren, Wyoming:

> Sports and athletics during normal times are essential, but today in a war when all we possess is at stake, our only aim is how best can we, as Americans, assist in winning this war. It is true that good morale and sufficient recreation are vitally important to health; however when a situation is as serious as ours, this seems to be a minor issue now. After all, if our soldiers at the front can fight for months with little or no food and very little rest under constant tension, the least we can do is give up the greater share of our pleasures for now.
>
> Organized athletics never have and never will condition the many; it is carried on by the few and enjoyed by the many. We should all train one way, the war or Army way. We should have in all grade schools, high schools and colleges compulsory physical education, with the aim of building up all men for future entrance into the military services. All coaches, promoters or physical education and health instructors should be taught the simpler rudiments of Army life and drill, and then let them, along with their conditioning programs, assist in the training of our future soldiers before they are called into the service.

George Ceithaml, Michigan football captain, voted for curtailing college football in 1943. "I sincerely believe," he wrote, "that in wartime all future expenditures in time, as well as money, for sports are not in order. Our friends, relatives and families are shooting for their lives 24 hours, seven days a week and every day till victory is ours. It seems unfair for people here to be planning professional sports programs. Amateur sports and sports of active participation by the people and not by a few are in order."

On the other hand, **Bob Steuber,** Missouri halfback, said:

> I think that all sports, or as many as possible, should be carried on for the following reasons:
>
> Golf is a means of relaxation for many men throughout the country who do not have a chance for other physical activities.
>
> Football better prepares a person for the Army, so that he is at least half way in good physical shape.
>
> Baseball is a diversion from worry and work. It also gives the Army boys another type of U.S.O. enjoyment.

"Football is too good a sport to be done away with," maintained **Tram Sessions,** Alabama's sophomore center. "Besides being a good conditioner for boys about to enter the service, it develops their minds for the hard knocks they will receive in the war. It is a tough game, and as a result the boys who play it are tough; and that's what the nation needs."

"Any sport," wrote **Boake**

Continued on page 118

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Both 86.8 proof
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The Esquire Sports Poll

Continued from pages 87-117

Carter, "which can develop the fundamental agility needed by ground troops in modern warfare should be encouraged, for college kids value their glamorized football."

Cy Peterman, *Philadelphia Enquirer*, commented:

> There seems to be a disposition in some quarters, notably among prep athletic directors, to taper off or discontinue present schedules or else incorporate more of the students into sports than heretofore. I cannot but think this is the proper avenue for us these days; for as one coach said to me recently, "I get sick of doing the same thing every Fall for a dozen or two of our kids who, actually, need my attention far less than the rest of the students here. It seems to me in these times to be far short of a war program, to be coaching teams for the benefit of the same sit-backs in the stands, adult and undergraduate, who continue to be no better off physically for having used up tires and gas to get out and only cheer for a few. This isn't getting us anywhere so far as I can see—it still leaves the big job for the Army later on. I'm for getting them all in it."

QUESTION V

Should professional boxing be allowed to die for the duration; or should efforts be made to promote this sport further in order to provide relaxation for war workers and men in the services?

	Promote
The public	67.23%
Sportscasters	78.33%
Sports editors	73.34%
Football players	76.98%

Although available talent in professional boxing is rapidly dwindling, due to the transformation of boxers into fighters (by enlistment and request), there's still a welcoming market for the services of the paid pugs.

"Professional boxing will die or become seriously ill from natural causes while the war lasts," wrote **Randall Hobart,** South Haven, Michigan, *Daily Tribune*. "The emphasis on personal profits from boxing has been too great in peace time for the public to condone it long in war time." **Don J. Evans,** Lawrence, Kansas, *Journal-World*, added: "Professional boxing took a terrific rap in the eyes of the public when it became known that Louis and Conn were to pay debts to the promoters as well as their income tax." **Floyd L. Smith,** Lewiston, Idaho, *Tribune*, added:

> Professional pugilism, as conducted by Mike Jacobs and his Madison Square cohorts, has given wartime organized sport a staggering uppercut with the washout of the Louis-Conn fandango. The staging of such benefits for promoters under the alleged guise of "Army relief" is nauseating. Just how any two selected pugs could be named for a debt moratorium and "benefit performance" while thousands of Americans in service are sacrificing professions, incomes, homes, lives, is more than most Americans can stomach. Stimson should be awarded a medal of honor.

Paul Mickelson, Associated Press, Kansas City, voted: "Yes, yes, give the guys a chance to recuperate and heal their faces." **George Dasch,** the musician, added: "Professional boxing, like horse-racing, is a medium for gamblers' activities. Therefore, I see no benefit to be derived from that so-called sport."

QUESTION VI

Should all licensed hunting and fishing activities be discontinued this year?

	Yes	No
The public		88.43%
Sportscasters		92.06%
Sports editors		93.96%
Football players		83.46%

Conservation of fish and game as possibly necessary foods rather than as sports objectives has altered the hunting and fishing picture.

Bide Dudley insisted on differentiating between hunting and fishing on his ballot, crossing out fishing and marking the "yes" side on hunting. "Hunting is a waste of ammunition and in some cases cruel," he said. "Fishing affords diversion at little cost and at the same time supplies food (maybe)." **Gordon Studer,** Annapolis halfback, favored discontinuing licensing of both sports because: "The accidents caused by sportsmen are far too numerous to be tolerated in the pursuit of game and fish. Also, if fishing and hunting were curtailed for the duration we could be assured of adequate wild life after the war."

Roy Lee Harmon, Beckley, West Virginia, *Post-Herald*, argued:

> In the average state the conservation program depends largely on the funds derived from the sale of licenses, and everyone knows that conservation is one of the most necessary things, knows that we must forever strive to keep a few places almost as they were when God created the earth.
>
> The harried business man in a war-torn world, the youngster working long hours in war industry, the farmer trying to raise more food than ever before certainly need a day afield with a good bird dog and gun, or a day whipping a trout or bass stream now and then.
>
> Speaking of the entire, but fading sports picture; it mustn't be kicked aside. The world won't seem the same to the average American when he gets his morning paper—if there are no box scores. Remember those fighting men in the Solomons wanted the standings of the major league teams most of all.

QUESTION VII

Should winter sports centers be encouraged to operate this winter, with the provision that a good share of their capacity be devoted to outings for war workers and disabled war veterans?

	Yes	No
The public	89.15%	
Sportscasters	98.36%	
Sports editors	92.21%	
Football players	91.54%	

The American public, according to the cross section of the populace polled in this vote, is overwhelmingly for expanding winter sports play now.

Golf clubs have been increasing winter sports facilities during the past several years, but due to uncertainty of skating and skiing weather haven't had entirely successful winter sports experiences. Possibly extending privileges of use of the winter sports areas may

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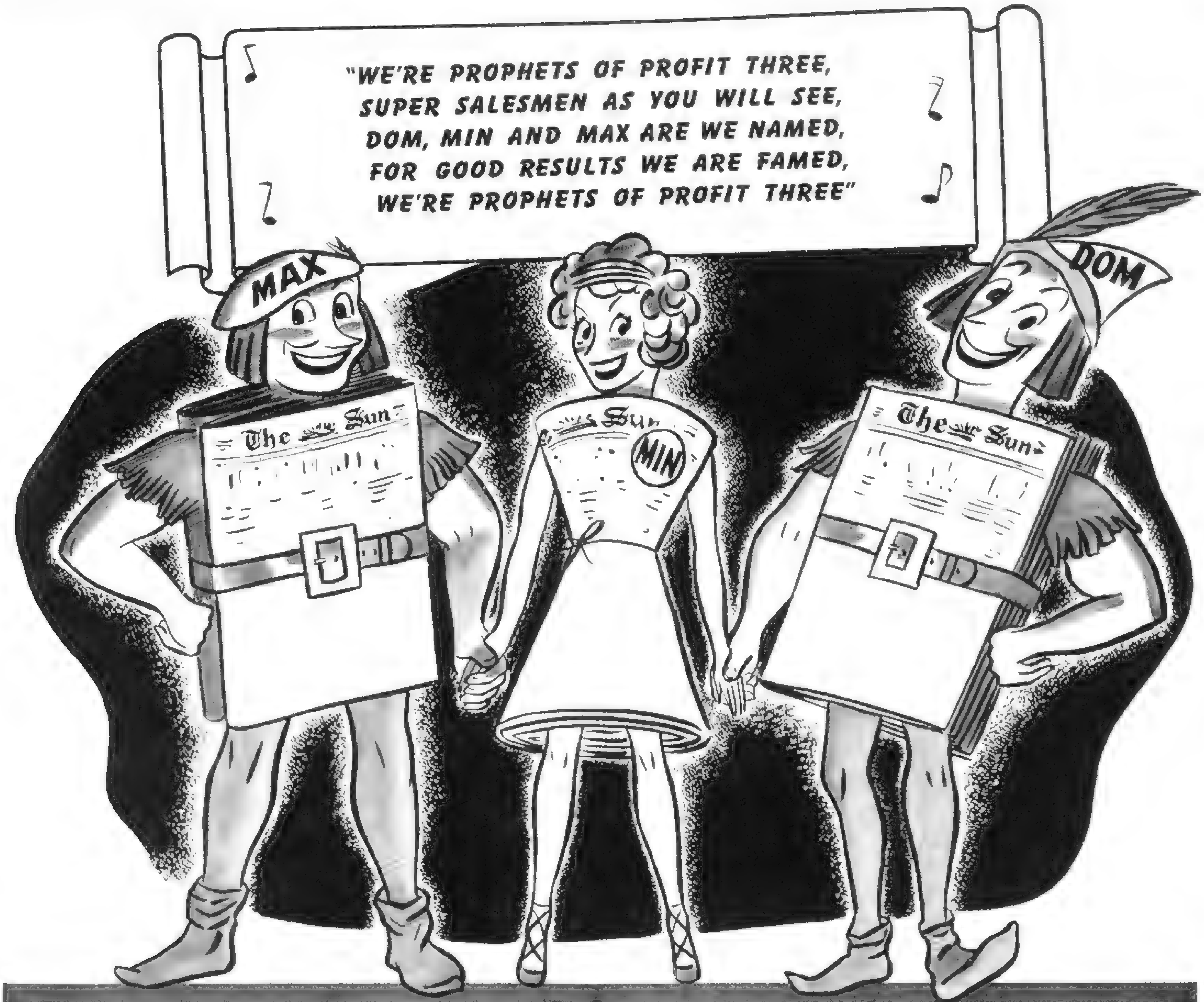
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The Esquire Sports Poll

Continued from pages 87-117-118

provide needed income for some clubs and contribute to the communities' winter health programs.

James E. Pixlee. Chief of Physical Training and Athletics, Army Air Forces, suggested that the "winter sports centers should be made available for those preparing to enter the services."

QUESTION VIII

Which sport do you think will gain most in popularity during the war; or in other words which sport provides the most relaxation and physical conditioning for the greatest number of people?

The public	**Golf**	**24.11%**
Sportscasters	**Baseball**	**23.37%**
Sports editors	**Bowling**	**23.75%**
Football players	**Football**	**33.82%**

Baseball's fans may jubilate at promise of triumph of their pastime over forces of evil and competition from other sports, for the people have spoken.

The standings of the leading sports in all divisions of the poll were: Baseball 19.07%; Football 15.95%; Bowling 15.56%; Golf 11.67%, and Basketball 6.81%. In the poll of the public, Golf just barely nosed out Baseball, which polled 22.69% to Golf's 24.11%.

Among those making unexpected comment on this question was **Gene Sarazen,** famed golfer, who opined, "Tennis will advance as a wartime sport. It can be played in small space and without a caddy. If it could be played without a rubber ball it would meet most of the requirements of wartime sport quite satisfactorily, especially for those between the ages of 16 and 22."

Burke M. Gillespie, *Council Bluffs Nonpareil,* figured: "Hunting and fishing will be the principal relaxation of our nation during wartime. Not only can our civilian population relax by hunting and fishing, but our military men can likewise enjoy these sports." **Ralph Hubbell,** WGR, Buffalo, figured: "Golf is really everybody's game. If played regularly, it is the best conditioner for the casual athlete. And more than that, it relaxes while it conditions. A concerted drive to enlist the aid of country clubs in offering their facilities to defense plant workers would help a lot."

"Bump" Hadley, WBZ, Boston, former Brown University and big league pitcher, stated:

> Professional sports have no particular benefits in wartime programs. Collegiate and intercollegiate sports give the sports public all the entertainment they need in this line. All sports that give the individual a chance to be out of doors receiving his own physical benefits directly, should be encouraged.

Coming up with a great sport that doesn't get many of the headlines was **Sergeant E. E. Eicher,** Camp Campbell, Kentucky, former sports editor of the Clearwater, Florida, *Sun.* Surmised he:

> With travel curtailed, and gasoline and tires as hard to secure as a Class A ration card, the populace will stay at home and turn to such mundane activities as cards, spin the bottle and pass the button. With this setup, Poker will soon come into its own as it already has in the Army camps from Maine to one or two other Republican states. Poker is already known as the "old Army game" and should be the sport which profits most by the war. It takes a keen eye, plenty of nerve and shrewd judgment to play it right.

Dick Leonard, Parkersburg, West Virginia, *News*, leaned more toward the Navy, explaining:

> Swimming is by far the most relaxing sport for the millions of people in the United States. It is the one sport that exercises every part of the body without being too strenuous. It provides complete relaxation and reduces people who are overweight and builds up people who are underweight. It is excellent for a woman's figure, too.

Another boost for swimming came from **Edward R. Kast, Jr.,** Dartmouth right half, who wrote:

> Swimming provides the most relaxation and physical conditioning to the greatest number of people. Sports such as golf, tennis, and swimming, where the individual can participate without much trouble of organization should become popular. Time is an important element today and organizing teams such as football, baseball, and basketball, takes up too much time for the ordinary person. Schools should continue with their programs and emphasize individual competition.

George Sutherland, WFCI, Pawtucket, Rhode Island, reasoned:

> The war has brought a lot of heavy change into the pockets of many not used to having enough money to spend "surplus cash" on a regular basis. Many of these people are therefore turning—perhaps quite naturally—to the "easy" way of getting more. People not used to having money—when suddenly having it thrust upon them—will turn to gambling. Last summer saw huge increases in race track revenue all over the country.
>
> Also, there are those with saner minds who are crowding the bowling alleys to capacity, though the group who spend some of their funds in this manner constitute a minority to those who spend their money recklessly. But I believe that bowling will be the sport to reap the most lasting benefit.

Captain Benyaurd B. Wygant, U. S. Navy, retired, of the Midshipmen's School at Northwestern University, classified the sports that are now useful and those that he regards as of little value to the country at war. He wrote:

> Briefly my theory is this:—Anything that tends to aid people to take exercise should be encouraged; anything that tends to mere *onlooking* is not to be encouraged.

Sports to be encouraged	*Sports not worthwhile*
Golf	Boxing
Tennis	Football
Skating	Baseball
Dancing	Hockey
Bowling	"Marathon" #

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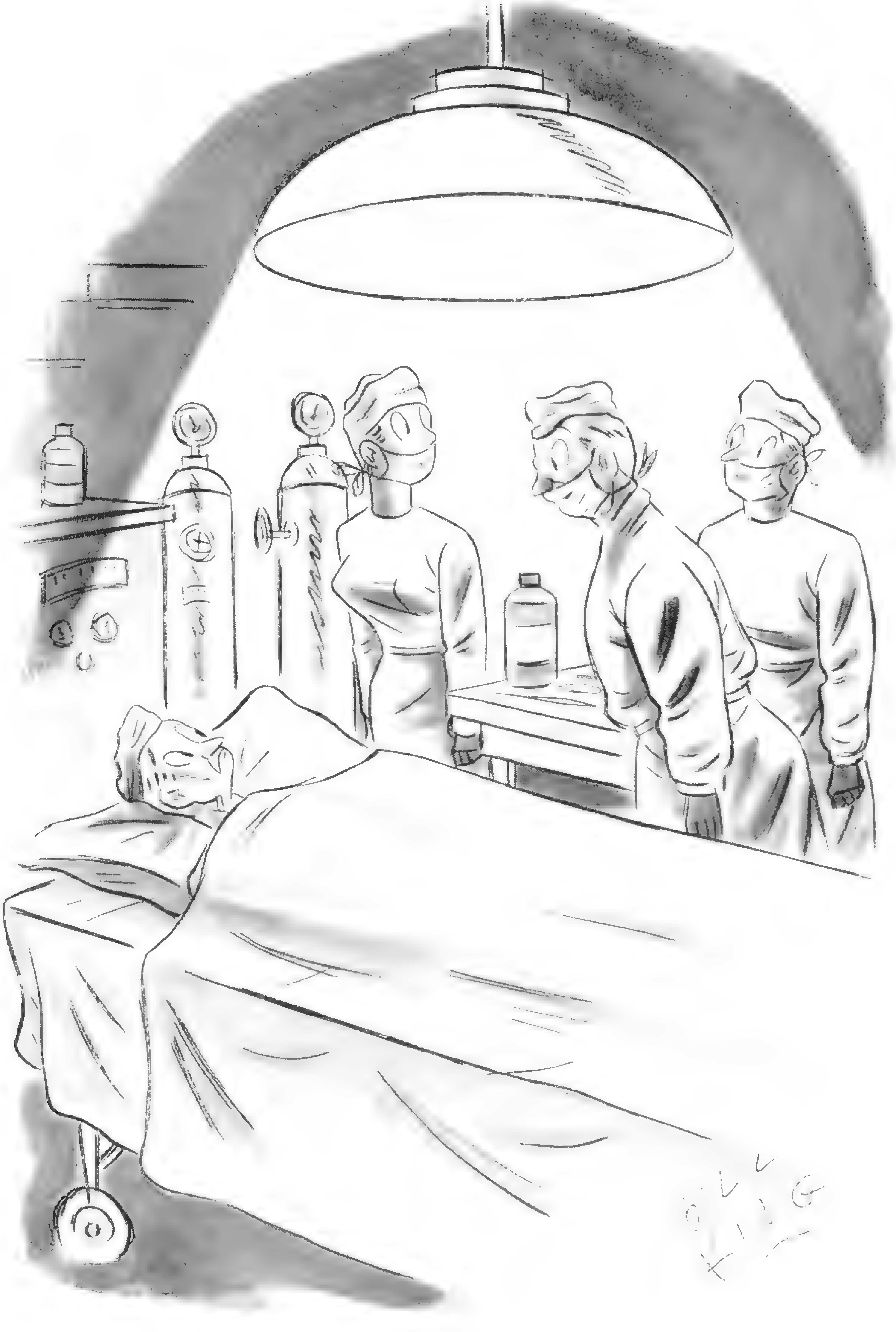

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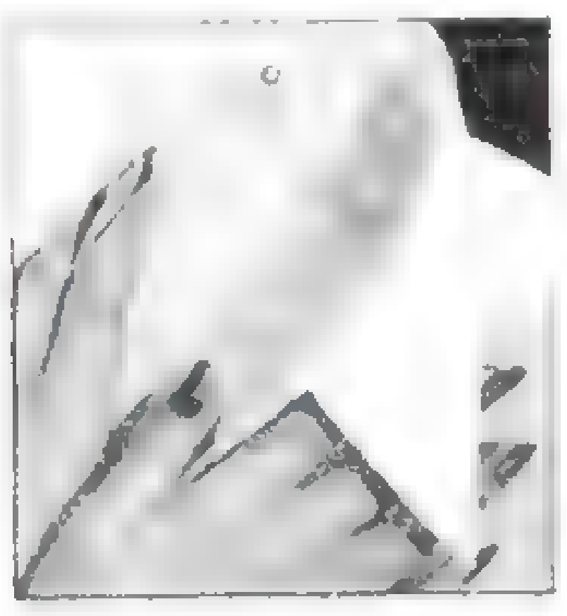
1 *Smooth!* Collar can't [illegible] woven [illegible] single piece [illegible] the usual three layers.

2 *Neat!* Keeps a clean, true curve around your neck. No kinks or bulges [illegible] starched, [illegible]



3 *Likemagic!* Alwaysfolds exactly right, irons perfectly, for the fold-line is *woven in* and stays right!

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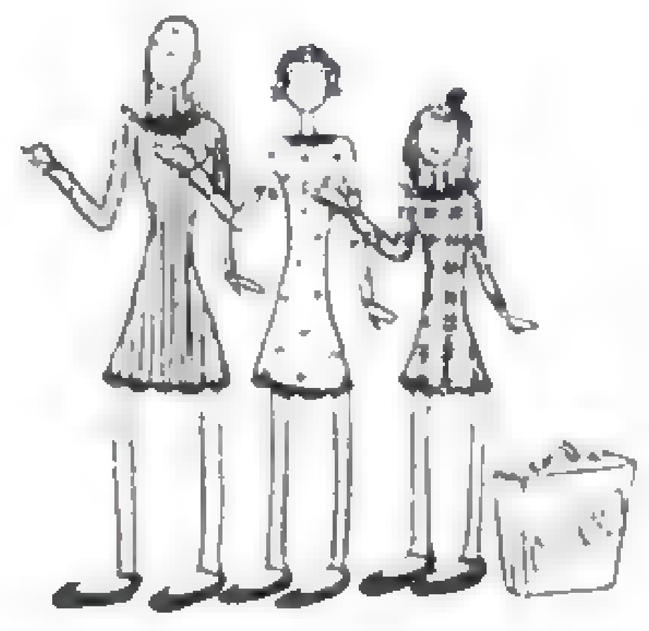
Esquire's Pocket Air Power Course

Continued from page 24

of aviation for long-range bombing. The raids over Tokyo, Cologne, and the German supply bases in Libya are examples of this. It is often called "pure" Air Power. Third is transport, of men and cargo; in recent months, this function of Air Power has come into tremendous prominence. One of the greatest advantages of military aviation is its mobility. A squadron may fight over Australia one day, and forty-eight hours later it can be in India, ready for battle; a few days after that, it might be blasting the Nazis in Russia. Obviously, it must be able to carry its own supplies. But aviation is not limited to carrying men and materials for itself alone. Often it is called upon to move ground troops to distant scenes of action. Some day it may transport supplies for all the armed forces. The German conquest of Crete is a striking example of how Air Power can take and hold ground in defiance of surface naval craft and powerful land defenses.



Simile

Emptier than the auto roads to Florida this winter.

Air tacticians often refer to bombardment as the "Backbone of Air Power." Bombardment is the one thing that has made military aviation the single all-powerful factor of warfare. Without bombardment, the airplane would still be in the position of an auxiliary arm, as in World War I. Everything else is subordinate to this ultimate end. Fighter aircraft exist only to protect our bombers in getting over the enemy target, or to prevent enemy bombers from flying over us. All the other operations of an air organization, including air transports, facilitate the placing of explosives on an enemy objective.

Just keep that principle in your mind when you study the air war, and you will realize that the high command of our Army Air Forces has out-thought the rest of the world by laying such stress on powerful bombers such as the Flying Fortress. Whenever our bombers have engaged the enemy, they have performed magnificently.

This brings us to another interesting point about air warfare. Contrary to popular theory, military aircraft are *not* for the main purpose of fighting enemy aircraft. This is perhaps the biggest tactical peculiarity about Air Power. In land warfare, the objective is the enemy's ground installations: troops, guns, railways, factories, supplies, power plants, and so on. In sea warfare, it is the enemy's warships. Often, of course, it is necessary to shoot down the enemy's airplanes, too. But whenever possible the commander of a bomber formation will avoid action with the enemy, at least until after the target has been bombed. Incidentally, this is one of the most difficult temptations that harry a scrappily-inclined airman. Many a flyer has flown off his outward course long enough to shoot down an enemy airplane or two and been roundly castigated for jeopardizing the main business of the bombing mission.

All of which is another way of saying that Air Power is fundamentally an offensive weapon.

Now for a final thought to leave with you before you go forth to wrestle with the texts of the communiques and commentators: whenever you encounter that oft-misused term, "Air Superiority," regard it with a fishy eye. Ask yourself "When and where did that Air Superiority take place?" Those two factors of time and place are just as important in discussing Air Superiority as in analyzing a murder mystery.

And here's another thing we'll bet you didn't know: one side ordinarily has it completely at one time and one place. So far during this war, there has been no important instance where this element of battle has been shared by the two belligerents. It's whole hog or none, and the side that has it gets all the accompanying advantages.

Furthermore, Air Superiority does not pass from one side to another in battle. So far, the side that has started off with this advantage usually keeps it. The weaker side has little chance of wresting it from the stronger, unless it can gain supremacy by virtue of a single large reinforcement. Unless the tables are turned in one blow, the stronger air power can smash the successive attempts at reinforcement just as easily as a feuding Kentucky mountaineer can sight along his gun and pick off a gang of antagonistic in-laws walking single file through a distant gully.

What happens to the weaker air force, in such a case? The answer to that one is that the weaker air force has one of two choices, neither too good: it can stay in the battle and be wiped out, or it can retire from the battle, hoping for more favorable conditions at another time and place. The latter is exactly what happened at Java. We had a small air force there which was hopelessly outnumbered. When it became apparent that our airplanes could accomplish nothing more in Java, they were withdrawn to Australia, where they joined with reinforcements. As a result they have held the Japs off Australia ever since. Had our airplanes stayed on in

Continued at top of page 124

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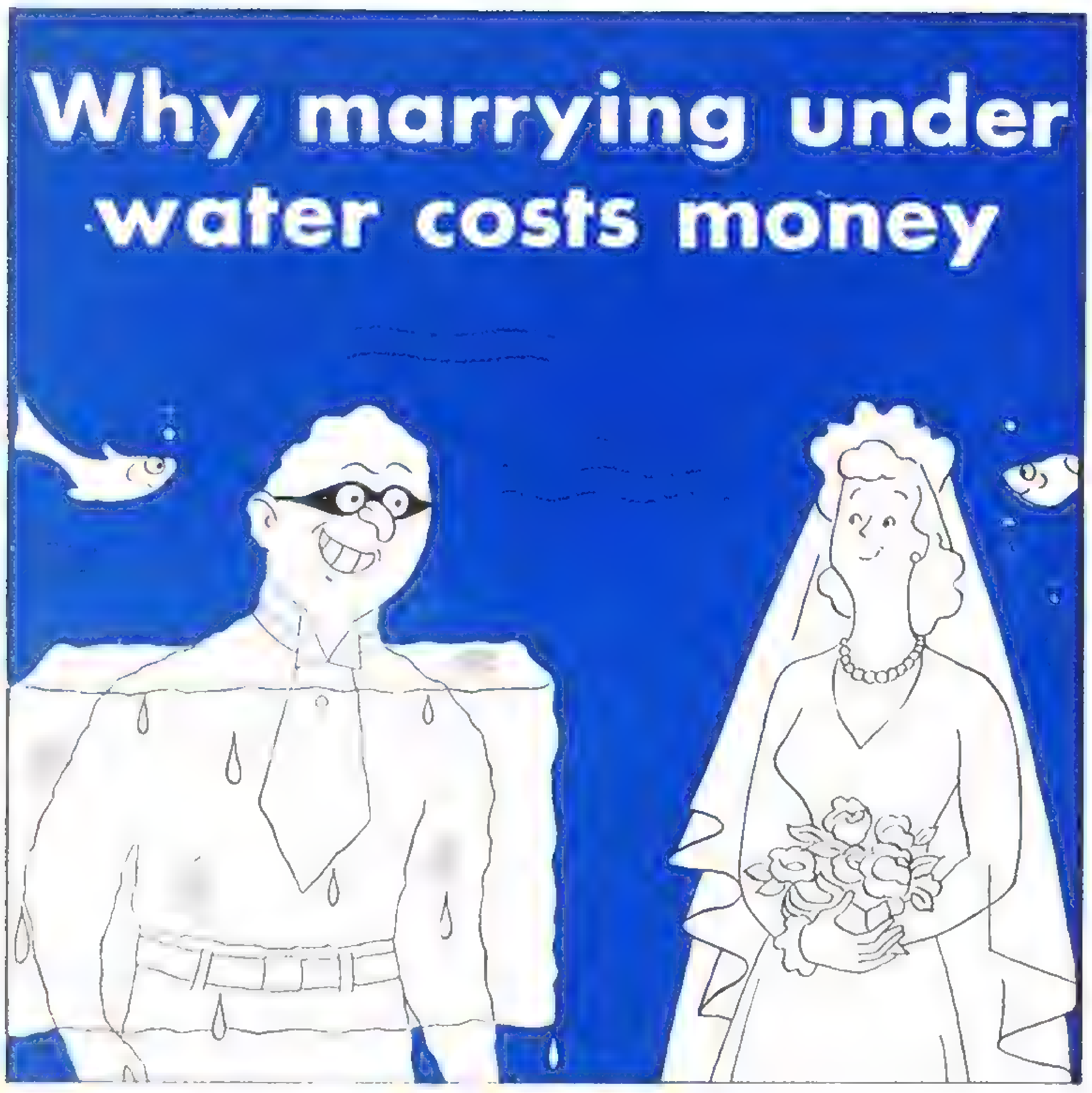
Why marrying under water costs money

A droll marriage takes place when Melting Ice and ordinary club soda meet. His air bubbles ooze slyly out and take your drink's bubbles honeymooning out of your highball. Ice water drowns what's left. Drinks aren't finished. Neither's your soda. That's wasteful.

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Esquire's Pocket Air Power Course

Continued from pages 24-122

Java, they would have all been destroyed, Java would have fallen just the same, and the Japs might have been a much greater menace to Australia. By holding on to what strength they had, combining it with reinforcements, and fighting the enemy at a more favorable time and place, our airmen were able to provide a really effective punch just when it was needed the most.

Another lesson of this air war is that it often pays to mass airplanes over a relatively small area to gain local Air Superiority over an enemy that has a greater total number of airplanes. The first great example of this was at Dunkirk. Despite the fact that the Nazis had been masters of the air over France and the Low Countries by sheer numbers, the R. A. F. succeeded in placing an overwhelming superiority over the one spot where the embattled British Expeditionary Force was trapped. It could not have been done for very long, but the British held the advantage for a few days, which was long enough to evacuate most of the troops in the teeth of the Nazi blitzkrieg. The "Miracle of Dunkirk" was an illustration that Air Power is a vital prelude to successful ground or sea warfare.

Next time you settle down in your armchair to study the war, with a map spread out on your knee and a bottle of aspirin conveniently located at your elbow, make a point of noting what Air Power is doing to change things around. Remember that open-mindedness is a prime virtue. Keep in mind what Air Power is and is not supposed to do and perhaps you'll have a little more sympathy with the problems of the men who are working overtime right now to figure out how, where, and when our Air Forces are going to blast the Japs, the Nazis, and the Italians off the war map.

If you want to make a few predictions of your own, you certainly are entitled to do so; and what is more, you won't have any competition from the professionals. Perhaps, by conscientiously applying the few simple principles outlined above, you can win the 1,000,000 dollar question of when the war will end, and have the subsequent enjoyment of saying "I told you so," when it is all over. So go to it, and Godspeed!

But please don't forget that it's all right to kibitz at a card game, just as long as you don't interfere with the guy that has to play the hand. ⵘ

Esquire's All-American Band

Continued from page 75

classed as sensational. I believe that the old-timers are excelled by the young men. Among the best performers are Zutie Singleton, George Wettling, Sidney Catlett, Cosy Cole, Joe Jones, Gene Krupa, James Crawford and Dave Tough. Each of them is excellent, but my attention would turn first to Sidney Catlett, who proved ideal with Benny Goodman's and Louis Armstrong's bands.

Second choice is Gene Krupa, provided he overcomes his habit of introducing too many monotonous solos. For the third team, I choose Cosy Cole, admirable drummer for Cab Calloway.

For the All Time Band, it is difficult to make a selection in this category. However, I pick Sidney Catlett, though I am not sure that Zutie Singleton was not the best of them all twelve years ago.

BASS: At the head of this class are Artie Bernstein, Al Morgan, John Kirby, Alvin Haye and Billy Taylor. After long deliberation, I select Al Morgan, John Kirby and Billy Taylor, in the order named. I understand well how others might prefer Artie Bernstein. For the All Time Band, Al Morgan is again my choice.

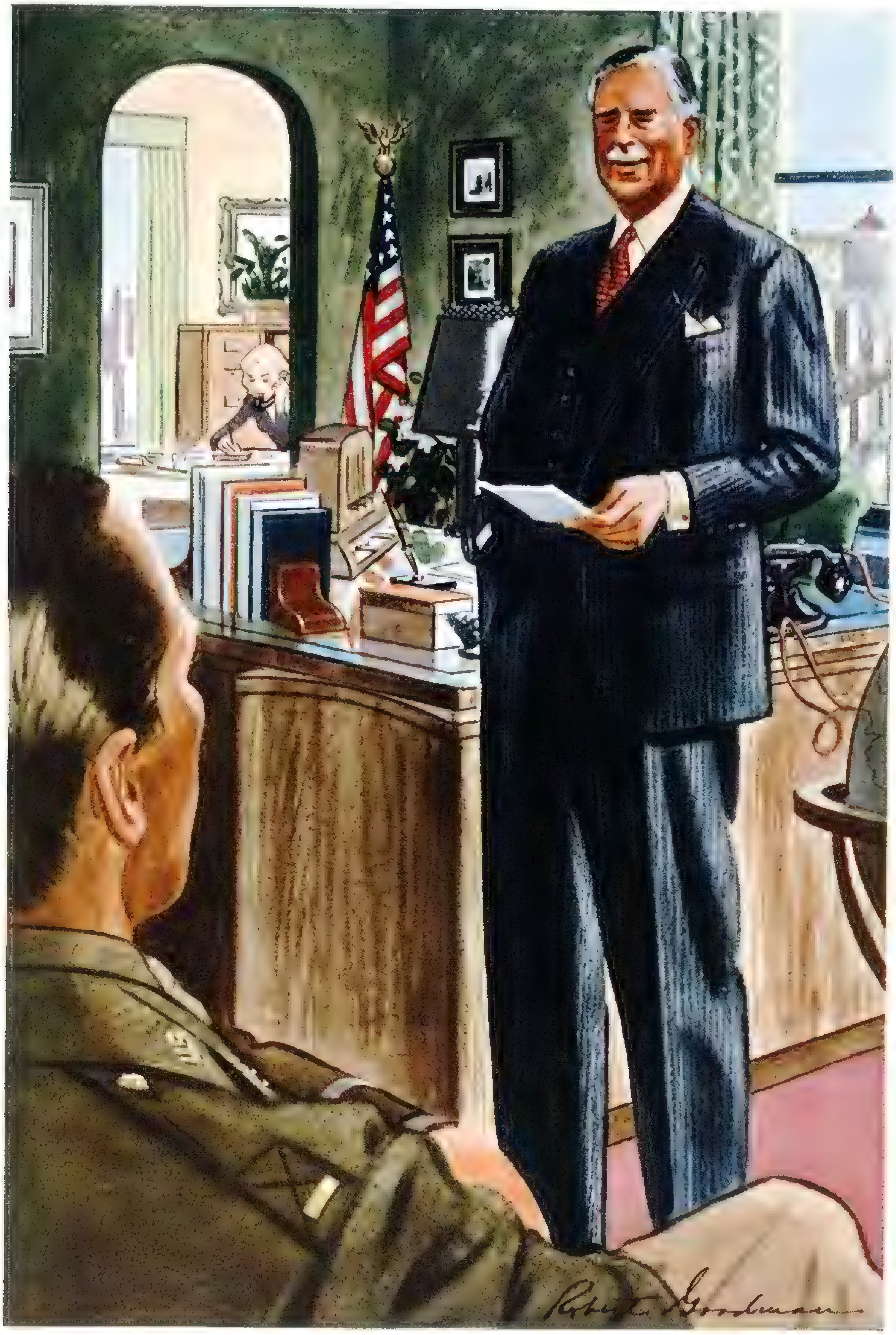
GUITAR: Three supreme guitarists have died: Django Reinhardt, Charlie Christian and Eddie Lang. The genius was Django! Today, I can point to Teddy Bunn, Oscar Moore and Eddie Condon, in the order named, with honorable mention to Clarence Haliday and Bobby Hackett, who plays guitar and trumpet with Glenn Miller.

The choice lies between two men when it comes to the All Time Band: Django Reinhardt and Eddie Lang. Both were wonderful; Django, the French Gypsy guitarist, was the more thrilling of the two. His renditions can be compared only with three or four top performers, and he impressed me as forcibly as Louis Armstrong. He was alone in his class.

SINGERS: I would designate Louis Armstrong as the best male singer, but he is already selected for the trumpet. So I propose Leo Watson and Billy Holliday. Leo Watson gives voice to the inner trance of jazz. Billy Holliday is more sophisticated and I would like her to "swing" it more, but she is nevertheless first choice.

Second place would go to Willy Duke and Mildred Bailey. (Duke incidentally, could give better expression to his fine talent if he would forget some of his unfunny jokes.) Third place goes to Jack Teagarden and Laura Watson. I can see how the generally ignored Genia Daniels, who sings in a very pure style, might offer competition. But I prefer Laura Watson, who puts more zest and more swing into her art.

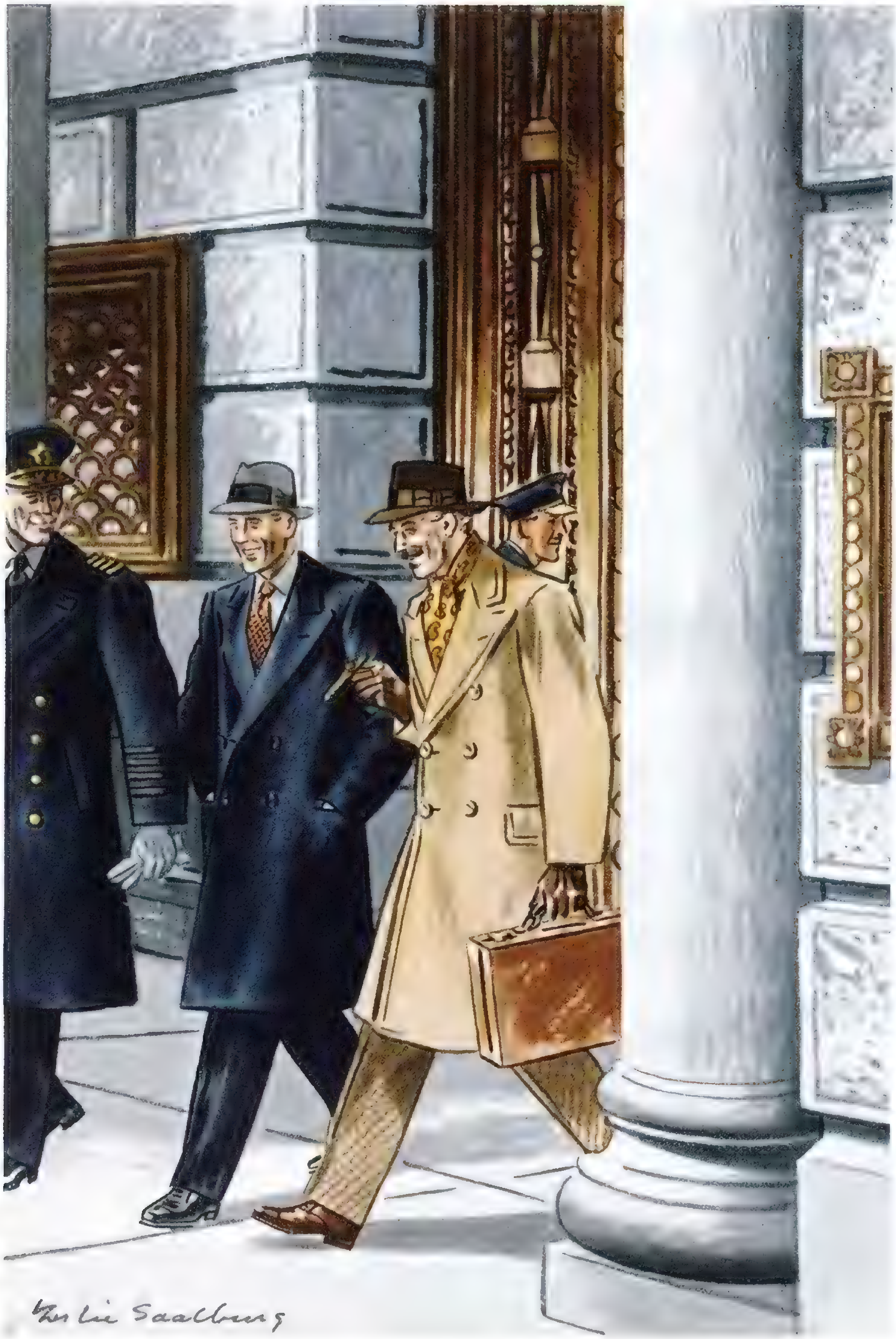
The two best singers I ever heard are certainly Louis Armstrong and the late Bessie Smith. Fifteen years ago, I might have preferred Rosa Henderson, but now I choose Bessie. As for Louis, even if he plays trumpet I would ask him to sing too; because he is the best of them all and the real King of Jazz! ⵘ



how to camouflage a bay window

We're not dishing out any loose talk concerning our U. S. Army in this lecture, but gather round, ye guys on the obese side, and we'll give you a few points on the art of caloric camouflage. Just stick with us and you'll be wearing vertical stripes and dark colors like the stout gentleman above, who hides his avoirdupois well by using our method. His dark blue worsted suit is striped so indistinctly that at a distance it almost appears to be a solid color. His jacket has long roll lapels which offset, to some extent, his 50-inch waistline. His shirt is an ivory colored broadcloth with a collar of fairly long points which accents the vertical line. Extreme care was taken in selecting a small patterned tie, for a man of his size must steer clear of the loud, totem pole variety. Hefty he may be, but he's every square inch an American, for he's a booster of the Old Glory in the home and office idea.

(For answers to your dress queries, send stamped self-addressed envelope to Esquire Fashion Staff, 366 Madison Ave., N. Y.)



three hugger-muggers in double breasteds

Here's an inside tip that's strictly off the Congressional record . . . we can't tell you what went on in the big meeting, but give these three gentlemen the once-over and you'll have a rough outline of how overcoats are going to trend this year. It's no military secret . . . the double breasteds worn by the civilian pair of conferees are a modified swipe from the brass button job proudly worn by the Navy four-striper on our left. The long lapels of the middle-man's dark blue fleece overcoat conform to the jacket of his favorite Wall Street chalk stripe. His tie is a Macclesfield and his shirt is white broadcloth. Now let's lam into the stogie smoker who warms up with his natural vicuna shade fleece coat. Under it is a diagonal tweed suit, and his trimmin's are a foulard muffler and capeskin gloves. Any resemblance to your congressman, living or dead, is purely coincidental.

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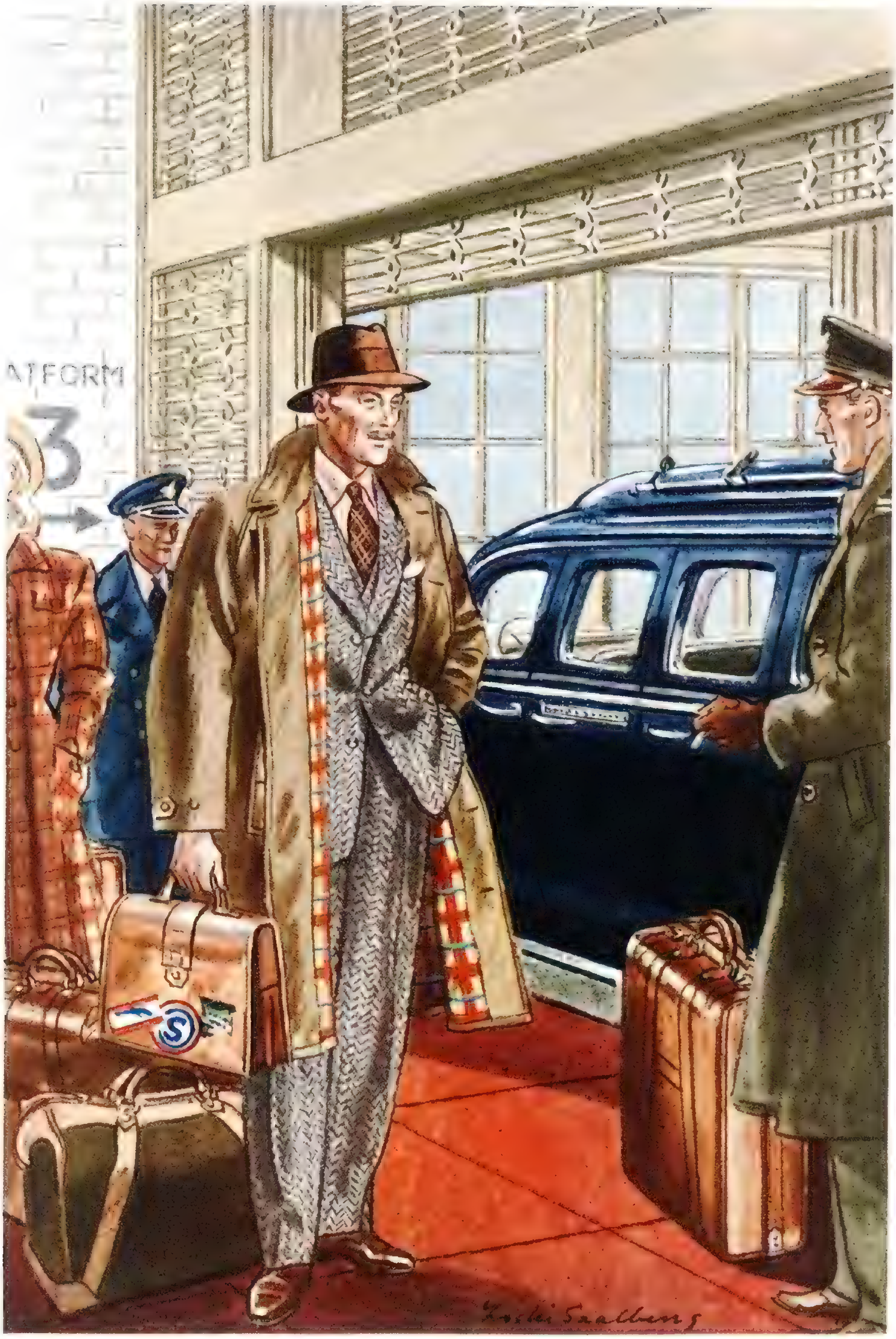

plaid and cheviot "coming in"

This top flight executive is about to leave in the limousine for La Guardia Field, and before he checks in, let's do a fast checkup on him. Since the trip is strictly business, he travels light, and wears a double-duty plaid lined raincoat of processed cotton which is a very good deal for these midwinter rainy days. The well-cut greyish brown cheviot suit stacks up well against the raincoat, and the ruddy felt hat with a turn down brim also fits into the picture. His accessories include a light brown broadcloth shirt with white stripings and a small plaid homespun wool tie. His shoes are brown straight tip bluchers and his smart looking carryall briefcase is stitched saddle leather. Well, our cross country commuter will be off on the Chicago non-stop in about an hour . . . then he'll settle down for a fried chicken dinner, and perhaps a chat with a beyootiful stewardess. Man! That's travelin'!

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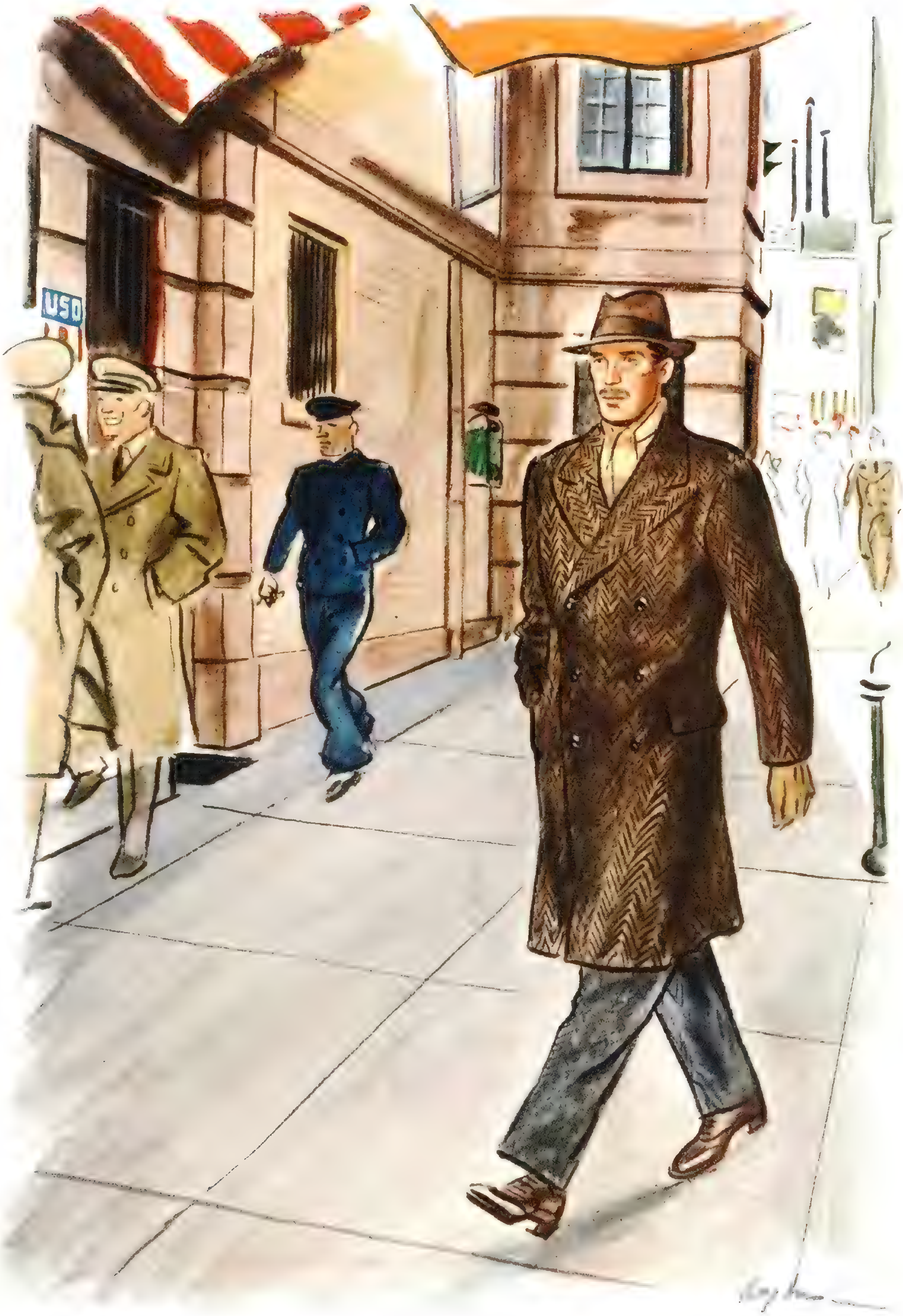

British Warm goes to town

The same old story . . . we've wound up at the USO Center, which by now is really the hub of the serviceman's social universe. Boy, they really dish us out a good time, and it's all on the house! . . . Tonight there's a big shindig with 50—beautiful hostesses—50 . . . that's almost one to every customer, chum! . . . Say, cast your old tired peepers on this flash with the mustache hotfooting it down the avenue . . . Remember when we used to wear clothes like that? . . . Well, not exactly like that . . but the brown herringbone tweed coat looks like a version of my old tan fleece British Warm that I used to wear for rat races in the country . . . this job is also short . . . guess the WPBoys didn't have to hack it off . . . That's a nice brown heather mixture cheviot suit, too . . . What? . . . Are you guys kiddin'? . . . You know I'd never swap this buck private's rig . . . but I might consider after the duration!

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The Test of Courage

Continued from page 28

stone props under the transoms to keep it from the ground. All the other pens were empty, for it was the height of the bream season and the men were at sea.

"Come on now," Peter said when they reached the boat. "Lift up the bow."

They got on each side of the bow and raised it without difficulty.

"You get under it now and settle yourself," Peter said.

Michael crouched and got under the boat, with his face towards the stern. He rested his shoulders against the front seat and braced his elbows against the frame. Although they had practiced raising the boat, he now began to tremble lest he might not be able to bear the weight when Peter raised the stern.

"Keep your legs well apart," Peter said, "and stand loose same as I told you."

"I'm ready," Michael said nervously. "You go ahead and raise her."

Peter put on his cap with the peak turned backwards. Then he set himself squarely under the stern of the boat. He gritted his teeth and made his strong back rigid. Then he drew in a deep breath and made a sudden effort. He raised the boat and then spread his legs to distribute the weight. Both boys staggered for a few moments, as they received the full weight of the boat on their shoulders.

"Are you balanced?" Peter said.

"Go ahead," said Michael.

Peter led the way, advancing slowly with the rhythmic movement of his body which he had copied from his elders. He held his body rigid above the hips, which swayed as he threw his legs forward limply in an outward arc. As each foot touched the ground, he lowered his hips and then raised them again with the shifting of weight to the other foot.

Football and baseball aren't the only sports with upsets. How about skiing?

Michael tried to imitate this movement, but he was unable to do it well owing to his nervousness. In practice he had been just as good as Peter. Now, however, the memory of his mother's shawled head kept coming into his mind to disturb him.

"Try to keep in step," Peter called out, "and don't grip the frame. Let your shoulders go dead."

"I'm doing my best," Michael said, "but it keeps shifting on my shoulders."

"That's because you're taking a grip with your hands. Let your shoulders go dead."

They were both exhausted when they finally laid down the boat on the weed-covered rock by the sea's edge. They had to rest a little while. Then they gently pushed the boat into the water over the smooth carpet of red weed. They had to do this very carefully, because the coracle was just a light frame of thin pine lathes covered with tarred canvas. The least contact with a sliver of stone, or even with a limpet cone, would have put a hole in the canvas. Fortunately the sea was dead calm, and they managed the launching without accident.

"Now, in God's name," Peter said, imitating a man's voice as he dipped his hand in the seawater and made the Sign of the Cross on his forehead according to ritual, "I'll go aboard and put her under way. You hand in the gear when I bring her stern to shore."

He got into the prow seat, unshipped the oars and dipped the glambs in the water before fixing them on the thole pins. Then he maneuvered the stern of the boat face to the rock. Michael threw aboard the gear, which included a can of half-baited limpets for bait, four lines coiled on small wooden frames, half a loaf of bread rolled up in a piece of cloth, and the anchor rope with a large granite stone attached. Then he also dipped his right hand in the brine water and made the Sign of the Cross on his forehead.

"In God's name," he said reverently, as he put one knee on the stern and pushed against the rock with this foot, "head her out."

As Peter began to row, Michael took his seat on the after transom and unshipped his oars. He dipped the glambs in the water and put the oars on the thole pins.

"Face land, right hand underneath," Peter called out just like a grownup captain giving orders to his crew.

"I'm with you," Michael said. "Head her out."

The two boys rowed well, keeping time perfectly. Soon they had cleared the mouth of the little harbor and they were in the open sea. Night was falling, but they could see the dark cluster of village boats beneath a high cliff to the west. They turned east.

"Take a mark now and keep her straight," Peter said.

Michael brought two points on the dim land to the west into line with the stern and they rowed eastwards until they came abreast of a great pile of rock that had fallen from the cliff. Here they cast anchor. When they had tied the anchor rope to the cross-stick in the bow, the boat swung round and became motionless on the still water.

"Oh! You devil!" Peter said excitedly. "Out with the lines now

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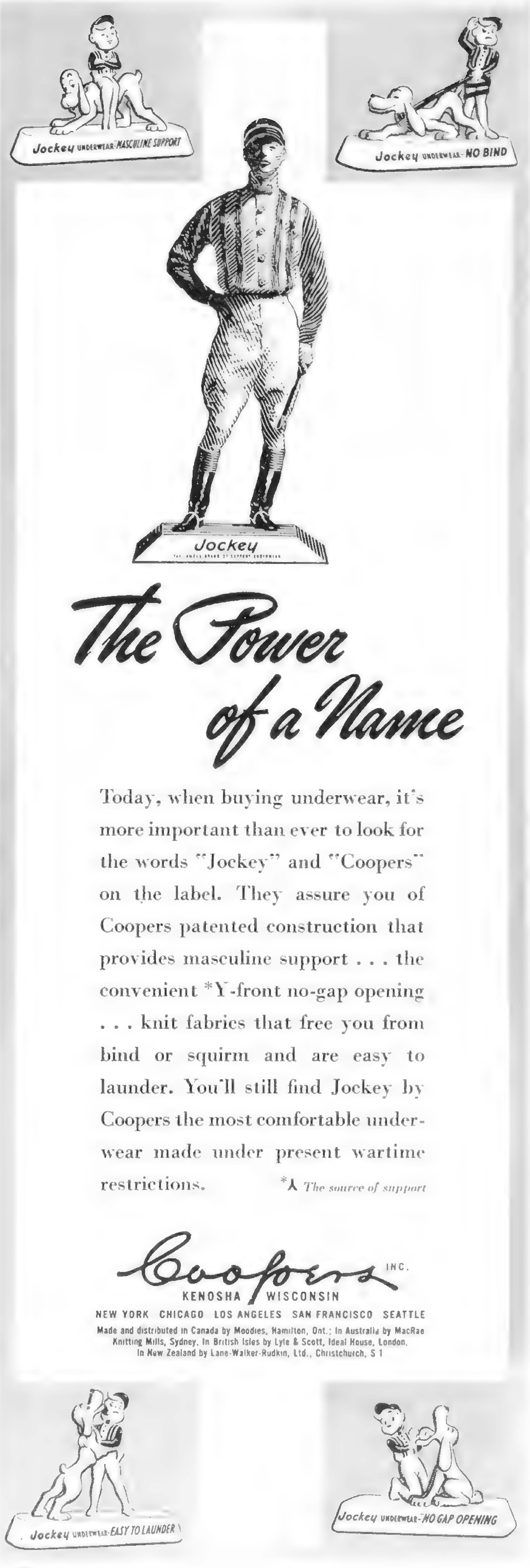

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The Test of Courage

Continued from pages 28-129

and let us fish. Wouldn't it be wonderful if we caught a boat load of bream? We'd be the talk of the whole parish."

"Maybe we will," cried Michael, equally excited.

Now he was undisturbed by the memory of his mother's shawled head. Nor was he nervous about his position, out at night on a treacherous ocean in a frail coracle. The wild rapture of adventure had taken full possession of him.

Such was the haste with which they baited and paid out their lines that they almost transfixed their hands with the hooks. Each boy paid out two lines, one on either side of the boat. They had cast anchor right in the midst of a school of bream. Peter was the first to get his lines into water. They had barely sunk when he got a strike on both of them.

"Oh! You devil!" he cried. "I've got two."

In his excitement he tried to haul the two lines simultaneously and lost both of the soft-lipped fish. In the meantime, Michael also got a strike on one of his lines. He swallowed his breath and hauled rapidly. A second fish struck while he was hauling the first line. He also became greedy and grabbed the second line, letting the first fish escape. But he landed the second fish.

"Oh! Peter," he cried, "we'll fill the boat like you said."

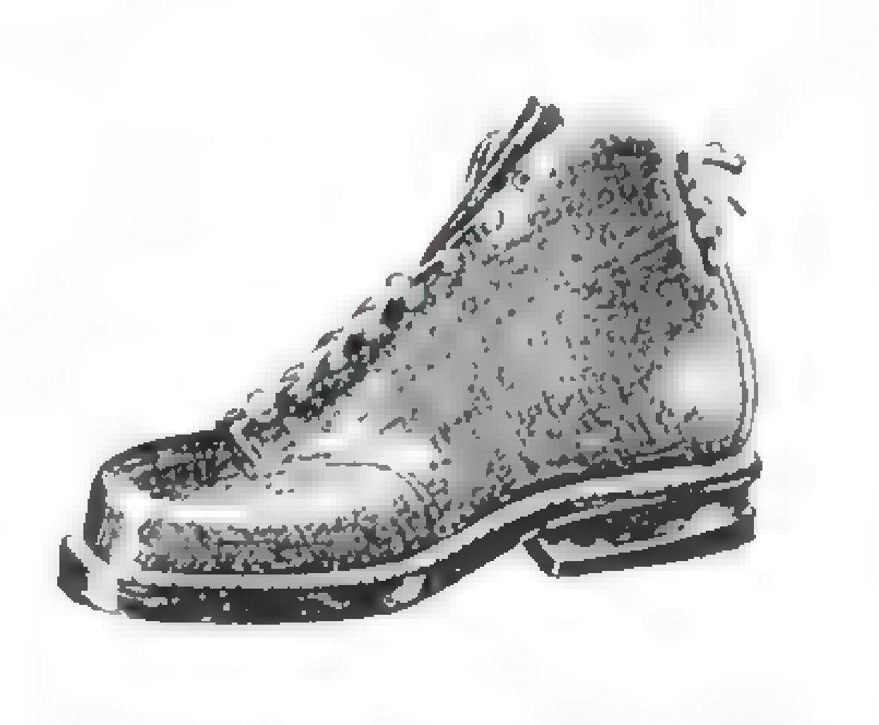
He put the fish smartly between his knees and pulled the hook from its mouth. He dropped it on the bottom of the boat, where it began to beat a tattoo with its tail.

"Oh! You devil!" Peter cried. "The sea is full of them."

He had again thrown his lines into the water and two fish immediately impaled themselves on the hooks. This time he landed both fish, as the lessening of excitement enabled him to use his skill.

"We should have brought more limpets," Michael said. "This lot we brought won't be half enough!"

The fish continued to strike. Despite losing a large percentage, they had caught thirty-five before an accident drove the boat away from the school. A light breeze had come up from the land. It hardly made a ripple on the surface of the sea, yet its impact caused the boat to lean away from the restraint of the anchor rope. The rope went taut. Then the anchor stone slipped from the edge of a reef on which it had dropped. Falling into deeper water, it could not find ground. The boat swung round and began to drift straight out to sea, pressed by the gentle breeze.



Ski boot, designed for forward crouch, has laced back and blucher front.

The two boys, intent on their fishing, did not notice the accident. Soon, however, the fish ceased to strike. They did not follow the boat into deep water. The lines hung idly over the sides.

"They're gone," Michael said. "Do you think it's time for us to go home?"

"We can't go home yet," Peter said indignantly. "We have only thirty-five fish yet. Wait until they begin to strike again when the tide turns. Then you'll see that we'll fill the boat. In any case, we can't go back until the moon rises. It's too dark now to make our way past the reef."

"It's dark all right," Michael said in a low voice. "I can't see land, although it's so near."

Now that the fish had gone away, the vision of his mother's shawled head returned to prick his conscience, and the darkness frightened him as it always did. Yet he dared not insist on trying to make port, lest Peter might think he was a coward.

"They'll start biting again," Peter continued eagerly. "You wait and see. We'll fill the boat. Then the moon will be up and it will be lovely rowing into port. Won't they be surprised when they see all the fish we have? They won't say a word to us when we bring home that awful lot of fish."

Michael shuddered on being reminded of the meeting with his parents after this escapade.

"I'm hungry," he said. "Do you think we should eat our bread? No use bringing it back home again."

"I'm hungry, too," Peter said. "Let's eat the bread while we're waiting for the tide to turn."

They divided the half loaf and began to eat ravenously. When they had finished, Michael felt cold and sleepy.

"We should have brought more clothes to put on us," he said. "The sea gets awful cold at night, doesn't it?"

"Let's lie up in the bow," Peter said. "I feel cold myself. We'll lie together in the shelter of the bow while we're waiting for the tide to turn. That way we won't feel the cold in the shelter of the bow."

They lay down in the bow side by side. There was just room enough for their two bodies stretched close together.

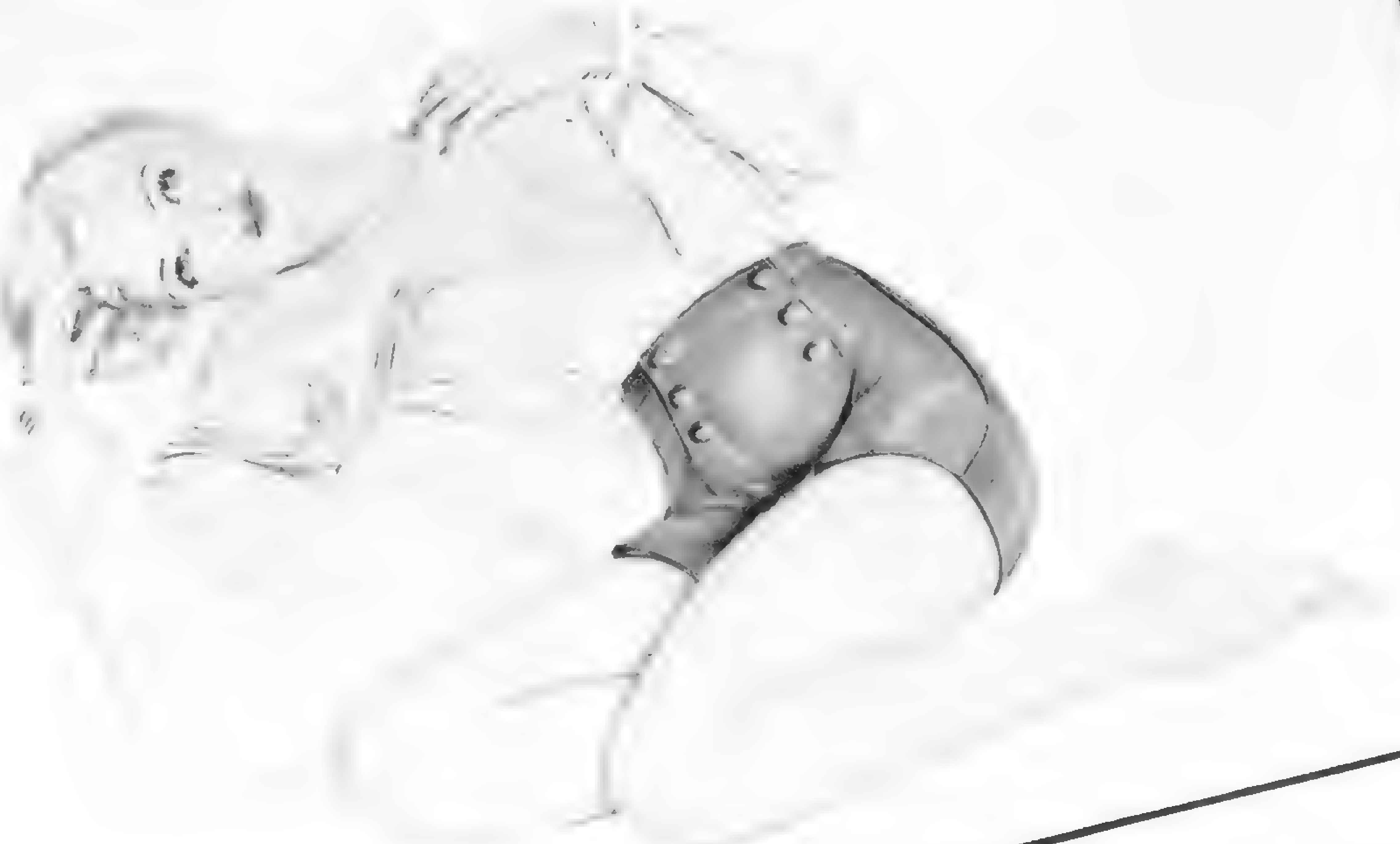
"It's much warmer this way sure enough," Michael said sleepily.

"It's just like being in bed," Peter said. "Oh! You devil! When I grow up I'll be a sailor. Then I can sleep every night out in the middle of the sea."

They fell asleep almost at once. In their sleep they put their arms about one another. The moon rose

Continued on page 132

esky-cards go to town!



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The Test of Courage

Continued from pages 28-129-130

and its eerie light fell on them, as they lay asleep in the narrow bow, rocked gently by the boat's movement, to the soft music of the lapping water. The moonlight fell on the dark sides of the boat that drifted before the breeze. It shone on the drifting lines that hung from the black sides, like the tentacles of an evil monster that was carrying the sleeping boys out far over the empty ocean. The dead fish were covered with a phosphorescent glow when the boat swayed towards the moon.

Then the moonlight faded and dawn came over the sea. The sun rose in the east and its rays began to dance on the black canvas. Michael was the first to awaken. He uttered a cry of fright when he looked about him and discovered where he was. The land was now at a great distance. It was little more than a dot on the far horizon. He gripped Peter by the head with both hands.

"Wake up, Peter," he cried. "Oh! Wake up. Something terrible has happened."

Thinking he was at home in bed, Peter tried to push Michael away and to turn over on his other side.

"It's not time to get up yet," he muttered.

When he finally was roused and realized what had happened, he was much more frightened than Michael.

"Oh! You devil!" he said. "We pulled anchor. We're lost."

There was a look of ignorant panic in his small eyes. Michael bit his lip, in an effort to keep himself from crying out loud. It was a great shock to find that Peter, who had always been the leader of the two comrades and who had never before shown any signs of fear, was now in a panic.

"We're not lost," he said angrily.

"Will you look at where the land is?" cried Peter. "Will you look?"

Suddenly Michael felt that he no longer wanted to cry. His eyes got a hard and almost cruel expression in them.

"Stand up, will you?" he said sharply. "Let me pull the rope."

Peter looked at Michael stupidly and got out of the way. He sat on the forward transom, while Michael hauled in the anchor rope.

"What could we do?" he said. "We're lost unless they come and find us. We could never row that far with the wind against us."

"Why don't you give me a hand with the rope and stop whinging?" cried Michael angrily.

Peter was roused by this insult from a boy whom he had until now been able to dominate. He glared at Michael, spat on his hands and jumped to his feet.

"Get out of my way," he said gruffly. "Give me a hold of that rope. Look who's talking about whinging."

With his superior strength, Peter quickly got the rope and anchor stone into the bow. Then the two of them hauled in the lines. They did not trouble to wind them on the frames but left them lying in a tangled heap on the bottom.

"Hurry up," Peter kept saying. "We have to hurry out of here."

Still roused to anger by Michael's insult, he got out his oars and turned the bow towards the dot of land on the horizon. Michael also got out his oars.

"Left hand on top," Peter shouted, "and give it your strength. Stretch to it. Stretch."

"We better take it easy," Michael said. "We have a long way to go."

"Stretch to it, I tell you," Peter shouted still more loudly. "Give it your strength if you have any."

As soon as he found the oars in his hands, as a means of escape from what he feared, he allowed himself again to go into a panic. He rowed wildly, leaping from the transom with each stroke.

"Why can't you keep time?" Michael shouted at him. "Keep time with the stern. You'll only kill yourself that way."

"Row, you devil and stop talking," cried Peter. "Give length to your stroke and you'll be able to row with me."

"But you're supposed to keep with me," Michael said. "You're supposed to keep with the stern."

Suddenly Peter pulled so hard that he fell right back off the transom into the bow. One of the oars jumped off the thole pin as he fell backwards. It dropped over the side of the boat and began to drift astern. Michael turned the boat and picked up the oar.

"Don't do that again," he said as he gave the oar to Peter. "Listen to what I tell you and row quietly."

Peter looked in astonishment at the cruel eyes of his comrade. He was now completely dominated by them.

"It's no use, Michael," he said dejectedly. "You see the land is as far away as ever. It's no use trying to row."

"We'll make headway if we row quietly," Michael said. "Come on now. Keep time with the stern."

Now that he had surrendered to the will of his comrade, Peter

Continued on page 134

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Stars in the Service

Three Carleton athletes win citations: Culver hero cleans Jap-infested home

THREE former Carleton College athletes have won citations. Ensign Norman Sterrie, captain of the 1939 track team, and Lieutenant Chandler Swanson of the 1937 football team, won the Navy Cross for heroism aboard the *Lexington*. Ensign Cleon Stitzel, '41, baseball captain and football star, won the Distinguished Flying Cross for his work in the Aleutians.

Two other No. 1 Carleton athletes who were roommates in school for two years were lost within a single week. Aviation Cadet Sydney Larson, football and basketball star, was killed in a crash at Corpus Christi, Texas, and the very same week, Lieutenant Wayne Sparks, captain of the 1937 five and holder of the Midwest Conference scoring record, was killed along with six other Army men in a bomber crash near the Columbia, South Carolina, air base.

* * *

First Lieutenant Henry J. Adams, Jr. of the Marines, who became a crack shot while at Culver, found some good shooting on Guadalcanal. With seven fellow Marines he was handed the job of cleaning out a Jap-infested house. "The house was raised on piles," Lieutenant Adams wrote to Captain H. A. Obenauf, his marksman coach at Culver, "and the Japs were lying under it. I guess the volley was all right. I saw one Jap, lying on his back, arch right up when the bullet hit him. I wouldn't have thought it would happen like that. When we got to the house and looked down into the cellar, there were fifteen dead Japs there."

* * *

The very day he was to have received his wings, Fred Dreyer, All-Kansas Conference end on the football team at Baker University, Baldwin, Kansas, in 1937-'40, was killed in an airplane accident at Corpus Christi, February 4, 1942. Clarence P. Broadfoot, formerly one of Baker's star pony backs, is a bombardier instructor at the same field. Ensign Don Roberds, former Baker football center, was killed in a plane accident near Lake City Airport, Jacksonville, Florida, on September 7. His parents and friends in Olatha, Kansas, have established a scholarship memorial at Baker University in his honor.

* * *

J. J. Lipp, for 28 years an outstanding Big Ten football official, has two boys in the service. Captain William L. Lipp of the Ninth Armored Division, Ft. Riley, attained his rank at the age of 23 after 2 years in the service. He was a halfback and a track star at Lake Forest Academy and Culver Military Academy. Richard J. Lipp, his younger brother who was also a track man at Lake Forest, is a radio operator, first class, on an aircraft carrier. He has been in the forces over a year and a half.

* * *

Lieutenant John H. King, Jr., of Brookline, Massachusetts, former Boston University basketball star, led a squadron of Marine pursuit planes that bagged 21 Jap craft in the Solomons. At this writing he had four Jap planes to his own credit, after being shot down in the Coral Sea battle.

Boston University's first casualty in the war was Ensign John J. Doherty of Charlestown, also a basketball star, who was killed in a bombing attack on the Marshall Islands on February 1, 1942. He was awarded the Distinguished Flying Cross posthumously.

* * *

Captain Harvey Bauss, boxer and wrestler at Michigan back in 1933, led a party of volunteers in saving an ammunition dump endangered by a grass fire and bomb explosions while serving with the Army Ordnance Corps in New Guinea. With others fleeing for safety, Captain Bauss assumed the initiative, called for volunteers and for two hours battled to save the dump, heedless of numerous explosions.

* * *

"Wild Bill" Combs, captain of the 1941 Michigan wrestling team, left school to join the Marines. At one stage of the invasion of the Solomons, he was attacked by eight Japs. He killed seven of them with his Tommy gun and then, when the gun jammed, disarmed the eighth Jap and slit his throat with a bayonet. Combs was returned to San Francisco to recover from wounds received in the battle.

* * *

Major Gordon Bell, a Marine flyer who was a member of the crew at U.C.L.A., 1933-35, was killed in the Solomons.

* * *

Bowdoin had two Marine lieutenants in the Solomons—Andy Haldane, '41, who caught for three years on the baseball team and was fullback and captain of the football team, and Everett Pope, '41, who played three years on the tennis team and was captain his senior year.

Ensign Ray Huling, '41, a track man, is in command of a mine sweeper in the Atlantic. Ben Karsokas, '40, halfback on three of Adam Walsh's championship elevens, is a captain in the Army Air Force instructing flyers at Randolph Field. William H. Fish, Jr., '38, a varsity swimmer, is a naval aviator. When last heard from, he was one of the Flying Tigers in China. ##

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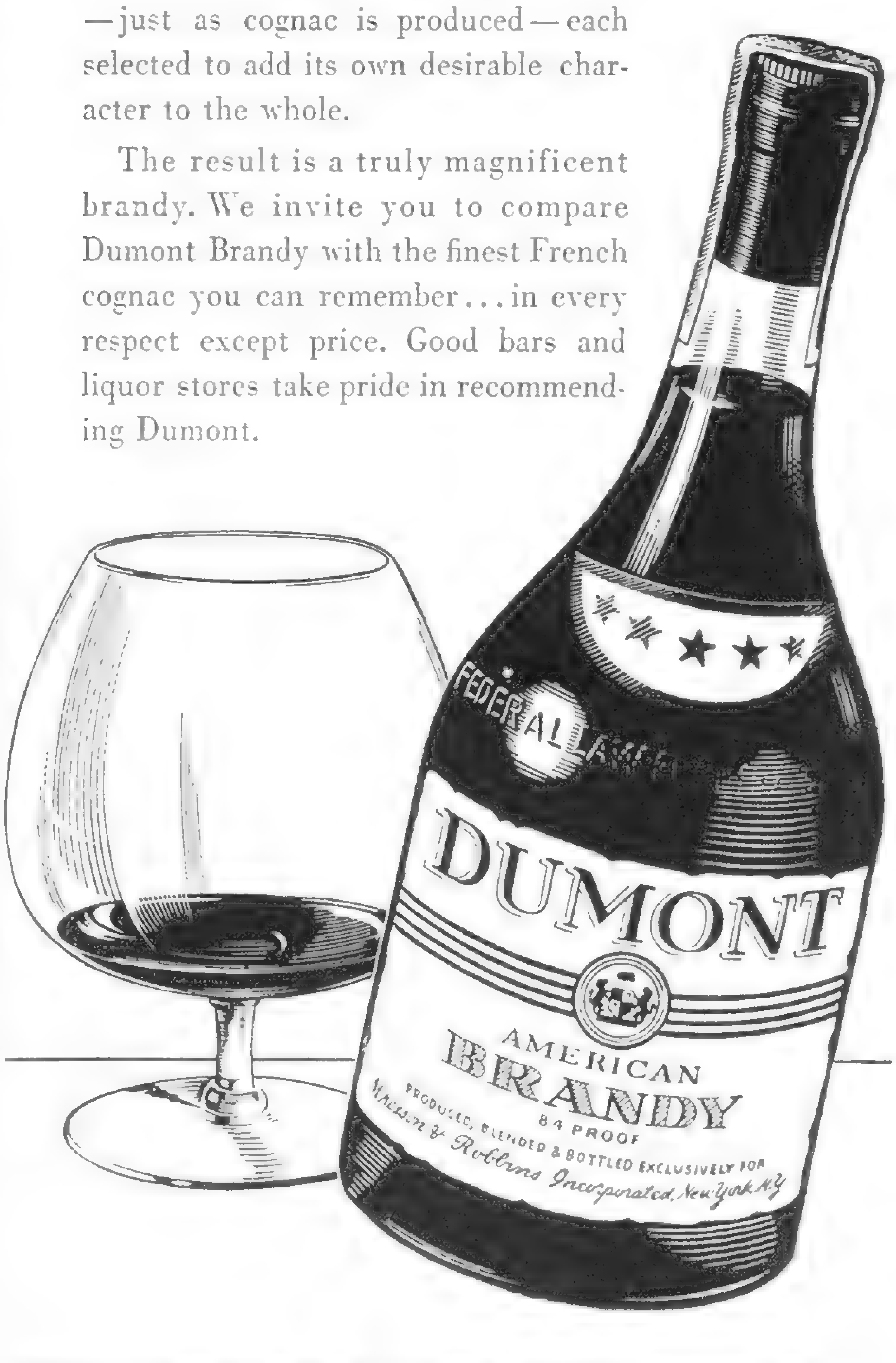
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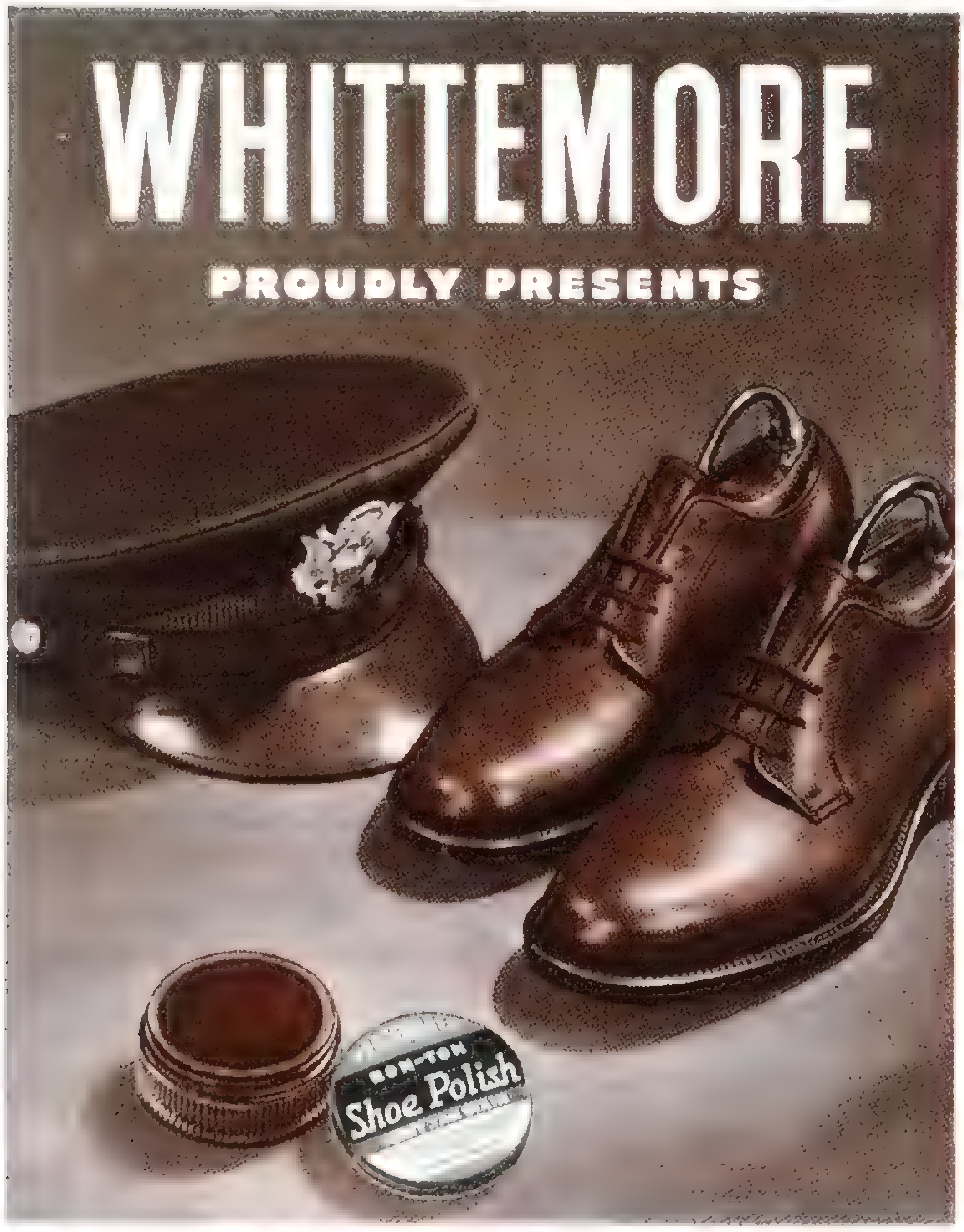

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BON-TON
Shoe Polish
ARMY TAN STAIN

WHITTEMORE
Stain Shoe Polish
FOR GENTLEMEN'S BOOTS AND SHOES

The Test of Courage

Continued from pages 28-129-130-132

rowed obediently in time with the stern oars. The boat began to make good way.

"That's better," Michael said, when they had been rowing a little while. "They'll soon be out looking for us. All we have to do is keep rowing."

"And where would they be looking for us?" said Peter. "Sure nobody saw us leave the port."

"They'll see the boat is gone," Michael said. "Why can't you have sense? I bet they're out looking for us now. All we have to do is to keep rowing quietly."

"And how would they see us?" Peter said after a pause. "We can hardly see the land from here, even though it's so big. How could they see this curragh from the land and it no bigger than a thimble on the water?"

Michael suddenly raised his voice and said angrily:

"Is it how you want us to lie down and let her drift away until we die of hunger and thirst? Stop talking and row quietly. You'll only tire yourself out with your talk."

"Don't you be shouting at me, Michael O'Hara," Peter cried. "You better watch out for yourself. Is it how you think I'm afraid of you?"

They rowed in silence after that for more than two hours. The boat made good way and the land became much more distinct on the horizon. It kept rising up from the ocean and assuming its normal shape. Then Peter dropped his oars and let his head hang forward on his chest. Michael went forward to him.

"I'm thirsty," Peter said. "I'm dying with the thirst. Is there any sign of anybody coming?"

"There is no sign yet, Peter," Michael said gently. "We have to have courage, though. They'll come all right. Let you lie down in the bow for a while. I'll put your jersey over your face to keep the sun from touching you. That way you won't feel the thirst so much. I heard my father say so."

He had to help Peter into the bow, as the older boy was completely helpless with exhaustion. He pulled off Peter's jersey and put it over his face.

"Lie there for a while," he said, "and I'll keep her from drifting. Then you can spell me."

He returned to his seat and continued to row. He suffered terribly from thirst. He was also beginning to feel the first pangs of sea-hunger. Yet he experienced an exaltation that made him impervious to this torture. Ever since his imagination had begun to develop, he had been plagued by the fear that he would not be able to meet danger with courage. Even though he deliberately sought out little dangers and tested himself against them without flinching, he continued to believe that the nervousness he felt on these occasions was a sign of cowardice and that he would fail when the big test came.

Now that the big test had come, he experienced the first dark rapture of manhood instead of fear. His blue eyes were no longer soft and dreamy. They had a look of somber cruelty in them, the calm arrogance of the fighting male. His mind was at peace, because he was now free from the enemy that had lurked within him. Even the pain in his bowels and in his parched throat only served to excite the triumphant will of his awakening manhood. When his tired muscles could hardly clutch the oars within his blistered palms, he still continued to row mechanically.

In the afternoon, when the village boats finally came to the rescue, Michael was still sitting on his transom, trying to row feebly. By then he was so exhausted that he did not hear the approach of the boats until a man shouted from the nearest one of them. Hearing the shout, he fell from his seat in a faint.

When he recovered consciousness, he was in the bow of his father's boat. His father was holding a bottle of water to his lips. He looked up into his father's rugged face and smiled when he saw there was no anger in it. On the contrary, he had never before seen such tenderness in his father's stern eyes.

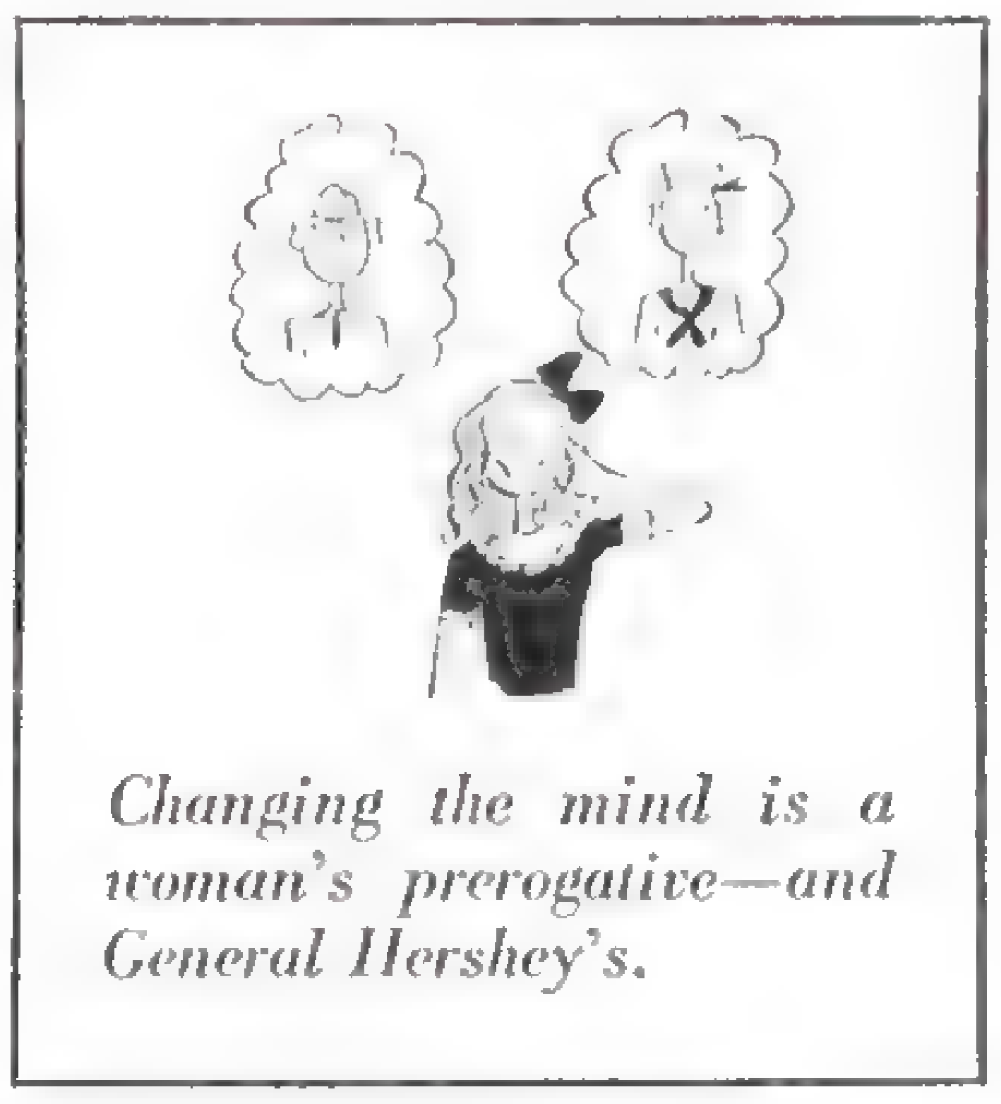
"Was it how you dragged anchor?" his father said.

Although his upper lip was twitching with emotion, he spoke in a casual tone, as to a comrade.

"It could happen to the best of men," the father continued thoughtfully after Michael had nodded his head. "There's no harm done though, thank God."

He put some clothes under the boy's head, caressed him roughly and told him to go to sleep. Michael closed his eyes. In another boat, Peter's father was shouting in an angry tone.

Michael opened his eyes again when his father and the other men in the boat had begun to row. He looked at the muscular back of his father, who was rowing in the bow seat. A wave of ardent love for his father swept through his blood, making him feel tender and weak. Tears began to stream from his eyes, but they were tears of joy because his father had looked at him with tenderness and spoken to him as to a comrade. ⁂



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Symphony No. 5, in E Minor (Dvorak, Op. 95); Rochester Philharmonic Orchestra, Jose Iturbi conducting. Victor DM-899

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Cesar Franck Symphony in D Minor; San Francisco Symphony Orchestra, Monteux conducting. Victor DM-840

Transient

Strip Polka; Kay Kyser. Columbia 36635

Amen; Abe Lyman. Bluebird 11542

Idaho; Alvino Rey. Bluebird 11331

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Take Me; Tommy Dorsey. Victor 27923

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Massachusetts; Here Comes the Navy; Andrews Sisters. Decca 18497

Strip Polka; Mister Five by Five; Andrews Sisters. Decca 18470

Happy Holiday; Bing Crosby, the Music Maids and Hal; J. S. Trotter Orchestra; *Be Careful, It's My Heart;* Bing Crosby; J. S. Trotter Orchestra. Decca 18424

Daybreak; Brazil; Jimmy Dorsey. Decca 18460

Ev'ry Night About This Time; I'm the Same Old Me; Ink Spots. Decca 18461

Just As Though You Were Here; This Is Worth Fighting For; Ink Spots. Decca 18466

The Humming Bird; I've Got a Gal in Kalamazoo; Andrews Sisters. Decca 18464

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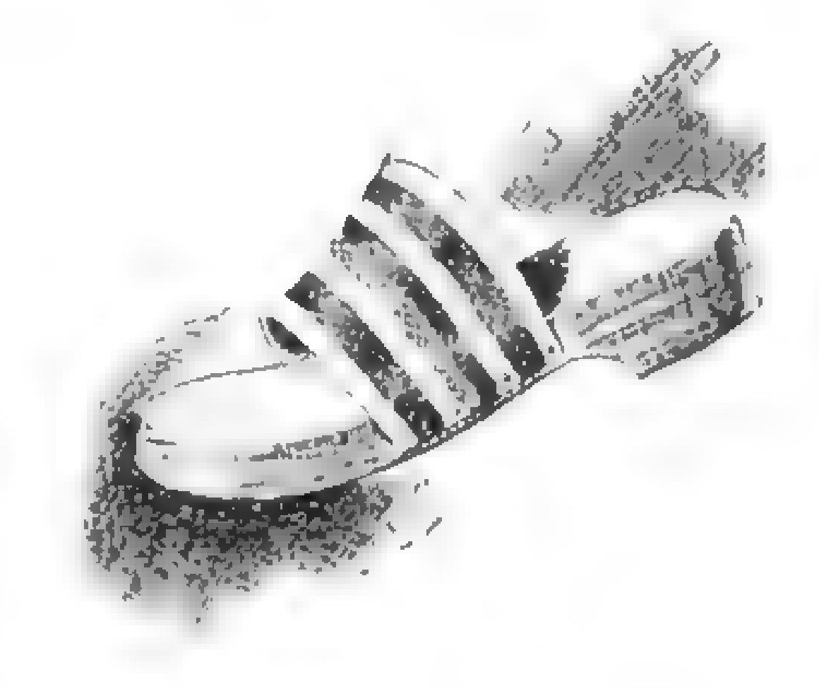
He's Rupp and Ready

Continued from page 53

tucky-Vanderbilt games at Nashville and Lexington found both the pore li'l mountain boys and their opponents getting so rough that the game was dropped for a year, though they've patched it up now and this year they meet at Lexington, January 26, and at Nashville, February 1.

But these feuds are merely skirmishes beside the feud with Tennessee. This school didn't do much in basketball until about five years ago when quiet, bespectacled Johnny Mauer, who had preceded Rupp as Kentucky's coach, went there to take over basketball.



Wooden clogs, preferred by Army men for wear in shower rooms, are now sought by civilians for the locker rooms.

Kentucky and Tennessee always have been bitter football rivals, and Rupp, with an eye for business, saw no reason why this rivalry shouldn't be transplanted to the basketball floor and pay dividends. Finally Major Bob Neyland, then the director of athletics at Tennessee, tired of Rupp's aspersions at the expense of the Vols and gave Mauer *carte blanche* to go out and get himself a basketball team. Among his scholarships, he gave one to Bernie Mehen of Wheeling, West Virginia, who brought along his kid brother, Dick, who turned out to be even better than Bernie.

Tennessee soon began making trouble for Kentucky. The teams had broken even in their home-and-home series for the last three years, but in the 1941 conference finals at Louisville, Mauer obtained an abundance of revenge by slipping Rupp a 36 to 33 jolting.

But instead of growing sour about this new rivalry, Rupp simply cashed in on it characteristically. Now a Kentucky-Tennessee basketball game, which used to draw 1,500, packs them to the rafters at either Lexington or Knoxville. And there's no telling what these games will draw when Kentucky completes a new million dollar fieldhouse, now in the blueprint stage for the duration, which will seat 8,000.

Although beyond a doubt the most hated college basketball coach in Dixie, Rupp is a public hero in Lexington. For all his strife and contention, he takes an active and articulate interest in civic affairs, belongs to the Kiwanians and is a patron of the arts. Formerly a feudist with the footballers in his drive to stir up interest in basketball in the South, he has buried that hatchet to the extent of promoting a high school all-star game every December for the benefit of the town's crippled children's hospital. In this activity, The Baron is being no mere Babbitt. His only son, two-year-old Adolph Jr., or "Hercules," has been a semi-invalid since birth. Tough as he is in combat, the man's brusque and polemical exterior covers soft spots.

That he possesses personally the raw courage that is evident in his victorious teams is indicated by this incident of the bitter Winter of 1941. Rupp came down with the flu on the eve of the game with Clem Crowe's Xavier Musketeers of Cincinnati. The school physician ordered him to the hospital. Running a temperature of 104, Rupp went under protest. The next afternoon, however, he happened to see an optimistic statement by Crowe in the paper predicting victory.

"Where's my pants?" The Baron yelled furiously to his nurse. "I'm getting outta here!" That night, bundled up like Amundsen, he sat on the bench, quaking violently with chills. Kentucky won the ball game, but Rupp went back to the hospital to wrestle with pneumonia.

As would be expected from so dynamic a personality, The Baron dominates his teams on the floor. His players are so many marionettes in the hands of this burly man who runs the show even though confined to the bench. The fans know who's boss the moment The Baron, bowing to right and left, strides majestically in behind his players as they take the floor, meanwhile casting his contemptuous glares in the direction of his hecklers.

Prior to putting the University of Kentucky on the basketball map, Rupp coached for a year at the Marshalltown, Iowa, and five years at the Freeport, Illinois, high schools. His Freeport teams won 81 and lost 11 games.

Although he played the zone defense in college, he thinks it is now on the way out. He prefers a shifting "man-to-man" in which a player can "switch off" his man in an emergency. His teams alternate a fast and slow break, depending on the defensive setup and which man gets the ball. As Elmer Lampe, Georgia coach, says: "They'll slow-break on a few plays, and then when your defense moves up leisurely to meet them, they'll fast-break you dizzy."

The Baron's system features a five-man offense with two big fast guards who can shoot long or come down to "set up" plays or drive in for follow shots. He likes his centers big, but will use little men, like Ermal Allen who weighed 155, at forward. Rupp was one of the first college coaches to use the screening block in which there is no actual contact. In 1938 when Long Island University beat him

57 to 41 in Madison Square Garden, his team had numerous fouls called on them for screening. That is the custom in the East—to call a foul even when there is no contact on the play. Now, however, nearly all of the leading teams use a modified screen, and it's becoming o.k.

Condition is the main thing The Baron stresses. An ideal basketball player, he says, "should have the footwork of a boxer, catch and throw a ball with the 'give' and deftness of Rabbit Maranville, and be as tireless as Glenn Cunningham." He always carefully watches his opponents in the warm-up before a game. He is wary of any team that handles the ball smoothly in warm-up. "If they don't drop it and throw it away in practice, they aren't likely to do it in a game," he avers. Although a Westerner, he uses many features of the East's open style of play. He differs, however, with Eastern coaches, notably Nat Holman, in his manner of catching the ball. Holman teaches the open-hand method, but Rupp insists that the spin can be controlled better with palms cupped, as Rabbit Maranville caught pop flies.

Take good material, good competent coaching and good conditioning, and add the psychology and gab of a natural-born showman, and you have old "Rupp and Ready" and the secret of basketball's rise to glory at the University of Kentucky. The Baron has proved by demonstration that a man himself and his game can flower and thrive on controversy and contumely. ##

Inventory for a Blitz

Continued from page 57

to know and try to find out.

If bombers could be active every night, the number of tons of bombs which could be shuttled from London to Germany would total 300,000,000 pounds per month. Since unfavorable weather will probably ground most attack planes half the coming winter, a conservative maximum can be assumed of fifteen operational nights per month, or a possible bomb total of 150,000,000 pounds.

With our present production schedule, we are prepared to replace all losses, while constantly swelling the grand total; and we are prepared to maintain this offensive *post hoc ergo propter hoc.*

To get a picture of the destructive power of 10,000,000 pounds of concentrated explosive dropped in a single night on one city, it is only necessary to recall that Coventry was almost completely devastated. And the total poundage dumped on this industrial city was only 800,000.

If our joint-attack force chose to attack a town like Frankfurt three nights in succession, it could deluge that city with a rain of 30,000,000 pounds. Now . . . suppose we translate this poundage into destructive power. One 2,000-pound bomb, according to published reports, will bring about complete destruction of everything over an area of 25,000 square feet, with heavy blast injury to everything within a space of about 75,000 square feet. A three night, full-scale offensive against Frankfurt could involve 15,000 blasts, each destroying an area one mile square. As for loss of life, it is sufficient to note that, according to Swedish reports, the loss of life in one medium-scale bombing of Cologne by the R.A.F. totaled 20,000 persons.

You can guess at the supply and cost problems of large-scale raids by the 1,000-plane raid on Cologne. The British estimate that this jaunt burned up approximately 1,375,000 American gallons of gas. The cost of the ships involved totaled 300,000,000 dollars. Thirteen million dollars' worth of aircraft failed to return.

But more significant, Cologne was virtually destroyed. Yet the number of British men lost in the attack was not more than 250. The Nazis lost, according to reports, a million and a half men at Stalingrad alone.

It should be observed that all bombings until recent times have been token affairs. In 1942 American production was in its initial stages, the planes that rolled off the newly-constructed assembly lines had to be distributed to the several corners of the earth, and opinion was still divided on the power of mass bombing. Many people held that destruction from the sky performed no military miracles, killed non-participants, and hardened rather than disintegrated the morale of the population.

What is to come is another illustration of Mr. Engel's transformation of quantitative changes into qualitative changes. A small dose of strychnine may be a stimulant, a large dose is lethal. Raids of the kind that fell on London were stimulants to resistance. Raids that fell on Rostov and Lubeck left few burghers to be so indoctrinated. Raids of 10,000,000 or more pounds each, continued night after night for the next ten months, will leave no Germany to feel anything.

The Allied air losses in flights over German-occupied territory have varied from 4 to 10 per cent. If this ratio were to be kept constant, our losses in the projected 1,000-plane ceaseless blitz would be from 40 to 100 planes nightly, per operational night, or some 400 to 1,500 planes per month, assuming that winter weather sponsors from ten to fifteen favorable nights.

The percentage of losses decreases in inverse proportion to the size. During the small R.A.F. feeler raids in the first months of 1941, losses in bombers and fighters were often as high as 10 per cent. The mass raids of recent months cut losses down to 4 and 5 per cent. It should follow that further increases in the size of the

Continued at top of page 138

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Inventory for a Blitz

Continued from pages 57-137

attacking force will lop off these losses to a nearly negligible degree.

A small raid does not necessarily incapacitate communications, disrupt normal defense activities, or destroy anti-aircraft batteries. The enemy's fighter planes come up and meet the attackers plane for plane or outnumber them. In a saturation raid, where 8,000-pound "block-buster" bombs fall right and left, hundreds of thousands of incendiaries set up so many fires that the defenders are kept hopping about like hysterical hydra-hunters, and when thousands of smaller demolition and fragmentation bombs hail metal and rubble on the heads of the population, resistance, to say the least, is retarded. And fighter planes which climb up for police work are so engulfed that little is left for them to do except direct traffic . . . before plunging home again as twisting torches.

Bill Ziff, whose *The Coming Battle of Germany* killed any doubts about the gain-the-decision virtues of air power, claims that our offensive goal should be 5,000 heavy bombers, weighing up to 300 tons each. Of course losses would be consistently replenished. He would settle, for the time being, for 5,000 Flying Fortresses and Consolidated B-24's. He feels that a systematic attack by these alone, reducing all communication centers, key factories, oil reservoirs, viaducts, bridges, airports, and industrial placements could make Germany powerless. This taken care of, Japan, standing vulnerable and alone, would come next.

Well, the 300 tonners are on the way. Meanwhile, our "block-busters" are dropping on the Reich like hard, cold rain.

Many have doubted that an air blitz alone could lick Germany. Our pre-Pearl Harbor Army staff was not alone in its eyebrow-raising about the No. 1 importance of the air forces. Prime Minister Churchill, the British Cabinet, and Foreign Minister Anthony Eden until recently were reported by London correspondents as standing with the scoffers, despite the R.A.F.'s brilliant achievements.

But last summer's saturation bombings have produced a positive *fait accompli.* Rostock is gone. Lubeck is gone. There are no more Krupp works in Essen. Hamburg and Cologne are reported cities whose centers no longer exist.

Other sources report that German morale is cracking. For months, arrogant "Herrenfolk" might have felt "proud" that their sons were being buried in Russia; but now the surviving sons are learning that their families are being blown to the Aryan Valhalla, by way of the home front. And none of this, it is submitted, contributes to "Strength through Joy." ###

Geo-Gods and Little Fishes

Continued from page 51

natural and necessary growth."

Kjéllen, who envisioned Sweden as part of a greater Germany, maintained that the chief reason the German people had allowed themselves to lose the territory they once held within the Holy Roman Empire was because they had not cherished inwardly their great spiritual treasure—a sense of space.

Hitler, taking up the "living room" cry—unsuccessfully attempted by Bismarck and the Kaiser—soon made political capital of this issue. Absorbing Kjéllen through Haushofer, he cultivated the spacial concepts of a paranoic.

Nazi Geopolitik has also sponsored the peculiar notion that political health is only possible in countries dominated exclusively by one race. Quaint exceptions often throw ironic shadows on the rule. Take the case of Herr Professor Haushofer himself. In the interest of consistency, it was necessary for his wife, who is half-Jewish, to be recreated into an honorary "Aryan"—thanks to the biological skill of a paperhanger.

It also was necessary to create a non-existent German race, and call it "Aryan"—a word which has no meaning whatever. And the Alpine-Mediterranean-Nordic-Mongol Germans—Herr Haushofer's hybrid puritans—were sitting on their haunches in the caves of the Tyrol while Confucius wrote words of wisdom . . . and King David wrote the Psalms.

Russia, which Haushofer considers the "heartland of the world," is not really a "state"—but little more than an agglomeration of races. The state that controls this area, Haushofer reasons, eventually will rule the world. He proposes that the Nazis attack Russia and disintegrate it. He would break up the territory into satellite areas, all of which would be dependent parts of the state to end all states, Germany of the Heartland—a mighty area extending from the Elbe in the West to the Amur in the East.

* * *

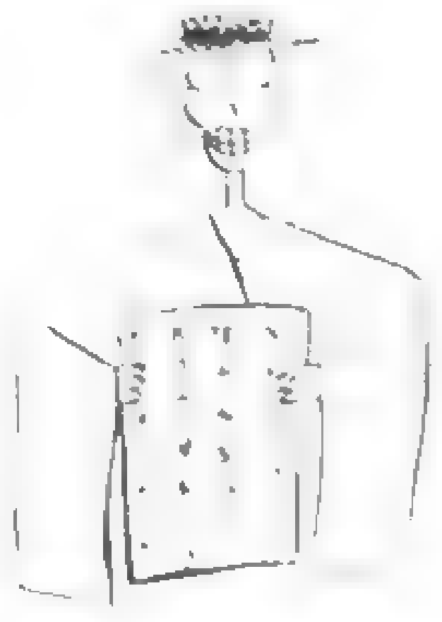
If our statecraft can profit in some way from the theory of the biology of the state, then it can also profit from astrology, numerology, and the foretelling of the future with the liver of a goose.

Yet there are those among us who hold that sauce for the goose is sauce for the political gander; and that we can expropriate the expropriators. All we have to do is look at the peace as geopolitically as the Nazis look at the war: geography will step in where economies fails. For, once natural borders are set up, man will no longer raise arms against his fellowman.

Take, for example, Professor Renner's argument. Renner holds that he, along with Hartshorne at

Wisconsin, Whittlesey at Harvard, Bowman at Johns Hopkins, and Tuthill at Columbia, began studying Geopolitik "as long ago as the Germans did. Obviously," he claims, "if a German *Geopolitiker* can draw up a map for an Axis-dominated Europe, we should at once set our geographers to work on a new world map to meet democratic specifications."

Unfortunately, when Mr. Renner sets about this task, he falls in with the same notions that characterize the Germans. Assuming blandly that the causes for friction between peoples is based on cultural and territorial fol-de-rol, he discusses the advantages of a "strong united Germany surrounded by eight other strong European nations."



Japanese authorities are now warning their people to expect a long war. The United States appears to have joined the roster of nations who refuse to stay annihilated.

First comes a Fenno-Scandic Union, the agglomeration of Norway, Sweden, Iceland, Denmark, Finland, and Esthonia. "All of these," claims Professor Renner, "are culturally similar and have at times enjoyed union with one another."

A West Slavic or Czecho-Polska state is proposed, which would take in Lithuania. In the Southeast he advocates a Balkan Union, throwing in Greece, to boot.

England, under the Renner order, combines with a "Dutch-Flemish state" to form a British-Dutch Commonwealth. Ireland is tossed in. Greater Germany absorbs all the German-speaking peoples of Europe—and has attached to it a satellite Hungary.

Throwing aside the early twentieth-century notion of the self-determination of peoples, the professor neatly parcels out Africa to the various large states, each according to its needs.

* * *

Regardless of what geographers and National Socialists maintain, there is no basis for human conflict in race or land. There is as yet no scientific evidence to prove any differences between races in so far as I. Q., emotion, or aptitude is concerned. And there is no hint that any one race is wedded to any particular conflux of latitude and longitude.

On the contrary, most of the known facts speak eloquently in rebuttal, as is evidenced by the speed with which one race after another has taken to techniques formerly considered far outside its ken; by the way race after race has migrated to new areas, amalgamated and flourished.

It is perhaps the irony of history that melting pot is today taking up arms against melting pot. And the aggressive "Aryans" of Herr Hitler are among the most mongrel of all peoples, including, among other things, the Mongol descendants in East Prussia, the Alpines of Bavaria and the Rhineland . . . and layers of mixed Nordics and Mediterranean.

We should know by now that conflict doesn't necessarily derive from differences of race, language, or culture. The Louisiana French were not destined to struggle eternally against the English of the Carolinas, the Spanish of Florida, or the Dutch of New Amsterdam. An economic milieu was struck up which satisfied all colonists; and the diverse strains soon produced an all-American blend.

The same argument holds for other outstanding melting pots, from the United States of Brazil to Soviet Russia. Economic distinctions, on the other hand, can spring up, armed like Athena, and cleave brothers, as was instanced in the American Civil War.

Economic pressures, rooted in class interests or rival trade factions are patently at the bottom of wars although cleverly manipulated propaganda may becloud the issues. No one disputes the fact that the Crusades were animated by loot-interests, although propaganda for Faith undoubtedly touched the well-springs of some. Raw material, loot, and markets are behind the Japanese push, though mysticism and mental bulldozing inspire the Japanese foot-soldier to commit fanatic deeds of derring-do.

And economic pressures, it should be observed, can be solved by means other than boundary setting, the shifting of racial groups, or the reworking of historic sagas.

The problems of a permanent peace are the problems of permanent plenty, not natural borders. Establish the economy of plenty globally and co-operatively and borders, like the hypothetical state, will quietly wither away. For all people are citizens of plenty. All care more about bread, milk, and warmth than about the honor of being Frenchmen, Poles, or Bulgars; and they willingly change national earmarks and homelands as the centers of milk and honey shift.

For four thousand years this has been the basis of colonization. It is the reason for America, the refuge of the underfed and the underprivileged of all nations.

Permanent peace is only possible when Mr. Donne's point, that "no man is an Islande," gets a global and economic foothold. For in this complex age, no factory and no industry can be "an Islande" either. And no peace can ever hold until Vice-President Wallace's "loaf of bread and pint of milk" become as generally widespread as the common cold. ##

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Black Pirates From a Snow Blind

Continued from page 41

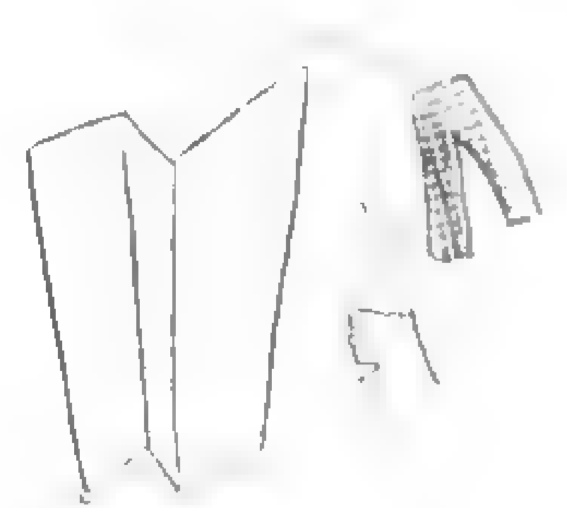
without much doubt the wariest upland game bird of this continent, and among waterfowl the Canada goose has a hard-won reputation for wisdom. But you could roll the brains of pheasant and grouse and turkey and goose into one, and Old Jim Crow could give odds and still take first place against the lot of them.

He has to be smart to live. He doesn't take refuge in the bleak marshes where the gray geese nest. He doesn't need the piny woods and the laurel thickets of the turkey range to save his hide. He's slower than the grouse, and a lot more conspicuous and less secretive than the pheasant. He counts on his wits to save his neck. He settles down in the back yard of his sworn enemies and prospers. He nests in farming country where every hand is set against him. He bands and travels in great noisy flocks, making no secret of his coming and going. But when he flies he stays high above gun range and when he rests, sharp-eyed lookouts keep endless watch over the flock. He has learned the tricks of his foes and he's canny enough to beat them at their own game. He's a feathered fox and that very thing makes him good hunting.

One trait and only one leaves him vulnerable. That is his abiding hatred for a certain feathered brother. He wages a bitter feud with the owl tribe, an endless, deathless feud, and he will turn aside from whatever business he may be on to mob and harass and pester any owl he sees. Once the crow hunter understands that habit and learns how to take advantage of it, it's as easy to bring crows to his blind as bluebills. Only the decoy is different.

Crow shooting calls for an owl decoy. So far as I know, the crow is the only bird sought by gunners that is tricked to his doom by the image of his most hated enemy. Duck hunting requires wooden ducks or canvas ducks or cork ducks or some other kind of ducks. The goose hunter sets out a stool of profile Canadas and in the old and more liberal days added a few live callers to add zest and flock-appeal to the layout. Yellowleg shooting was done over dummy yellowlegs. I've seen a Swampy Cree on James Bay keep himself supplied with loon meat all summer by rigging up a crude dummy loon whittled out of a piece of driftwood. Even the hair seals used to swim in and look that one over from time to time, and follow the loons into the stew kettle in consequence. But crow shooting wouldn't be worth bothering with if you had to rely on crow decoys. They help, if it comes to that. The average veteran sets out a dozen or fifteen of them around his blind, usually of the profile type. Some use more. But Old Jim Crow is too smart to be fooled by anything as simple as that. There has to be a better reason than just a cousinly call for him to risk his neck by dive-bombing at low levels in strange territory, or making a landing on an unknown field. The best reason in the world is an owl. Once he gets a glimpse of his arch enemy sitting down there on a fence post in the middle of a flock of other crows, reason deserts him and he throws caution to the wind.

Any kind of an owl will do, but some will do better than others. A live bird of the great horned variety tops the list. He's Public Enemy No. 1 in every crow city in the land, he's big enough to attract attention to himself and he moves around on his tether sufficiently that no passing crow is likely to overlook him.



Being married to a gal with a good defense job must be paradise. What could be more fun than rifling her pockets after every pay day?

Who can remember the good old days when we had an unemployment problem?

Most of the confirmed crow hunters I know keep a decoy owl. It's easy enough to get a youngster out of the nest in early spring and a mixed diet of sparrows and mice and hamburg serves to keep him in good health. Moving him in and out of his cage for hunting trips and handling him in the field calls for respectful caution, some finesse and a pair of heavy leather gloves, but it can be done without danger after a little concentrated practice.

Next to a live owl a mounted bird is the hunter's best bet. The taxidermy needn't be expertly done, and the average hunter is quite capable of turning out a homemade job that will meet all the requirements.

Commercial owl decoys are available on the market, and plenty of hunters use them with good results. For the hunter who is gadget-minded it's no difficult trick to turn out a good effective model of balsa or other soft wood.

Once the decoy problem has been settled, the next big step in crow shooting is the location and building of the blind.

Old Jim has eyes to cable home about. From the high air lanes he takes in the countryside near and far and he rarely misses a detail that is important to his own well being. He sees all that goes on below and on all sides, and he doesn't need to see twice. It takes no blunt warning of danger to send him kiting for the next county, calling the alarm to every crow within earshot as he goes. A hint is sufficient. One alien object, one suggestion of motion where no motion belongs, one false note of color or outline in a briar patch or along a fence row, and he gives the whole neighborhood a wide berth. It's that very quality that makes him worth a hunter's time and effort. But by the same token something special is needed in blinds if he is to be tricked within 20-gauge range.

The crow blind must match the landscape and grow naturally out of it. It must belong in shape and color to its surroundings and it must hide the hunter so perfectly that the crow will see nothing amiss till the guns are blasting.

In many sections the most popular and effective crow blind is built of cornshocks. But that is only because the bulk of the crow shooting is done in cornfields. Not for any special reason, if it comes to that. Crows are not much given to feeding in the cornfields in midwinter. The cornshock blind is easy to build, however, and in a field dotted with shocks the deception is perfect.

Brush or other cover makes as good a blind as the cornshocks, where the location is right. Some of the greatest crow shooting I know about is had along the brushy banks of a river where the birds fly back and forth on a frosty Winter morning.

One of the best crow hunters of my acquaintance has made a good kill on more than one morning by the simple trick of scooping out a low-roofed cave in a hard packed snowbank by some convenient fence corner, and lying doggo there, covered with a white sheet.

One of the most effective crow blinds I have ever seen is a knockdown contraption shaped like the duck blinds on the Sangamon, a rectangular pen about six feet long and four feet wide, with a roof sloping toward the back wall. The front is walled up from the bottom about three feet and above that it's open for shooting.

The blind is built in sections, of plywood or beaverboard painted white. It's good only on snow. In duck shooting you would leave the front open and unobstructed, but not in crow hunting. The dark interior of an open-faced blind would be enough to give an incoming crow the jitters, even if he failed to see the hunters or detect motion as they crouched to meet him. So the open front is shuttered up with one layer of white cheesecloth. The hunters inside are perfectly secreted and free to move about as they please. They can see out through the cloth about as well as if it weren't there and the shooting is done through it. When the front of the blind is riddled from shotgun fire, it is ripped off and new cloth tacked on.

Such a blind can be taken to the shooting grounds in a light pickup truck. It's worth consideration by any group of hunters that contemplates making crow shooting an all-Winter sport.

Next to the construction of the blind its location is all-important. A novice could put up his blind in good crow country, set out a proper stool of black decoys and top it off with a live owl, hide himself and observe the rules of the game—and sit there all Winter without killing a crow.

There are crow flyways as there are established routes of travel for mallard and redhead, and the hunter's first job is to locate 'em. Study the country you intend to hunt, learn where the crows congregate, where they feed, where they roost and above what fields and woodlots they pass to come to these places and leave them.

Your best shooting will be in Winter, when snow is on the ground, food is none too plentiful and the crows are gathered in big flocks. If you can locate a slaughterhouse or garbage dump at that season, count yourself fortunate. Those are the banquet tables on which the black scavengers fall back when the open countryside grows lean.

A roost is fully as good. The crows pick their roosting places, usually in a patch of open woods, and resort to them night after night, week after week and Winter after Winter unless they are disturbed and driven out. Evening after evening they come stringing in to the roost shortly before sundown, in long straggling lines, drifting low across the fields. Morning after morning they scatter out from the roost in broken bands to roam the countryside.

Locate a roost and stay out of it with your gun, and your crow hunting worries are over. Don't put your blind at the edge of the woods, however. The crows won't stand for that. Stay not less than a mile away and don't make the error of believing that one permanent blind will serve your needs, that from one stand you will have shooting every morning and every evening through the Winter. The flocks follow established travel lanes but not always the same lane. They prefer to come upwind to the roosting place. So set your shooting stand by the wind's direction, where Old Jim and the folks will be bound to pass over it.

For yourself, you'll want clothing to match the blind. The best crow hunting goes to the gunner who waits for snow, shoots from a white blind or a snow-sprinkled

Continued on page 142

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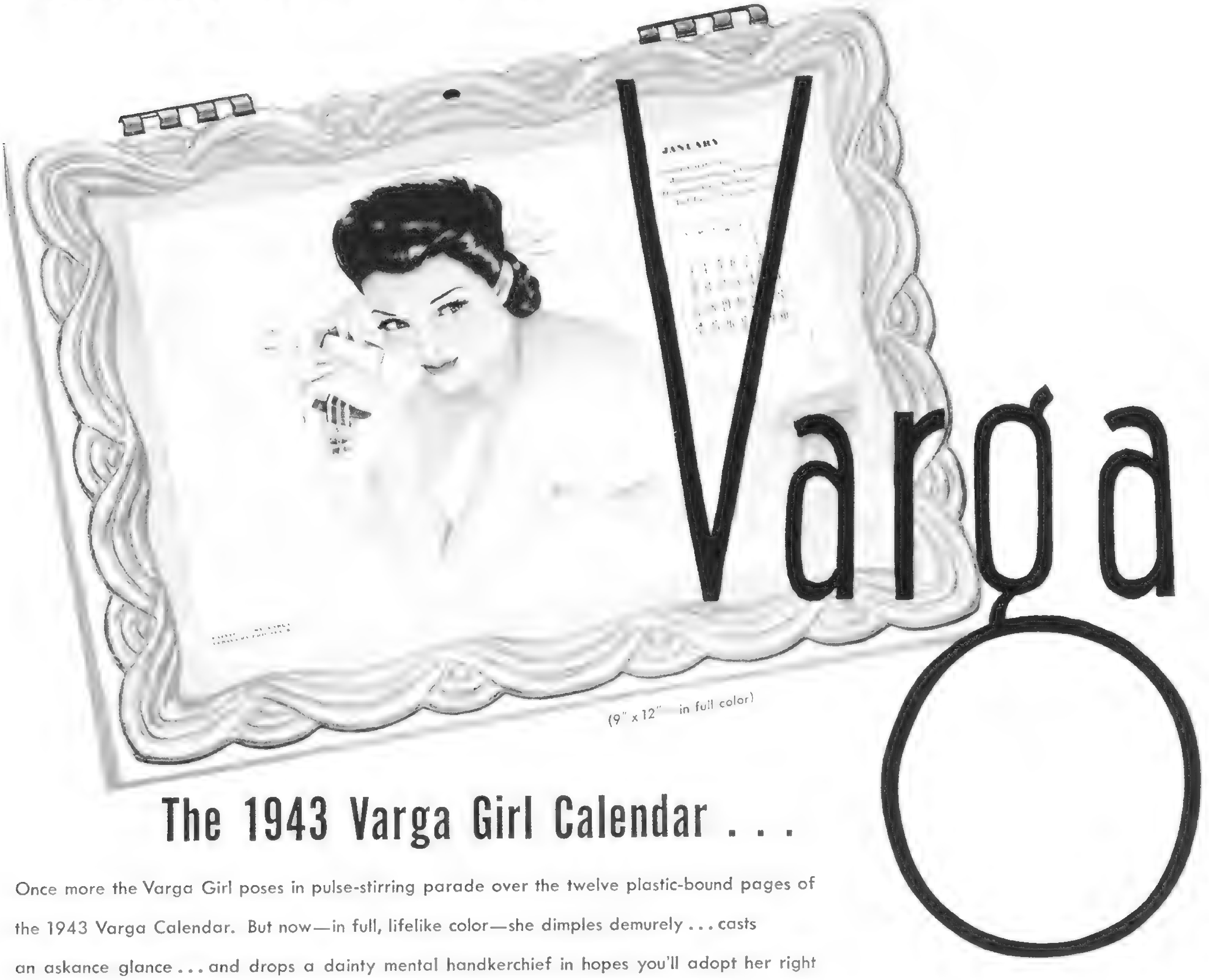

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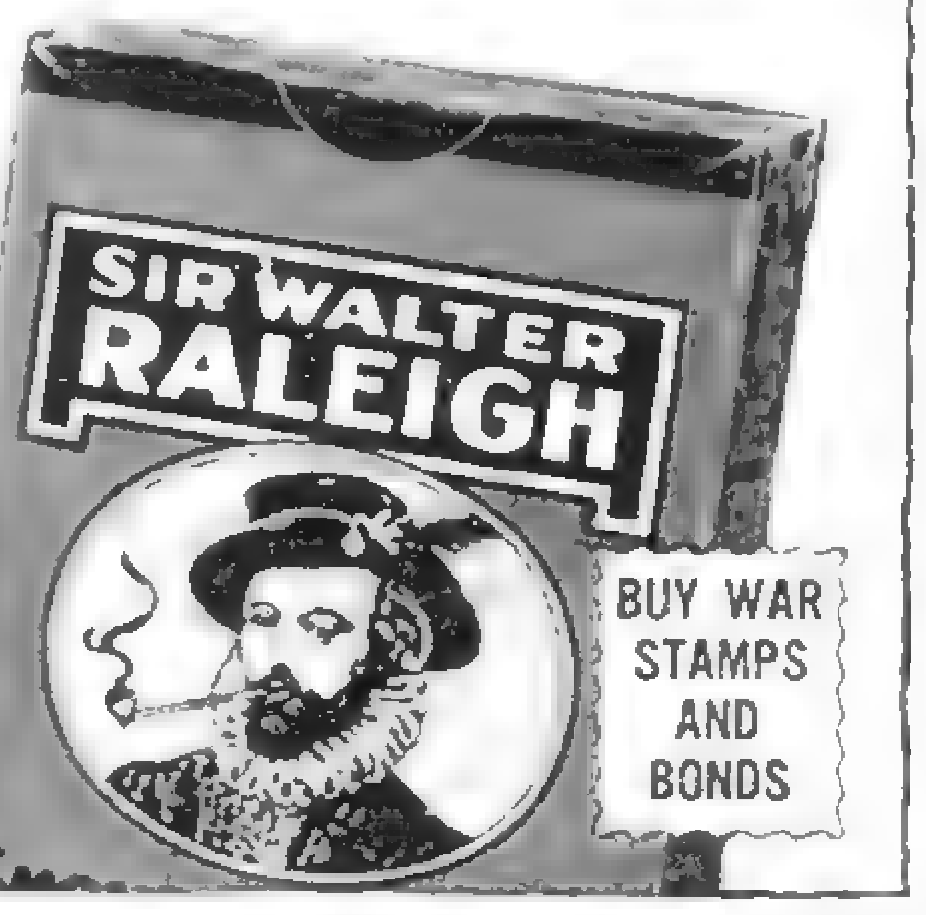

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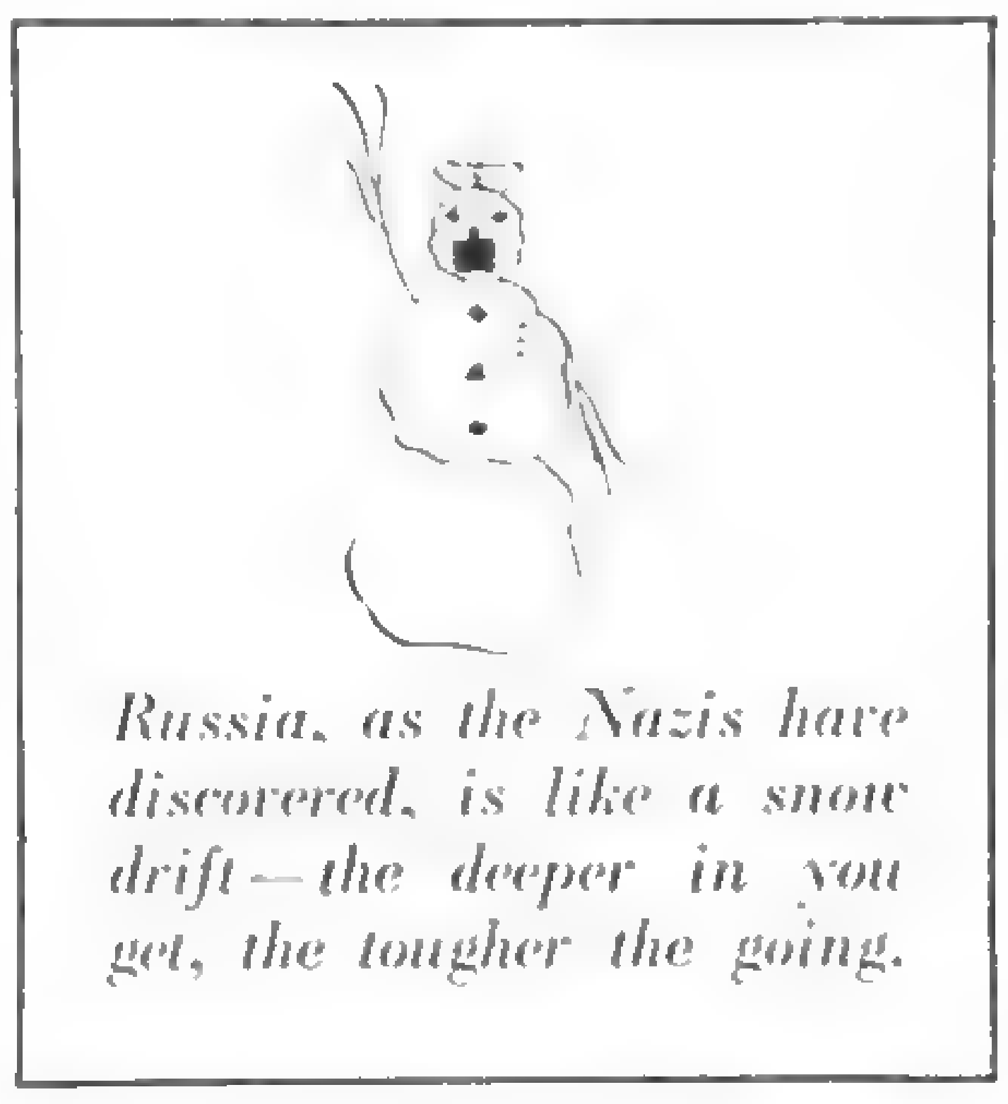
Black Pirates from a Snow Blind

Continued from pages 41-140

cornshock and goes garbed like a ski trooper. A white outfit is almost universal among crow hunters who know the game. For one reason or another, perhaps because the glare of a white landscape interferes with their sharp vision, crows decoy better and are less likely to see the gunner when there is snow on the ground.

The hunter's white garb can be whatever his preference dictates. A white parka made from an ordinary sheet, with the hood worn over the hunting cap, is as good as there is. One of the simplest outfits I have seen consists of a light gray, near white, athletic sweat shirt and drawers, pulled on over the regular hunting clothing, with a parka hood added to the shirt. A knitted white wool cap also makes ideal headgear. White gloves are not a bad idea in an open blind.



Russia, as the Nazis have discovered, is like a snow drift—the deeper in you get, the tougher the going.

When you have assembled your snow blind and the white clothing to go with it, profile decoys and owl, gun and shells, your crow hunting outfit is still not complete. It lacks one item. If you expect to get the most out of this winter wing shooting, invest half a buck in a crow call and a year or two of your life in learning to use it. The cream of the shooting on a crow hunt goes to the hunter who can make crow talk that's convincing to another crow.

Luring game up to the gun by calling is a fine art, regardless of the kind of game and the technique of the caller. I have heard some good calling in my day. In the alder tangles of Isle Royale, many years ago, I watched John Linklater bring a hopeful bull moose out of the birches and halfway across the open mud wallow at the mouth of the Chickenbone river, with soft, low grunts from a cone of birchbark, and I marveled that a man could speak moose language so artfully. I know many wildfowlers who can swing a solitary mallard in to the decoys as fast as they can throw their voices. The oldtime turkey hunters down in West Virginia do things with the wingbone of a wild hen turkey that are perfect beyond belief.

Crow language is a varied and specialized dialect. A flock gathering in a treetop to mob an owl doesn't sound much like a lone oldtimer drifting by himself across the winter fields and sending an occasional call down through the cold clear air. Young crows speak one tongue, old crows another. The courting notes are different from those of the sentry that watches while his partner pulls a row of young corn shoots.

If you want to succeed in crow hunting learn 'em all, what they mean and when they are used. There is only one way to do the job. That's to study crow talk in the field and master it by practice. It takes time but it pays dividends at a season when wing shooting is at a premium.

Get your outfit together then, crow call and owl, snow blind and ski suit. Pick a mild winter morning when there is a hint of fog on the distant hills and crows are cawing in every woodlot, drifting restlessly across the fields.

Make sure your blind is proof against Old Jim's long-distance eyes. Stake the owl out in front, on the ground if you're using a live bird, on a post if it's a wooden owl. Set the stool of profile crows around, two or three on the ground, one or two on nearby fence posts or in the leafless branches of a low tree where they will attract attention.

Huddle down in the blind and don't move as much as an eyelash. If you've chosen the right stand, you won't have long to wait. Presently, faint and far in the distance, you hear crow talk. Then you see 'em, three stragglers passing over a patch of woods a half mile away. Let 'em come a little nearer, then speak to 'em. Speak the sharp, outraged squall of a crow that's mad clear through. Tell 'em about the owl. Tell 'em again, and then sound the general alarm, the clan call.

And now they see the layout, the little band of mobsters gathered for the carnival, the owl hopping around on the ground. Keep on talking to 'em. They're coming now, hell bent for leather. The show is opening. They wouldn't miss their turn for all the corn in Iowa!

The leader is over the decoy now, eighty yards away. Hold it! Don't move yet! He tilts down, comes stooping on the owl, fifty yards off, forty—take him, now, take him. He crumples and falls and the others are circling, cawing wildly in their alarm and rage, uncertain where the shot came from. One turns and comes down at the decoy and is grounded for keeps. Never mind retrieving. Leave 'em where they fall. They add to the stool of decoys. As long as the owl is out there in front other crows won't bother about such petty details as the posture of the birds on the ground.

This is wing shooting, mister, of the kind you dreamed about but never hoped to have in a northern cornfield in midwinter. It's black pirates from a snow blind, at a time when no other feathered game is legal, and it's the answer to a bird hunter's closed season prayers! ##

The Limited Turn of the Worm

Continued from page 50

is in Boston, but I've been working in Connecticut. These men are from Bridgeport, New Haven, Hartford—the best in the business."

Mr. Fulton leaned forward, the gleam still in his eyes. "When can they get here?"

He was hooked. Mr. Fulton was hooked, all right. The front office was probably putting the heat on him to get the men. Maybe it was a matter of producing or getting out. If he could only believe that. "Wait a minute—there are a few details, first."

"We'll pay ten per cent more than they're getting now, and another ten per cent in the form of a bonus at the end of a year." Mr. Fulton moistened his lips with his tongue.

He waved his hands nonchalantly. Wonderful how relaxed he felt—it was because Mr. Fulton was tense. "It's not the money, so much. There are a couple of other matters I have to find out."

"What are they?"

"Are you married or single?"

"Married. Why?"

"Any children?"

"Two. Why do you ask?"

"Are you and your wife happy?"

Mr. Fulton looked down his nose. "What's the meaning of this?"

"These men have entrusted their future to me—I feel that I'm responsible for them. And working for a man who's unhappily married doesn't make my men happy."

"But they'll be working under the superintendent. I don't go into the plant."

Good, he had him explaining. "We'll take care of that later. You're the man they'll come to with their problems. Are you happily married?"

"Yes." Mr. Fulton's eyes conveyed his opinion of the questions.

"That's good. Then when my men come to you with difficulties, you can give them your full attention. You won't be worried over whether your wife is cheating. You're a college graduate, of course."

"Certainly. What in "

"What college?"

Mr. Fulton slammed his hand on the desk. "This is ridiculous. There's no possible sense— "

He became stern. "If that's the way you feel, we just won't bother. I can dispose of my men in a dozen places—where they'll be sure of common courtesy."

Mr. Fulton gripped his chair, sweat glinting his cheeks. "What possible reason do you have for asking these intimate questions?"

He was sweetness again. "As I told you, I'm responsible for these men. That's why I can dig up tool makers when the whole country's crying for them. They know I take a personal interest—they can trust me. I got them to leave their homes and jobs, and if they're not happy, it's my fault. If the man in charge of personnel isn't qualified, well, I don't want to have them work here. Now what college did you graduate from?"

Mr. Fulton took a stern grip on himself. "Harvard."

"Major in Psychology?"

"No."

"Sociology?"

"French."

He displayed innocent interest. "French, eh? How'd that qualify you to go into this field?"

"I—I just happened. Now if that's all, I'll—"

He shook his head. "No, that's not quite all. What was your scholastic position in your class?"

"I don't remember."

"Can't be very good, or you'd remember." He smiled in great friendliness. "Now this next is a kind of delicate point—I hope you won't take it personally."

Mr. Fulton exploded like an overloaded boiler. "Personally!" he shrieked. "What the hell kind of questions are you asking me?"

He looked regretful. "I'm sorry to see you've got such a temper. My men won't stand people losing tempers at them."

Mr. Fulton snarled. "I lost it at you."

"Me and my men see things the same way. That's why I work so well with 'em. I'm afraid you'll have to change your manner."

"What do your men care about my manner?" Mr. Fulton screamed.

"They're all skilled workmen, with a lot of self respect — they're used to being treated like equals."

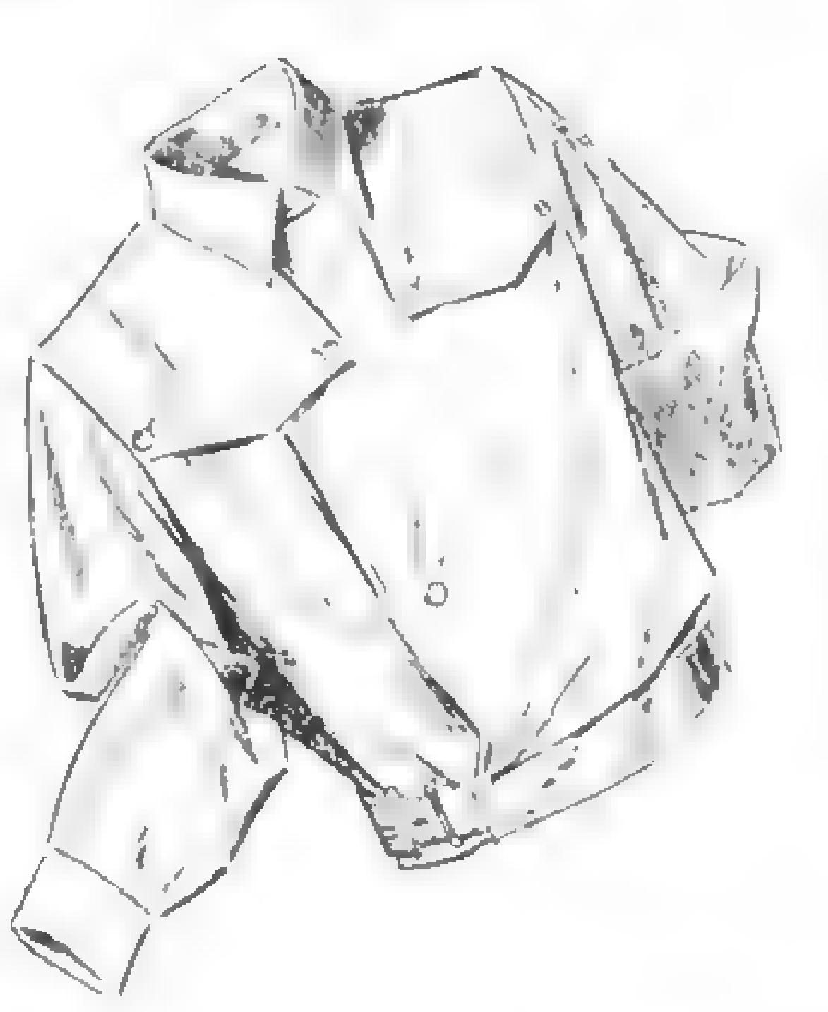
"I won't even see them."

"That's what I mean. They'll assume you consider yourself better than they are. I can tell you're inclined to be a little snobbish. They won't like that."

Mr. Fulton was hoarse. "You're crazy," he whispered. "Get out!"

He beamed happily. "Another thing the clothes you wear. They are too precise, too careful. That and your manner—those indicate fear and suspicion of others. No. I'm afraid my men wouldn't be happy here. Sorry to take your time. Good day, sir."

As he left the office, he had a final glimpse of Mr. Fulton tilted back against the back of his chair, his knuckles white from holding the arms, his face damp. ###



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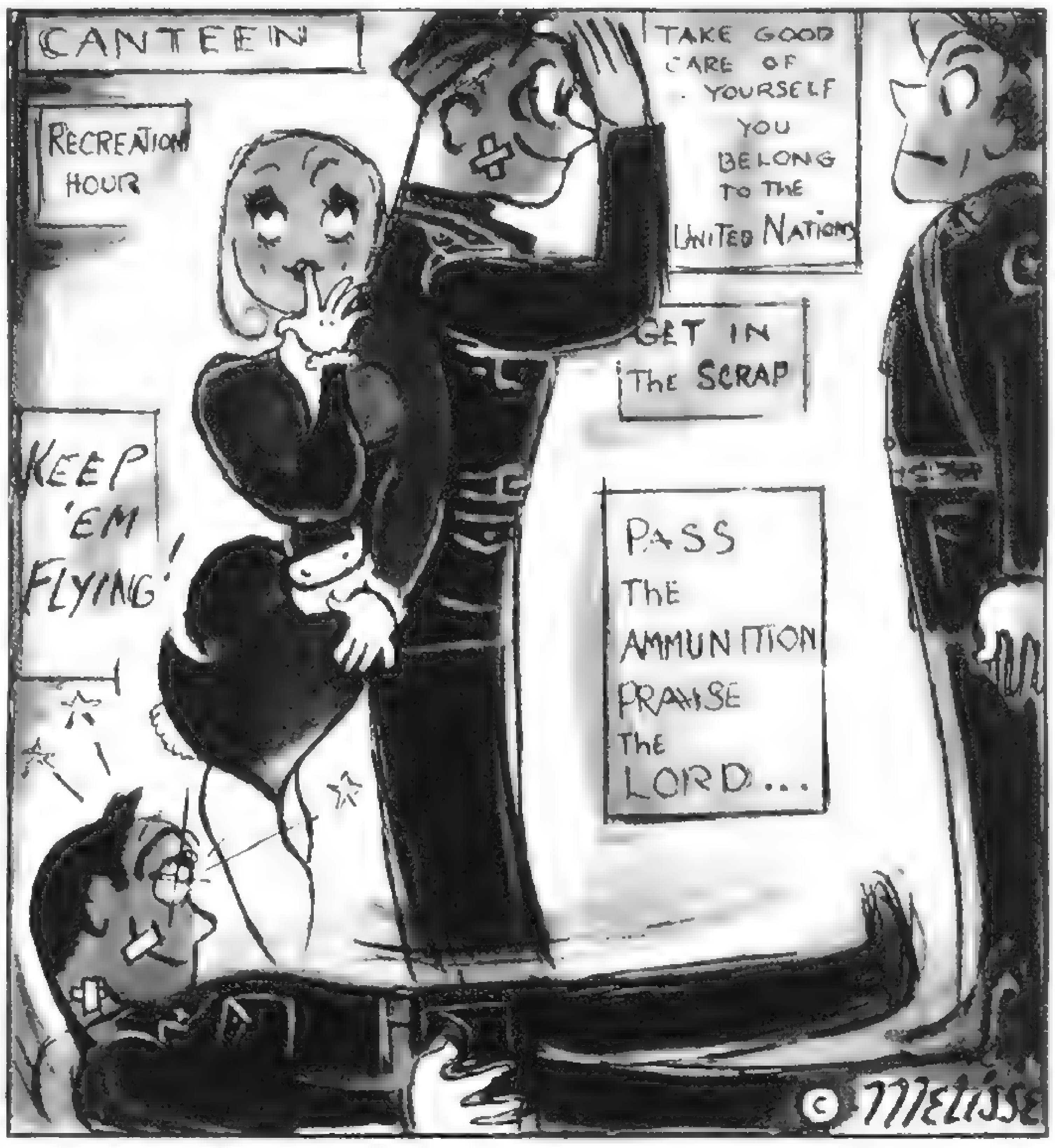
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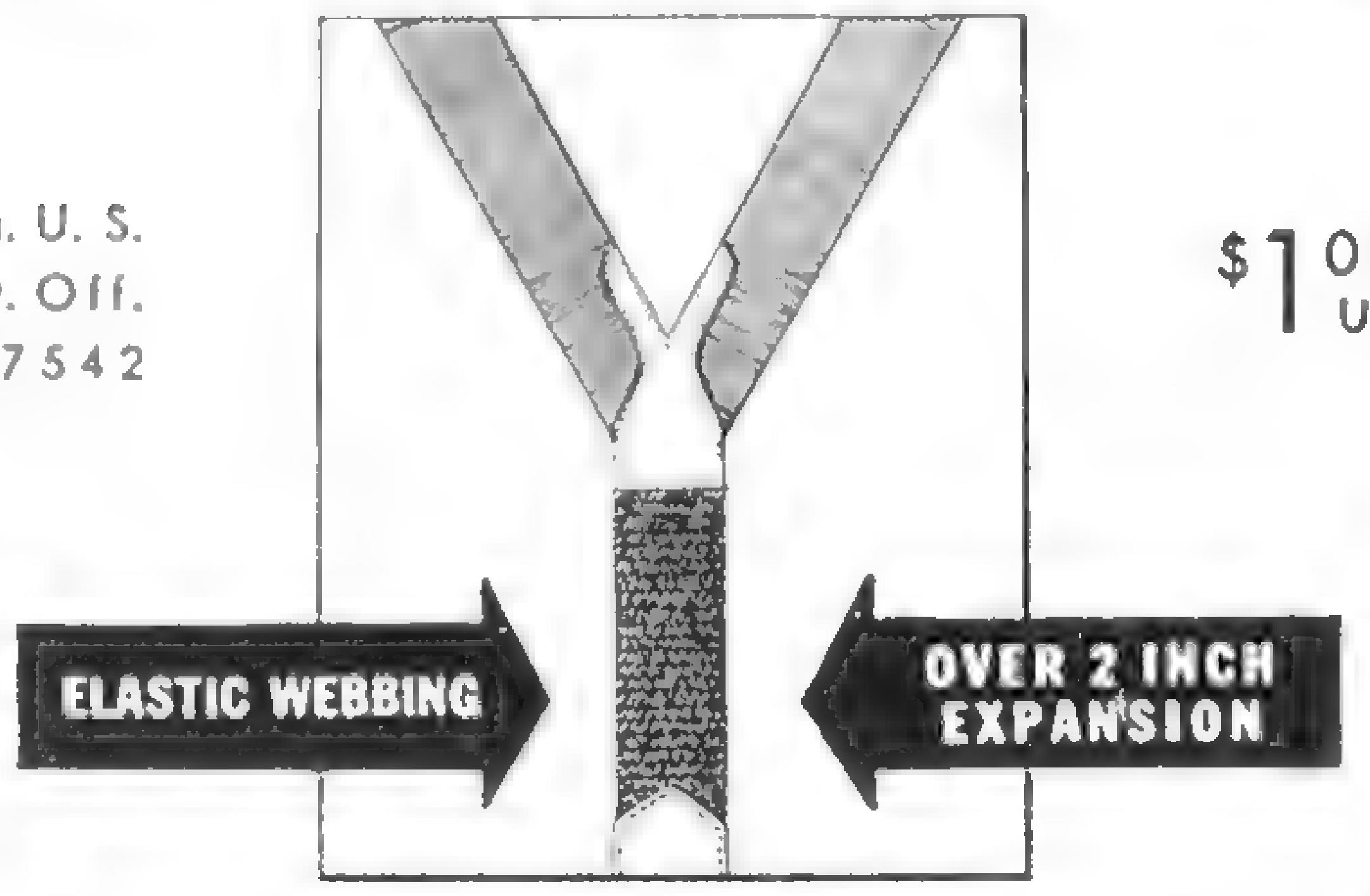

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Nobody Loves a Fat Boy

Continued from page 61

nibbled a slice of thin dry toast if only to quiet that growling stomach of his.

He stepped upon the penny scale near the cigar store. The mechanism coughed and disgorged a card: "165." A foul lie, for the bathroom scales had only said "161." The legend upon the back read: *Your grim determination and persistence will be the envy of your friends.* He wanted to save the prediction, but instead tore the card into bitter bits so that no one could ever piece together the shameful "165."

He passed a row of billboards. One presented pork and beans, each bean terribly alive and appetizing, another a loaf of white nut-flavored bread whiter than Margaret Sanders' lovely throat, a third the new streamlined wieners. He studied them with disfavor. No one seemed to think of anything but food. Like animals.

"Yoo-hoo, Earl!"

It was only Grace with two seniors, one a recent Navy recruit, escorting her. She was munching on a candy bar.

"Everything ought to be rationed," Earl reflected gloomily. "Everyone eats too much, especially Grace."

He hoped for a sudden illness that would keep him in bed and make fasting imperative. Margaret would come with candy and he would shake his head. Then he would return to the world as lean as a basketball center.

Now in a crisis he could carry on his work and still fast day after day. He had read somewhere that a man could fast for days and live comfortably off his fat reserve as long as he had enough water and a small ration of salt. He walked erect—that was one advantage he had. He would survive anywhere the Army or Navy sent him because he had iron rations padded in under his skin.

Already he could feel his stomach tugging for extra nourishment. The test-hour had come. There was a dullish hunger pain in his forehead; otherwise he was as fit as a parachutist. He wondered whether he would lose weight in the abdomen first or in the back, or in the chest and hips. How soon would his face get that lean gaunt look that English actors had? His clothes would hang on him. People would stop and point. "He must have endured great hardships," they would say.

At the school store Margaret Sanders was the center of a bevy of sweaters and skirts and low-heeled saddle shoes. "Hi!" he said nonchalantly, sauntering by.

Instantly four girlish heads bobbed together in a broad whisper. Earl colored and dropped his algebra book. It slapped at the concrete and his toe sent it sliding toward the gutter. A wave of giggles pursued him. He snatched it up and fled.

All morning he glowered at Margaret, and tried to hate her. But when she used her comb and did her hair behind another girl's back he admired her despite himself. He was annoyed when he saw her copying a classmate's homework but he could forgive her even that. He did not even hold it against her when she flirted with Nels Corvo whose father had returned home after having been reported missing in the Southwest Pacific.

At noon he lingered in the physiology class as long as he dared, all to avoid the usual trip to the lunch room. He eyed the chart of the human body with the organs outlined around it in meat-market fashion. Then he wandered past the knots of freshmen and sophomores near Elman's Fodder Inn. Students were mangling their hot-dog sandwiches in strong white teeth, crunching potato chips, and sucking at bottles of soda-pop.

It was a disgusting spectacle, all of them eating rapidly as they could. One boy was wolfing at a small pie from a paper dish in his hands. At Tony's Cafe the customers were snaring the hot doughnuts as fast as they came from the gleaming steel chromium machine in the window.

Disconsolately he walked on. He stopped near the milkman who parked his wagon here every noon. He eyed the students who were standing about and drinking their pints of milk. He felt the coins in his pocket. A bottle of milk would do him no harm. He was ready to surrender when he saw Margaret from afar.

"Gimme a quart!"

The milkman handed out a bottle to a huge red-faced lad.

"Hi!" said the other. He was nearly a six-footer with a barrel chest and broad thighs.

"Hi!" said Earl.

"Have a doughnut?" He proffered a bagful of brown chocolate-covered doughnuts. The paper was stained from the grease.

"No, thanks."

"Gwan." The big lad devoured one in two bites.

"I shouldn't." Earl recognized him now: Joe Mack, the sophomore fullback who had made the All-City High School team.

"Gwan."

"Ain't they fattening?"

These are hard times, and you should afford very careful treatment to things that don't keep long such as butter, cream, meat and New Year's resolutions.

"Huh? Mayb', but I don't eat butter or ice cream."

Earl was thoughtful. He waited for a third invitation. But Joe had finished the last of them.

"Training?" Joe asked.

"Uh? Yah. I could lose a few pounds."

The other studied him and sucked at his teeth. He dug his fist at Earl's biceps. "If you come out for the team, ask for Joe Mack."

"Thanks."

Joe strolled back toward the school, Earl at his side. He realized that the other dwarfed him and was unaccountably pleased.

"Whadda you weigh?"

"One sixty, sixty-five. With shoes on."

"One nine'y."

"Maybe one seventy," Earl added hopefully. "Don' it bother you, Joe?"

The other blinked. "How you goin' have a team? Sissies?"

Skiing is like drinking—it must be controlled or else you'll go down hill too fast for your own good.

Earl pondered that one. Near the lunchroom Margaret Sanders loitered. But now Earl did not shrink. Joe towered above him and made him feel small indeed.

"Earl Young: fat boy!" That was Margaret's voice, clear as tinkling crystal.

Earl's jaw set. "Kids," he muttered aside.

Joe seemed to understand. "If you come out for practice ask for Joe Mack," he repeated loudly. His hand, large and red, went up and lingered upon Earl's shoulder. It was a strong warm hand.

"Ever play football?"

"N-no."

"Teach yuh." Then he shuffled on.

"Thanks, Joe!" Earl called.

The big lad waved an arm lazily, without turning.

"Going out for the team?" Margaret asked eagerly.

He shrugged. His heart pounded with love for her but he had to be taciturn.

She came toward him. "That was Joe Mack, the fullback! He thinks you'd be good."

"I don' know."

"I heard him."

He stepped aside and she followed.

"What's the matter with you?"

"Me?"

"Earl Young, are you crazy?"

"Yah, guess so."

Wonder and respect filled her eyes. "Tell me!"

"Why should I?"

Her eyes shone. "Because."

" 'Earl Young: fat boy!' " he snorted. "Gwan!"

"I didn't know you were going out for the team. Honest."

He shrugged again and jerked one shoulder in the direction Joe had taken. "He don't care if I'm a fat boy."

"But you're not—whoever said—" She was speechless with the memory of words uttered and forever irretrievable.

"If you come out early," he said with seeming carelessness as the first bell rang, "I might be walking home this way."

She nodded and her eyes searched his face humbly. "All right, Earl. Three o'clock?"

"Maybe."

When she had left he quickly trotted into the Fodder Inn.

"Dog on a bun!" He rapped his knuckles on the counter.

"Mustard?"

"Yah, and potato chips."

He sank his teeth into the sandwich. "Root beer."

The second bell clanged.

"Gimme another."

"You'll be late!"

He would be late but he didn't care. At the penny scale near the door he deliberately stepped on and over. He paused to buy a chocolate bar and then dogtrotted across the street. "Fat boy!" He could feel muscles tightening in his back and in his legs. 16—22—34—*hep!* He ran toward the entrance carrying the ball under his arm. Earl Young: full-back.

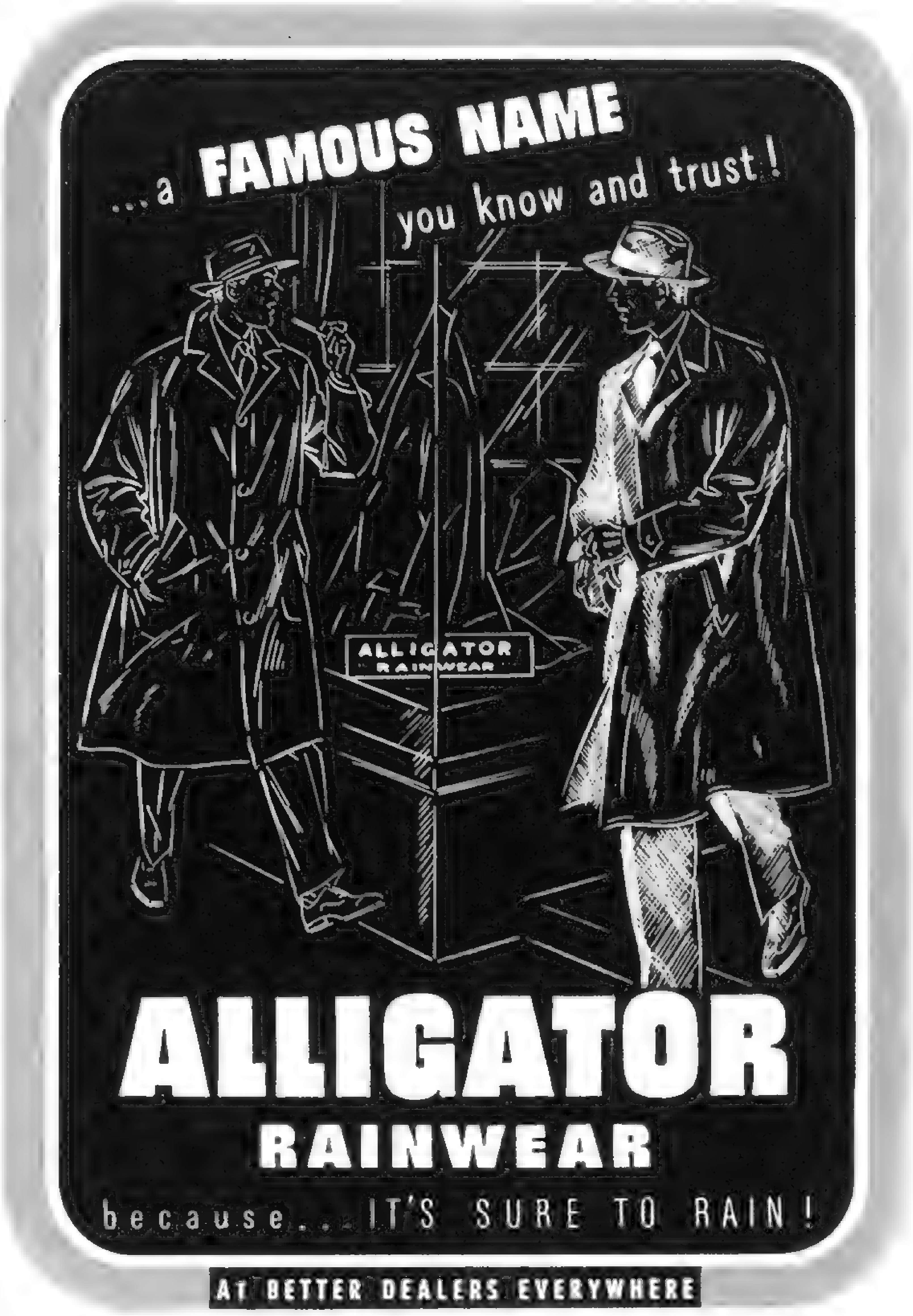
As he slid into the hall it occurred to him that he had today been thrust into football, for which he had never even cared particularly. Indeed, he had always had an aversion for strenuous athletics and here there would be hours of hard exercise. Once practice began he would hardly ever get a chance to see Margaret and he would probably have to stay on a training diet, too!

In dismay his steps slowed. Exercise, bends, end-runs, line plunges, to say nothing of the toughening-up period. Already his body ached from the bruises of scrimmage, but they were applauding on the forty-yard line and he pushed forward grimly. He had to do it—the team, the school, Joe Mack, everyone depended upon him . . . He groaned. But when he entered the room and Margaret's shining eyes arose out of the forty faces, he set his shoulders and tiptoed carefully to his seat.

He glanced about and wondered whether the others knew. Earl Young: fullback.

After a while he realized that he was still hungry. He set up his composition book and carefully placed the chocolate bar before him.

Someone hissed. It was Margaret. With a triumphant grin he peeled away the candy wrapper and, with one eye upon the teacher and the other upon the blonde head, began to eat his dessert. It might be his last chance before training started. Wistfully, he wished now that he had stopped at Tony's for some of those fresh hot chocolate-covered doughnuts. ##



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Nice Nellie, the Gibson Girl

Continued from page 48

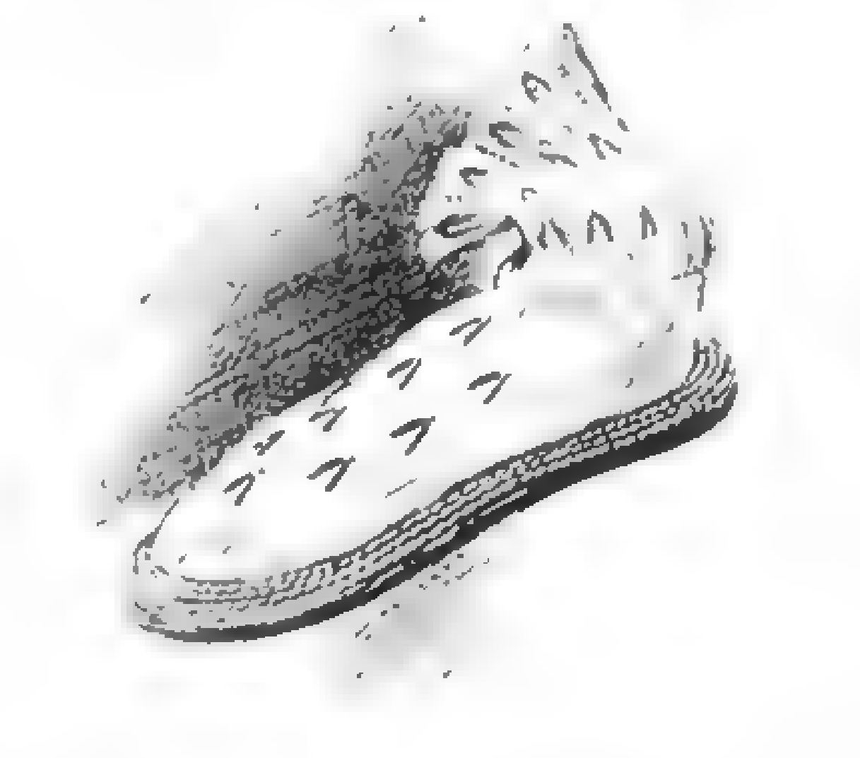
was completed in 1898 and the last six in 1942. The exhibition, which was organized by Walter H. Siple, Director of the Museum, constituted an astonishing testimonial to the sound health and buoyant vitality of an artist long ago relegated to limbo but about whose work a new chapter may have to be written.

That chapter would start in 1905 when Gibson was at the height of his powers and at the pinnacle of his success as a magazine illustrator. It was in 1905 that he prepared to abandon his career, to become a painter. It was a smiling exit. He was leaving the stage while they were yelling Encore! Encore! to devote himself to a more private and arduous task than that of entertaining and guiding the taste of a mass audience. "I always wanted to paint," he said, but might have added, not badly enough. In 1905, then, he bade farewell to his magazine readers, and set off for Europe with his wife, son and daughter to become an art student. He was abroad less than two years, most of the time in Spain and France. It is difficult to achieve quick and smashing effects in oils and his work of that period can hardly have been promising, much less distinguished. At any rate, there was the Panic of 1907, in which he lost some of his savings, but not enough to reduce him to penury or seriously to inconvenience him. His town house in New York and his farm in Maine, to mention only the more solid evidences of his economic position, were still intact, but he felt an obligation to return and to recoup and not too unhappily he resumed the illustrator's harness. In New York he started on the chore of making pictures for *Cosmopolitan*, illustrating a novel by Robert W. Chambers. He illustrated *Cosmopolitan* serials for six years and drew for other Hearst magazines. The pay was not bad.

There was more time for painting, however, than there had been up to 1905, and he painted. It was not until 1932, when he reached the conventional retiring age of sixty-five, that he really set to work to meet the challenge of oil paints. In that year he sold his controlling interest in a somnolent *Life* and severed all connection with his magazine past. He painted in his New York studio —an establishment separate from his house—and on his estate on Seven Hundred Acre Island, in Maine. Portraits mostly, including some of his grandchildren, seascapes and landscapes, landlubbers and old salts, and genre themes, too, many of them carrying over into oil paints the feel of his illustrative themes, which was inevitable, as was the thinness and colorlessness of some of the canvases. He did a prodigious amount of work. He deserved credit for trying. Most other men of his age would have rested on their laurels. At any event, the superintendence of a farm, the care of eleven grandchildren in town and country, the building of playhouses for them and the sailing of boats on river and bay would assist toward a mellow and graceful aging. Play and work refreshed and complemented each other, suggested subjects and fed the spirit through which they were executed.

By 1934, when the Academy of Arts and Letters (of which he was a director) invited him to give a one-man exhibition during the 1934-35 season, he hung eighty paintings on its walls, not counting a selection of some of his characteristic black and whites. Critics came and wondered at the painter-vitality of this illustrating has-been. "Make no mistake about it," wrote one critic. "Charles Dana Gibson is a painter." Which leaves nothing more to be said. Another critic, no less eminent, declared Gibson knew how to construct a head and give it meaning. Thus, at the age of sixty-seven, Charles Dana Gibson, having exhausted the possibilities of one career, made his successful debut as painter and in his September, 1942 exhibition at Cincinnati, at seventy-five, drove home the point of his success in art.

Today Charles Dana Gibson is a solid chunk of a man, tall, strongly-built, with no indication of stoop or flabbiness. His fresh face is crowned with a white thatch that gives him the appearance of someone who might be a bishop or a retired prizefighter. He seems to have enjoyed extraordinary health. His life is fuller and happier than the lives of most men of his years. He continues to adhere to a schedule, winter and summer, dividing his day between work and play, work and rest. He is happy and fulfilled in his family obligations and continues to maintain contact with his old colleagues at the Society of Illustrators, of which, in earlier days, he was President. He is not so sure of names and faces these days, but the young men who draw for a living look up to him as to a surviving legend rather than an individual. More and more, however, his life is confined to his family, in whose members he finds as much of a universe as he can encompass. ##



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First Nights & Passing Judgments

Continued from page 83

however, the exhibit may be a tasty dish, since it misses nothing that might contribute to meditative peace and quiet. The booming guns are there, both distant and near to hand, the "Take that, you curs!" with the resounding blows in the face are what may be termed in striking evidence; the "Into the cell with yous!" accompanied by violent kicks are duly present; the Nazi tommy-guns pour their volleys into the helpless innocents;drinks are poisoned and Nazis "fall face forward on the floor and writhe in convulsions;" aged Russian mothers cry out to German officials, "Oh, I could choke you with these very hands!" and spit in their faces; people are hung; revolvers are quickly drawn when sounds are heard at doors: men fall across thresholds, their clothes drenched in blood; and machine guns play an obbligato to the evening.

A defeated Congressman is always a gentleman—he gets up and gives his successful rival his seat.

The intrinsic dialogue is more or less what you would expect: "I was making my way . . . through enemy encirclement . . . they saw me . . . and then . . . My name is . . . water! Give me water!" Or again: "Why aren't you crying?" "I can't. I've seen everything there is to see, Sergei Ivanovich. Things I'd never thought to see. And I can't cry. No more tears left." (*Slow curtain*) Or still again: "I've never seen him before—that I know—but his voice seems familiar. Where could I have heard that voice before? I am certain I've heard it before. I am sure of it, Ivan Nikitich!" Or yet again: "Stalin . . . You know, Alexander Vasilyevich, sometimes I don't believe one thing, and sometimes another thing. But I believe him always and everywhere! When I heard his speech over the radio I was still suffering from the effects of shell-shock, and the words sounded jumbled to my ears. But all the same the words I seemed to hear distinctly were, 'Stand firm, Safonov, and not a single step backward! Die, but stand firm! Fight on, but stand firm! Suffer ten wounds, but stand firm!'"

And, surely and finally, at the last curtain fall: "But I very much want to live. To live on for a long time. To live on until with my very own eyes I shall have seen the very last one of those who did this (grasping the list of Nazis' names from the Adjutant's hand) lying dead! The very last one, *dead!* Right here, under my feet!"

Nor is another dodge characteristic of much of the modern Russian drama, whether war or not war, absent. I allude to the contrastedly soft singing of a song or strumming of a musical instrument in a tense and significant situation. (It is also not overlooked in Afinogenev's much discussed *Distant Point*, which will probably be along in due course.) In the Simonov play it makes its appearance like clockwork. You can sense it coming like a letter-carrier. "I've grown unaccustomed to sleeping," says the tortured Safonov. "But you try. I'll sing you a song," says Valya. "What song?" he asks. "One that they sing to children. A lullaby," she answers—and sings "Sleep my infant, sleep my precious . . ." Again, at the end of the act, as the soldier sleeps, she leans over him as though to waken him, conquers the desire, and sings, prophetically, "He will go to see thee off, and you will wave goodbye . . ." Yet more, at the end of another act scene, a character about to go forth to battle, when reaching the doorway, sings a sweet old Russian song, "Nightingale, nightingale, wee little bird . . . . ," then another character: "Did you hear that or didn't you? Did you hear how *men of Russia go to their death?*"

In short, if such things affect and stir you, pay no attention to these critical sniffs. Revel, if you will, in such staple Slav sentimental passages as, "When everybody speaks of their motherland, their country, they probably imagine something huge and vast. But with me it's different. In Novo-Nikolaevak our little hut used to stand on the edge of the village near a stream with two birch trees on its banks. And I used to hang a swing on those trees. And when I hear people speak of their motherland, *I* always remember those birch trees."

Thrill, if you will, to the Russian who pretends he has gone over to the Nazis, who is treated with bitter contempt by his people, and who finally reveals himself a loyal soldier and a hero. Shout bravo, if you will, at some such old Drury Lane curtain speech as, "And tell the Captain that Major Vasin died at his post, died the death of the brave, having done all he could, and even more than he could. And also inform Captain Safonov that Panin, Chief of the S. D., has taken over command of the platoon. You may go now." Do all this, if you will, and more. As for me, though I surrender my deep admiration of the people of Russia in war to none, I still prefer my drama of the people of Russia in war to be something slightly superior.

Although the manuscript will have been edited out of some of its original awkwardness, the exhibit must remain essentially and generally what I have described it to

Continued on page 148

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First Nights & Passing Judgments

Continued from pages 83-147

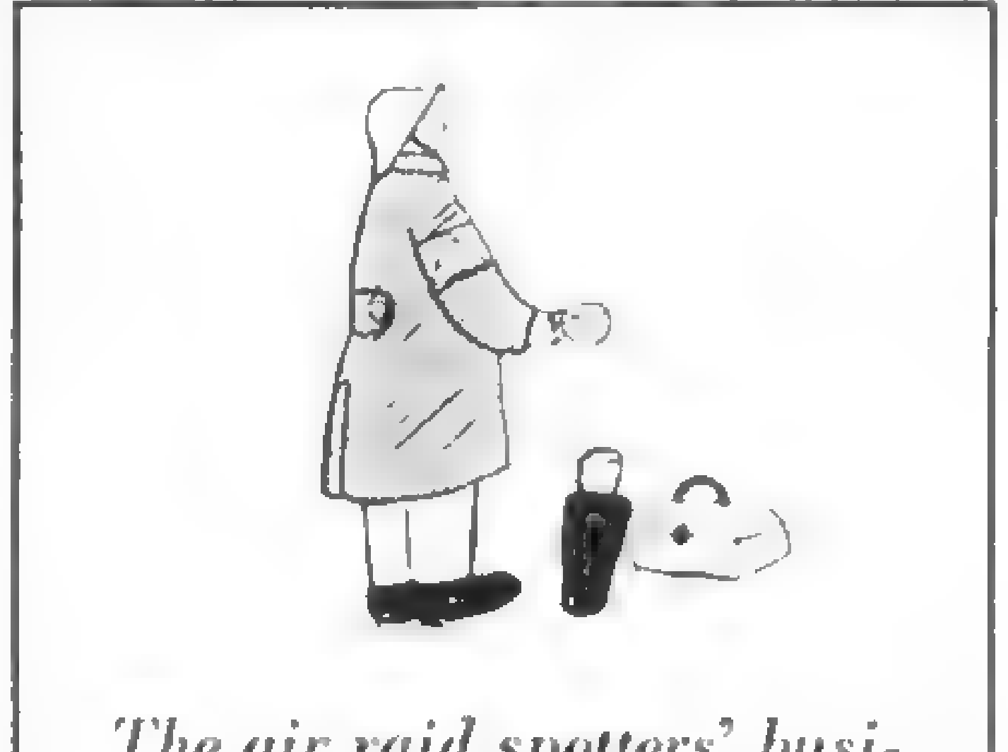
be. You can't basically improve a play merely by changing some of its phraseology.

III

The demand of fantasy is that it shall possess either charm, poetic wisdom, or humor, or at its best all three in combination. If it fails in the charm of, say, Max Beerbohm's *The Happy Hypocrite*, the poetic wisdom of the short plays of Dunsany, or the humor of even Pedro Alarcón it is lost. Lacking all three elements, *Mr. Sycamore*, derived from a story by Robert Ayre by a Hollywood scenario writer, Ketti Frings, is accordingly not only lost but sunk.

Little is sadder than amateur fantasy and this treatment of the fable of a postman who, recalling the old legend of Philemon and Baucis, decides to convert himself into a tree to get away from the bickerings of the human race and do some thinking, is amateur with a vengeance. Real dramatic fantasy, after all, consists in something more than giving characters such names as Fish, Pingplank, Doody, Oickle, Hoop and Fink, in causing the central character to stand unhumorously motionless in the centre of the stage for a share of two acts, and in providing a number of the characters with dialogue that stems from Lottie Blair Parker.

The basic scheme of the play has possibilities for good fantasy, but all that has been realized is much the kind of entertainment variously recommended to amateurs in the Samuel T. French catalogue under the headings: "parlor comedies," "charade plays" and "plays for school, college and camp." Viewing the exhibit and hungry for just a little humor, I couldn't help thinking, with a deplorable facetiousness it may be, that Miss Frings' postman might better have taken a hint from Ilka Chase's *Past Imperfect* and, longing to get away from a postman's dull and puritanical existence, have converted himself not into a tree in the small community of Smeed but into a bush in Hollywood.



The air raid spotters' business is looking up.

IV

One of the arch charms of the theatre is its playwrights' intermittent delightful habit of making monkeys of its critics. Often no sooner do the latter stoutly assert that this or that dramatist not only follows a set and invariable pattern but apparently couldn't do anything different if he tried, than the defendant ups and not merely does something completely different but does it confoundingly well. Thus, the critics were positive that Brieux was a single-track sociological dramatist when he suddenly abashed their sapience by writing in *The Incubus*, one of the drollest comedies of the modern French theatre. Shaw, they deposed, was incapable of sentiment and he proved them foolish with *Candida*, one of the best sentimental plays in the modern English theatre. O'Neill, they insisted, was all metaphysical gloom and he embarrassed them sorely by confecting in *Ah, Wilderness!* one of the most thoroughly enjoyable comedies in the modern American drama. And so on to and including, at least in a measure, John Drinkwater.

This Drinkwater, they were convinced, if he had any talent at all was gifted solely in the way of historical biographical drama. He was, they were sure, a solemn fellow, even something of a stuffed shirt, and humor was as foreign to him as to Cal Coolidge or, to be even more extreme, Sir Arthur Quiller-Couch. So Drinkwater, grossly inconsiderate of their critical omnipotence, tossed off *Bird In Hand*, which not only made them merry with chuckles, but which on its original presentation ran for a solid 500 performances in New York to happy audiences. You would never, however, have even remotely suspected it from the recent shabby revival presentation, which was so wretched in every respect that the younger generation of reviewers was to be freely forgiven for not being able to see the pleasant quality of the little play through it. It was a mighty tough job even for us ancients.

V

Among two or three other disconcerting things in John Van Druten's and Lloyd Morris' amiable if overly leisurely comedy, *The Damask Cheek*, is its authors' conviction that actresses in the Year of Our Lord 1909 were generally regarded as outcast fish hardly acceptable to anything bordering on reputable society. Upon that point a share of their plot hinges. They might have profited from some of the research which they suggest in certain other directions. In the period in question, they would have discovered, the facts ridiculed their thesis. The wives or wives soon-to-be of such social figures as August Belmont, William Astor Chanler, James Elverson, Thomas B. Clarke, Jr., Peter Duryea, Antonio F. de Navarro, Benjamin P. Cheney, Jr., Russell Griswold Colt, James Brown Potter, Oscar Lewisohn, Bradlee Putnam Strong, et al., were all actresses. So, also, were the wives of such well-known scholars as Brander

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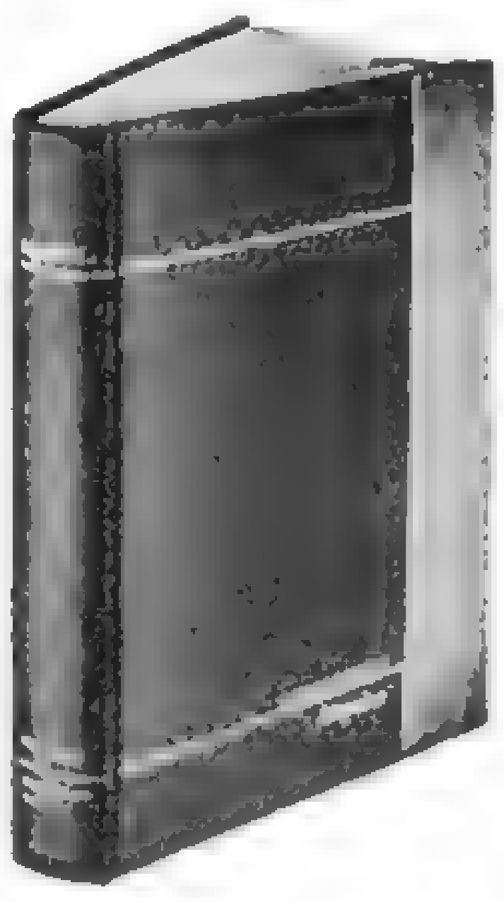

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Matthews, such leading dramatists as Augustus Thomas, such literary lights as Justin Huntly McCarthy, John Fox, Jr., and Richard Harding Davis, such titans of the steel industry as William E. Corey, such modish critics as Max Beerbohm and James Metcalfe, such diplomats as George H. Butler, such naval men as Admiral Marix, such men of big business as G. W. Bird and William Patterson, such nobles as the Marquis de Otero and Count de Guerbel, such London clubmen as Rene Webb and Percival Mitchell, such Southern aristocrats as Rezin Davis Shepherd of Shepherdstown, such military figures as Major F. C. Guggisberg and Captain Charles Nesbit Frederick Armstrong, such well-born journalists as Almyr Wilder Cooper, and so on. It was an actress of the period who rejected the marriage proposal of the richest and most socially eminent man in New York; it was an actress who was presently to lead the international society set on the Riviera; it was an actress who married a notable Senator and who was soon to exercise a tonic influence on a President of the United States.

A second disconcerting item is the authors' belief that in 1909 an Englishwoman of mature years who demonstratedly knew her Shakespeare by heart might be deeply offended if her male cousin humorously started to enunciate the word bastard.

A third and even more disconcerting item is the authors' seeming conviction, placed sympathetically in the mouth of one of their leading characters, that the music of Victor Herbert's *The Red Mill*, Emmerich Kalman's *Sari* and Leo Fall's *The Dollar Princess* is so extremely bad it is a pain to have to listen to it. ⌗

The Gibson Girl for Me

Continued from page 49

out for several centuries). There never was a psychological boom greater than that of the turn of the century. Naturally we look back at it; with Gibson's pictures the time looks sweet, and we dissociate our bankers of 1929 from his bankers, their spiritual ancestors. It's pleasant to view the long skirts of the Gibson women after seeing the wrong women in slacks; in a weak way it's pleasant to think of idle women when women have to work so men may fight.

The thing applies to Remington also. His frontier is often a time-and-place of hardship and struggle; but it is, in the holy phrase, wide and open, as life has never been wide and open since. What we have lost is the sense of infinite opportunity, of which the West was the last symbol. Remington caught that sense, without the tone of doom, but without the yip-ee spirit, too. He was as sober as Roosevelt the historian, not the politician; he was in the atmosphere of *The Virginian*, without the Virginian himself and his love story. Next to the picture of the covered wagon and the Gold Rush, Remington's pictures are the image in the back of the American mind of its adventure, greatness, and romance.

The popularity of both these men is significant. Both came at a time of excellent reproductions; the line cut for Gibson was perfected and the reproduction of color advanced so magnificently that people believed perfection had been reached. We know now that greater fidelity was possible; and of course a vastly multiplied distribution, for color was reproduced slowly, and rarely, in magazines of small circulation because it cost so much, and took so much time. Even folios of great art works were distributed around 1905 in a sort of sepia monochrome, and were admired for suggesting the colors of the original. Only since the first World War has color reproduction been really pushed ahead; nowadays you can get astounding fidelity run off through a high-speed press; which means cheapness and means that art is being made as attractive to the multitude as it once was to the few who could see the object in its true colors.

Yet it's only fair to remember that the people—the uninstructed people—badgered by highbrows who insisted on lecturing on distant European art—managed to choose the right Americans for popularity. They chose a man who somehow caught the spirit of the time and managed to make it a little ridiculous when ridicule was called for, yet kept balanced, so that we know people didn't think Mr. Pipp was a total horror, and were a little proud, if shocked, when daughters of millionaires married ducal rakes. Daumier did more, but his time-spirit was different. We may, one day, dig out of the files the work of angrier draughtsmen, to show "what America really was," but we will only be showing what enlightened radical America was. Gibson spoke for his time; like Mr. Dooley, with less acumen, with equal liking.

And they chose Remington who is the great perfect ideal of a popular artist. Perhaps his pictures affect many of us, like myself, because we saw them in our childhood. But the truth is I was under bad influences in my childhood, and didn't look at pictures by Americans on every college boy's wall. I looked at European moderns, like Sorolla and Gadton La Touche, God forgive me; and neglected Remington.

But I never failed to be drawn to Remington's image of the West. I haven't looked at his paintings for years to discover whether he was a great craftsman; I rather suspect he was a good one. But I know he has what it takes to be a popular artist whom the critics cannot brush aside. The people know what they want. ⌗

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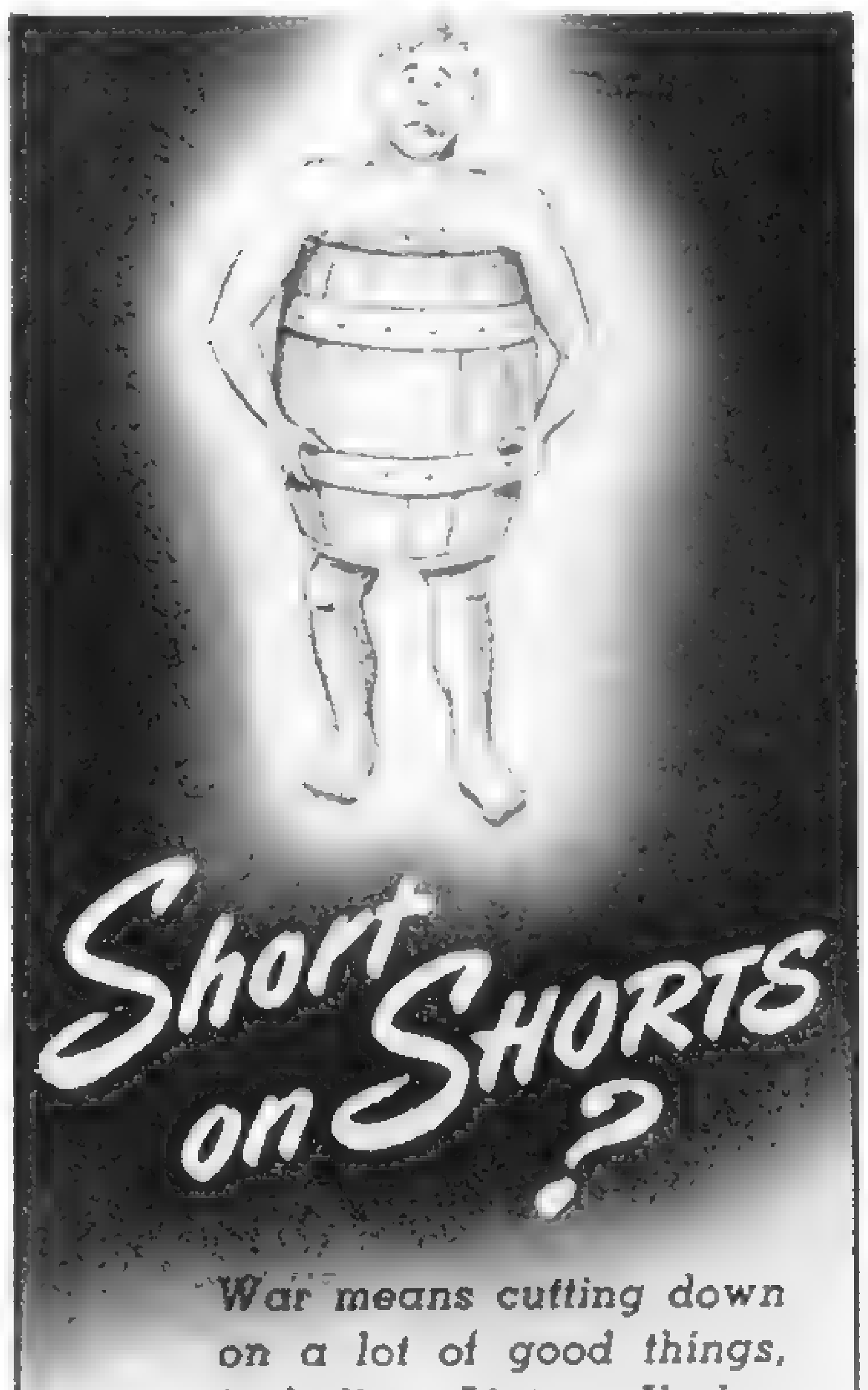
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The Case of the Missing Corpuscle

Continued from page 42

life. Roughly, there are three million green corpuscles to every red. They control tissue decay.

In a normal person every year, several trillion of these green corpuscles die, and as they die, the individual ages due to deterioration of all tissue. Thus, it occurred to me that if I could produce and administer a like amount of green corpuscles into the body of the individual every year, it would be impossible for that person to age. Eventually I succeeded in producing this element.

I started with mice, and in accordance with their blood types, injected one year's supply. All the mice died, apparently. It was some time before I discovered they weren't dead. Reaction to the sudden addition of trillions of green corpuscles caused all organs to cease functioning while the tissues were being repaired or renewed. From mice I went to dogs and then to larger animals. Within recent months, my experiments have proved infallible and at last I am certain of my findings. Now, I will be the guinea pig.

Tonight I will administer the green corpuscles to myself. A temporary condition of death will appear. But Paul, within thirty-six hours complete life will return and I will have added one year to my existence. Later I hope to add to the supply of green corpuscles in my bloodstream, thus eliminating the possibility of any tissue destruction. Eventually, it is conceivable the state of one's age may be lowered by the use of this element. So Paul, I have told you of my discovery. You are the only other one who knows.

Tomorrow morning you will receive this registered letter. I know you will come here to watch over me while I am in a state of inertia. Do not fail me, my friend, for some people might gather an erroneous conclusion were they to view the material being after the green corpuscles have begun the rejuvenation process.

Thus, with deep gratitude for having been selected to bring about this priceless aid to humanity, I confidently bring this letter to an end knowing you will be close at hand.

Your friend,
Melvin

When I finished reading the letter, I frantically jumped for the telephone. Perhaps it wasn't too late. I'd contact the undertaker who buried him. The body could be raised and—the phone dropped from my hand when the full meaning of the word undertaker clarified itself in my mind, for I suddenly realized the first duty of the mortician's assistant is to drain the corpse's veins. ###

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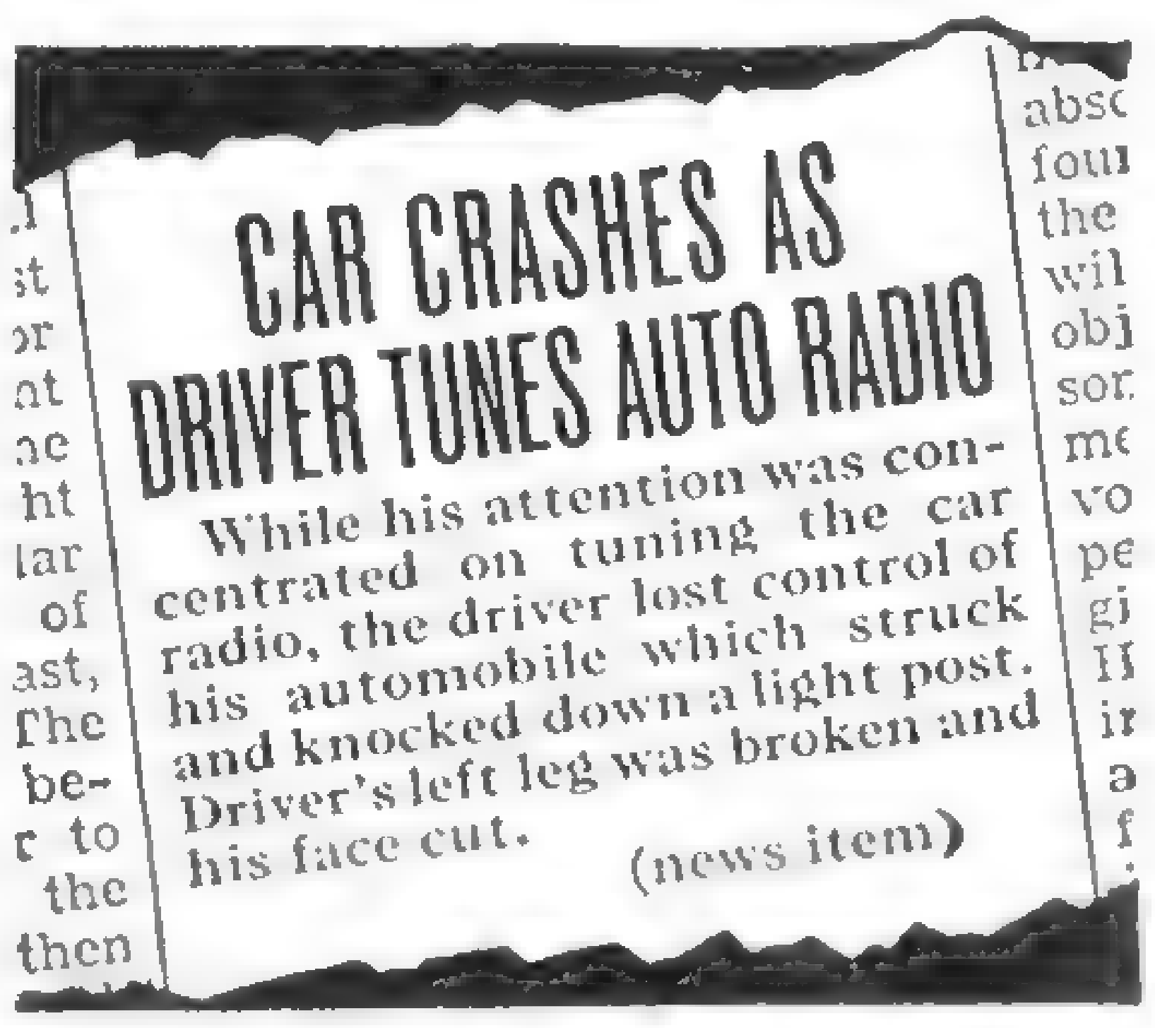

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The Sporting Scene

Continued from page 80

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It's not inconceivable that sports teams of workers will be contending for major national and international championships in the post-war operation of sports. Al-

athletes.

Industry's observation of the value of sports in physical and mental health development has been limited by the necessity of not permitting a sports program planned, conducted and financed by management to look as if its objective is to get more work from the workers. But now when the workers, their unions, management and the entire fighting and civilian populace recognize that production is protection, the relation of the sports program to factory output is one of the greatest factors in sports . . . if not the greatest.

Revision of the recreation program to meet the leisure time of men and women who work on night shifts has had far more of an effect on sports than that of keeping the bowling alleys operating twenty-four hours a day. Ball games starting at 8 A.M., and golf tournaments beginning shortly after sun-up and concluding with steak dinners at a time when the populace normally has breakfast, are two of the wartime sports phenomena.

With the vast increase in number of women in industry the industrial sports arrangements have
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The saloon, that
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naturally attracts
workers who play
oo hard at the
old glass game.
This excess of
zeal, promoted
by a large pay-
check and lack
of opportunity to
buy enduring
caused no little
sighted liquor
of maintaining
themselves in a business wisely balanced with other requirements of the times.

Thus the tavern-owners have found themselves indirectly but plainly interested in the success of the industrial sports programs. The association with sports isn't so intimate as when Col. Ruppert and others of lesser fame sponsored sports enterprises for business promotion reasons: nevertheless, the association is there.

Municipal encouragement of

Continued on page 152

Foreign Language

It was a memorable feast. But wait —

A year later I was again with Tom in New York and with us were my father and two friends. I suggested that the five of us go to Shine's.

The waiter said he didn't think he could supply outside cuts for everybody. The hour was late, the roasts had been cut, etc. Tom sent for Tim Shine and explained that he had promised his friends outside cuts.

"You'll get them," said Shine, "even if I have to send to the Waldorf."

They came through as fast as an order of wheat cakes at Childs. And were they good!

FROM England, A. V. Christie sent me a printed copy of a talk he made before his local Rotary Club. As proprietor of an ironmonger's shop (hardware dealer to us Americans), established in 1863, he chose for a title Needles and Anchors because those items indicate the range of his inventory.

In large part, the paper was filled with references quite foreign to Amer-

[8]

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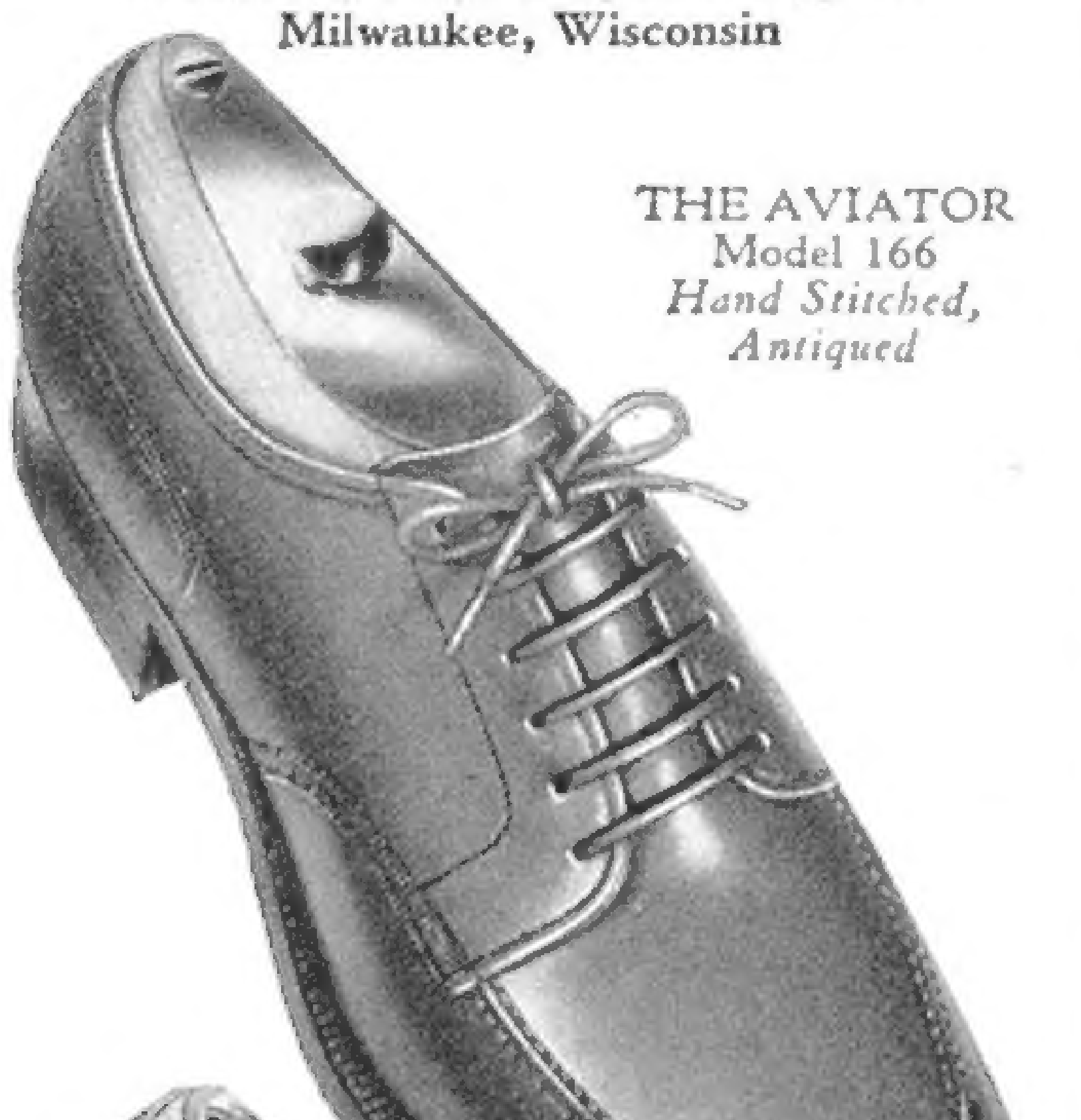

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The Sporting Scene

Continued from pages 80-151

sports has begun to give indications of returning sports competition to its original character of contests between teams of hometown boys and girls.

Amateur golf saw one of the first strong demonstrations of this trend, but even when the United States Golf Association's national Public Links championship grew into the largest major competition in golf, golfers and other sportsmen didn't realize what was cooking. Golf was reviving the sort of big time inter-city competition that gave major league baseball its start.

Cincinnati provides an exhibition of this revival in its earlier stages. Adjoining its municipal airport the city has a 200-acre recreation center with twenty-three different sports. Prior to its conversion into a recreation plant the tract was an unsightly area self-operated as a nursery for vicious, brawny and gigantic mosquitoes. Now the place virtually supports itself. It takes nibbles out of the tax funds that it may expand to care for demands growing with the workers' need of recreation. Municipal recreation, which formerly cited its reduction of juvenile delinquency as one of its chief reasons for being, now ties itself into the municipality's urge to create impressive records in war matériel production.

Since factory production has been at a high rate, observers of workers' sports have noticed that the harder a fellow works, the harder he plays. Those who do the heavy work around the plants go for the strenuous sports during their off-hours. That discovery, frequently mentioned by industrial recreation authorities, may somewhat complicate previous theories of the new leisure. But there's plenty of time for adjusting the theory to the fact.

This enlargement of the war factory workers' sports, as weighty as its effect will be on the future of American sports, isn't the foremost and most important element in beginning to make a post-war sports boom.

The return to civilian life of soldiers and sailors conditioned to vigorous action always has meant that sports take a stronger hold on public interest. The use of sports in quickly hardening the generation that is doing battle in this war is developing millions of new participants. Compulsory physical training in schools and colleges will add to the mighty roster of competent athletes.

An awareness of a close and proud association with athletics is being given young men by Navy and Army training that in six to twelve weeks teaches the previously flabby and frightened kid tricks of tossing the headline sports star onto the training field and equaling the specialist's performance in athletics that mean self-preservation. Such experience is opening a new and attractive field in sports for young men whose muscular systems have received most frequent exercise from snapping triggers on pin-ball machines and buttons on juke-boxes.

Up to the time of this war the contact of these once-soft young men with sports was by radio, sports pages or a seat in the stands. They still want to retain the newspaper and radio bonds while they're far away from the stands, but that interest will diminish as the names of the performers dull in luster. Those professional sports which continue will have on scorecards names of ancients who are creaking through the motions. The varsity sports news will be listened to and read by the fighting young men in wistful memory of happier days. Service team publicity won't carry its former punch for two reasons. One is that the majority of the players will not bring into Army or Navy service names that have been glamorized in sports. The other reason is that in the services now, team sports are considered a sideline to war. Commanding officers and their physical training specialists don't want the heat that comes when virtually the same line-ups are maintained during a season's schedule of sports. Furthermore, the time has passed when the possible recruiting value or morale-building influence of a service team will be considered in the same class as the fighting power of the athletes.

We may try to fool ourselves that the circus must go on because England tried to keep it going. But while England was trying to keep all rings busy in sports it was getting kicked around very seriously in the battle areas. Russia, China, Germany and Japan side-tracked sports except as the earned and required recreation of fighters and civilian war workers. That exceedingly realistic attitude is the one the United States is taking toward sports.

And what a change it is bringing to what we used to think was merely play! ⌗

Answers to Questions

on page 109

1. **Browning's *A Woman's Last Word***
2. **Oliver Cromwell**
3. **Fitzgerald's *Omar Khayyám***
4. **Thomas Moore's *Believe Me, if All Those Endearing Young Charms***
5. ***Macbeth***
6. **John Donne**
7. **Gospel**
8. ***Mikado***
9. **Tennyson's *Maud***
10. **I *Corinthians* 3**
11. **Pope**
12. **Title of Poem by Keats**
13. **Browning's *Two in the Campagna***
14. **C. Clifton Bingham's *Love's Old Sweet Song***

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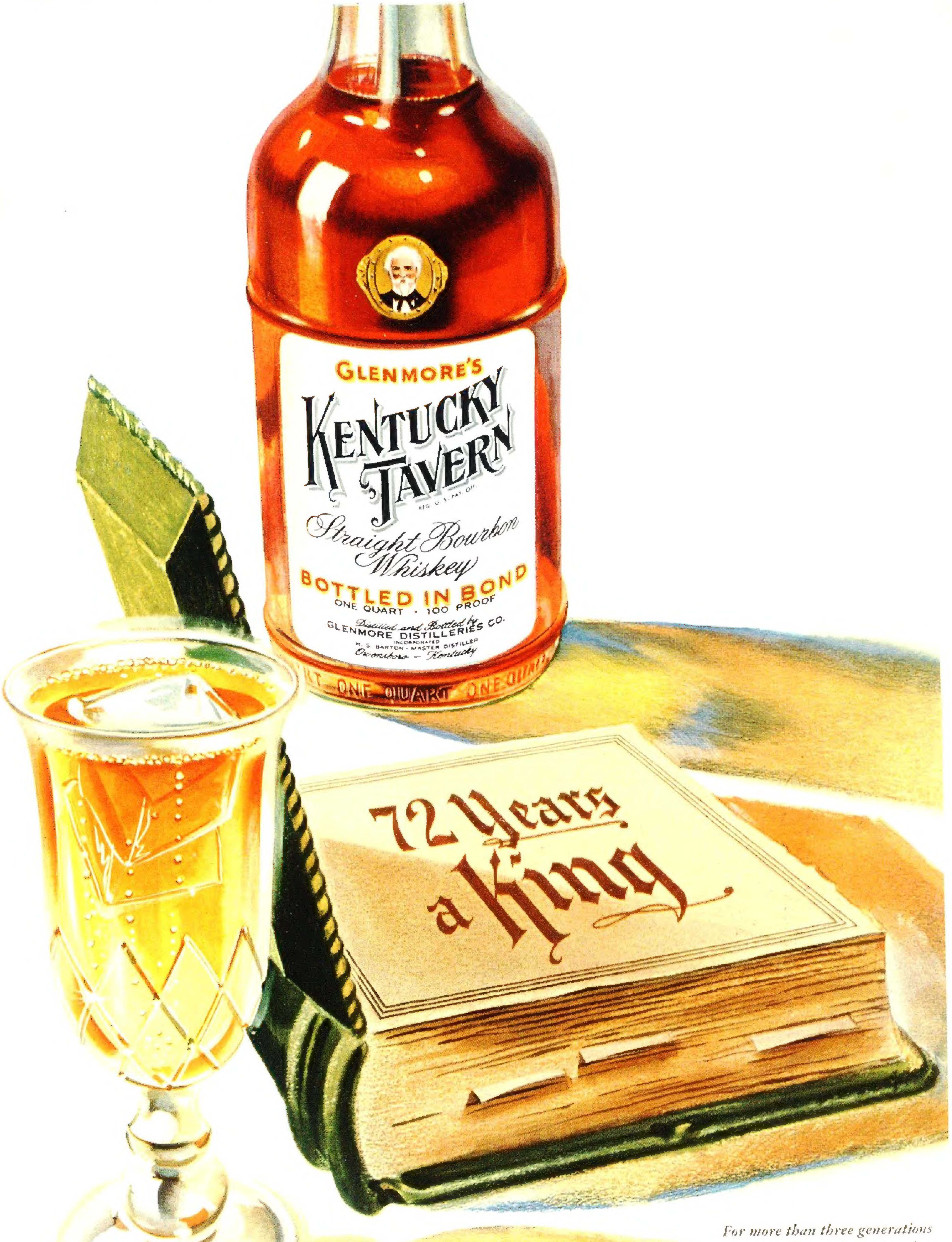
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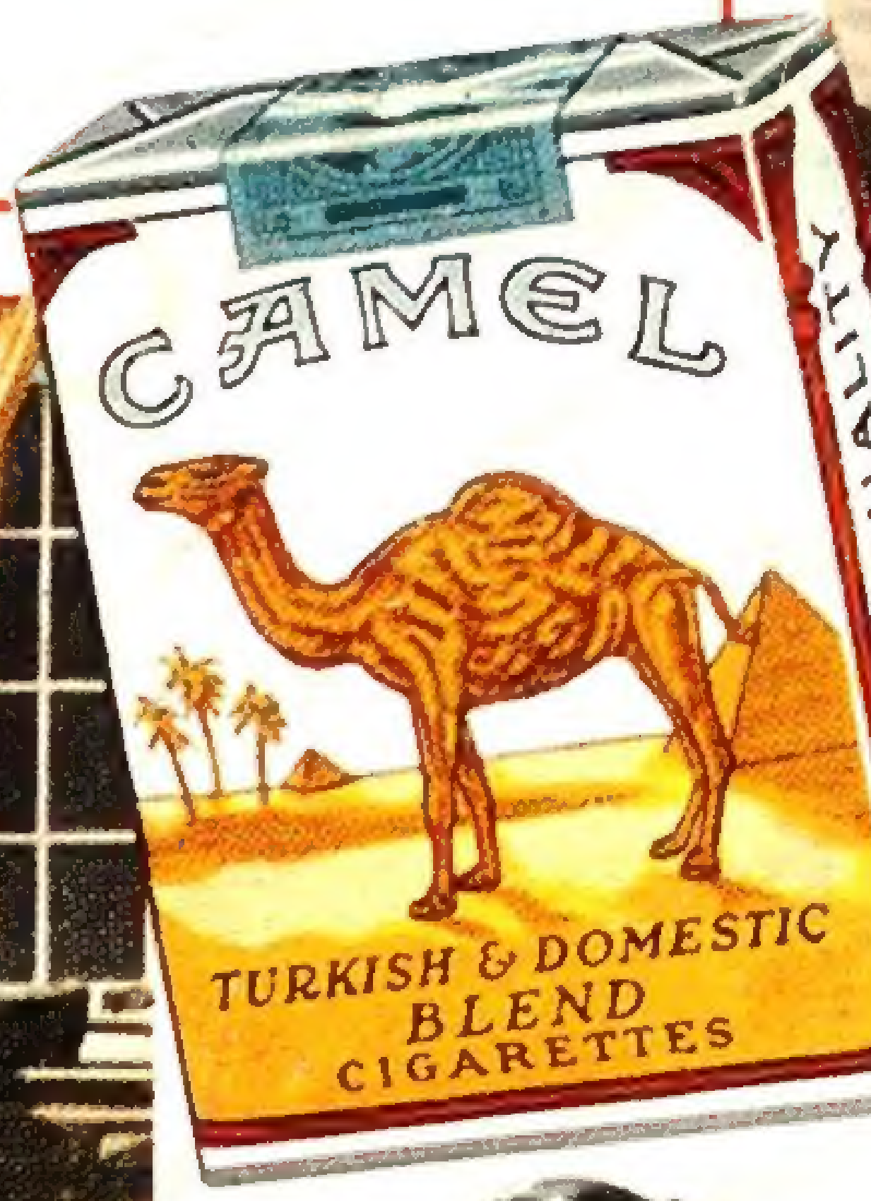

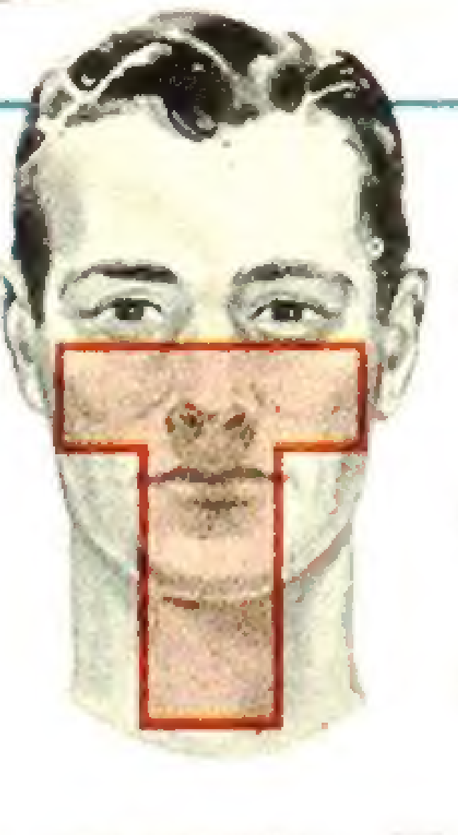

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